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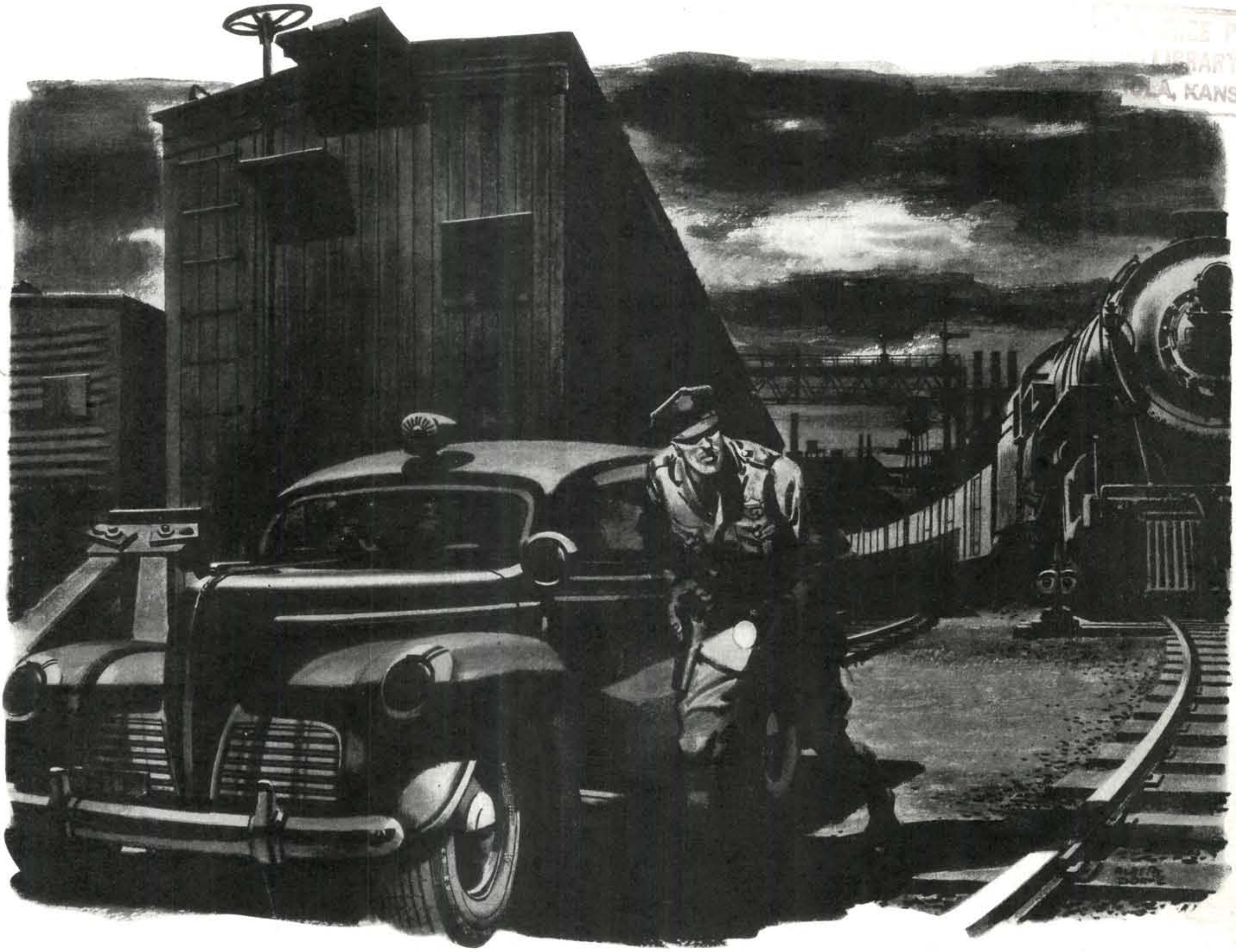


How police cars joined an 80,000,000 mile road test of synthetic rubber

Another story of the test that helped start America's great new synthetic rubber industry. Time: months before Pearl Harbor

Nearly three years ago, B. F. Goodrich invited America's leading companies to buy and test the first passenger car tires made with synthetic rubber ever sold in this country. One of the many companies that accepted the invitation was the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad. They put Silvertowns on five police cars. More than half the natural rubber in these tires was replaced by our own synthetic — Ameripol.

The result: These tires proved synthetic rubber could stand punishment . . . on police cars—and on hundreds of other passenger cars all over America. This test totalled 80,000,000 miles. And the experience gained from it has given us vital help in making today's tires . . . tires in which 99% of the natural rubber has been replaced with the government's "GR-S" synthetic.

Naturally, most rubber is needed for our armed forces. That's why only a very few of these new synthetic tires are available to car owners who qualify. *Every patriotic American must continue to drive carefully and to get every possible mile from his present tires. Wasting rubber wastes America's strength.*

A few of the many companies that helped make this test:

AMERICAN CAN CO.
BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD
THE BORDEN CO.
GENERAL OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CO.
GENERAL BAKING CO.
GULF OIL CORPORATION
GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
KELLOGG COMPANY
NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.
PET MILK SALES CORP.
RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO.
STANDARD BRANDS, INC.
THE TEXAS CO.

Awards to 7 plants

In war or peace

B.F.Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

Feb. 2, '43

Picture OF THE MONTH

MICKEY ROONEY · JUDY GARLAND

in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's

GIRL CRAZY

with

GIL STRATTON · ROBERT E. STRICKLAND
"RAGS" RAGLAND · JUNE ALLYSON
NANCY WALKER · GUY KIBBEE

TOMMY DORSEY and his Orchestra

Screen Play by ....*Fred Finklehoffe*
Based Upon Musical Play "Girl Crazy"
by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan
Music by George Gershwin • Lyrics by Ira Gershwin
Directed by.........*Norman Taurog*
Produced by..........*Arthur Freed*

CAPSULE REVIEW: We go back with Broadway musicals a long time and we confess a special weakness for them. We're particularly weak about "Girl Crazy" because we like the Gershwin music so much.

With Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland starring, and a great cast of charmers and comedians, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has turned out a youthful musical that will make you echo the refrain of "I Got Rhythm"—"Who could ask for anything more?"

Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra keep the sound track lively and these nostalgic ears throb to "But Not For Me," "Embraceable You," "Bidin' My Time" and "Fascinatin' Rhythm." Time seems to make these Gershwin wonders more hummable than ever.

Mickey Rooney, as the nightclub cowboy who finds himself in the real West, turns in a performance that is both low-down and high-up. The sequence where he meets Judy Garland for the first time, in a broken-down car, and makes a duet of it, is thoroughly delightful.

The direction of Norman Taurog is typical. He has a flair for making youth attractive.

The audience is an important part of this picture; its main quality is a carefree, personal relationship with those who are merely looking on.

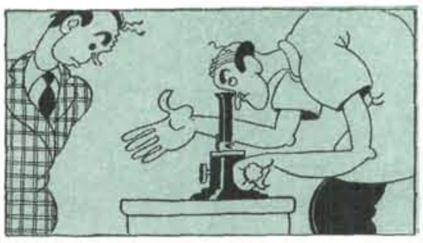
Much as we like the original musical play by Guy Bolton and Jack McGowan, we think Fred Finklehoffe has touched it up in more vivid colors for the shadow players, and MGM has cast every character with attention to his fitness in the comedy scheme.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater	AMY PORTER	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Mediterranean Theater	GEORGE CREEL	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
WM O. CHESSMAN	Art	GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

AT LAST we're beginning to understand this war. And we're developing a hunch, too, that in spite of our multitude of physical infirmities, our experience might be quite an addition to our Army. All this comes of a letter from Mrs. Julia P. Blanch of Portland, Oregon, who has just got a letter from her son in Sicily. He tells her that he and a number of his fellow warriors got so close to the enemy on Hill 937 that they not only could but did heave rocks—and with fine effect, too. When grenades ran low, several Yanks began the hurling. The Germans hurled back, but the Germans were silly amateurs. What arouses us are memories. We spent much of our extreme youth in a neighborhood where half a brick (or dornick) was one's shield and defender. Upon venturing forth to school in the morning, you filled your pocket with dornicks, wrapped your book strap firmly around your left hand, in case there should be hand-to-hand battle, and clutched a rock in the right. Moreover, you walked in the middle of the street warily. We got to be pretty good with a dornick and we sort of feel that we'd like to try it again. Once we all but slew the neighborhood Goliath, a lad named Doggie Willing, with a dornick and became a hero for several hours.

THIS one's about coincidence—the product of the sharp eyes and ears of Mr. R. R. Lyons of Brooklyn, New York. At Camp Berkeley, Texas, Private Herman Friedman met Private Henry Konrad on the same detail. They looked at each other hard for a moment, and Friedman made the familiar remark, "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" Private Konrad said that Private Friedman had taken the words right out of his mouth. Ten minutes later, they agreed that they used to go to work every morning on the same streetcar. What makes it a better story is that the streetcar was in Berlin. Both lads took it on the lam for America when it became clear to both of them that Hitler was not their friend. But this is not as cute a coincidence as another we've just received from Mr. Ben Mellen of Sanford, Florida. Mr. Mellen says that he knows an Army private who was being sued by his tailor for a hundred and twenty-five dollars. When he became a soldier, he wrote a derisive letter to the tailor. But a month later, he was assigned to a platoon which was commanded by—Yes, you're right: His tailor.



MR. LEWIS WOOD of Washington, D. C., was troubled by the appearance of a clearly destructive insect in his Victory Garden. About that garden, Mr. Wood says that truth compels the admission that the name's slightly erroneous. About all he hopes for is a draw. Anyway, he captured one of the insects, took it to one of the numerous scientists in the Department of Agriculture. The scientist took a quick look and expressed himself as shocked that Mr. Wood did not recognize it. "Why," said he, "that's merely the common Neo Deprion. Anybody should recognize it at once. It is much like the ordinary housefly in appearance, except that its waist is ever so slightly smaller."

THEIR faith in the government's ability to handle postwar problems dwindling alarmingly, a few well-informed servicemen met the other evening in a popular forum known as Johnny's Jeep. At the same time, doubtless, a number of somewhat more solemn Washington officials were discussing similar topics in the Carlton Bar. But our crowd came up with something you could work on. At the close of our conference the lads in Johnny's Jeep had voted for a return of prohibition. Thus, 500,000 demobilized servicemen could at once become bootleggers. The government would forthwith employ 500,000 others as enforcement agents. At least 500,000 would be engaged in making the stuff. And to administer the law in Washington would take care of many thousands more. Anyway, prohibition would absorb a couple of million men who might otherwise be at some trouble to find jobs. It's only an idea, of course, and the statistics may be a trifle extravagant, but, as we say, the boys who gather at Johnny's Jeep don't mess around with crystal balls. . . . W. D.

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THIS WEE

OCTOBER 2, 194

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COVER C. C. BEAL

She Still Has "The Voice With A Smile"

War traffic keeps her busier than ever but she manages to keep calm and pleasant. She still has "The Voice With A Smile" even when the lights are thick on the Long Distance switchboard and the circuits are crowded. Even when she has to ask you to *"Please limit your call to 5 minutes. Others are waiting."* That's to help everybody get better service and you couldn't ask for a better reason than that.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

WHAT A PURR-R-FECT NAME FOR SUCH A BEE-YOU-TIFUL CHEE-ILD! PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC PROLON
For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end PROLON
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

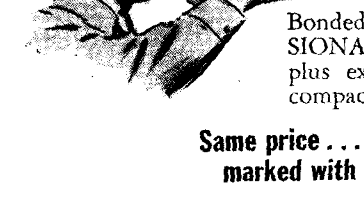
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

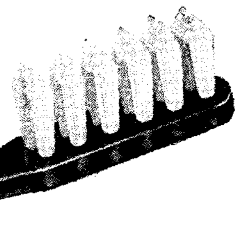
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

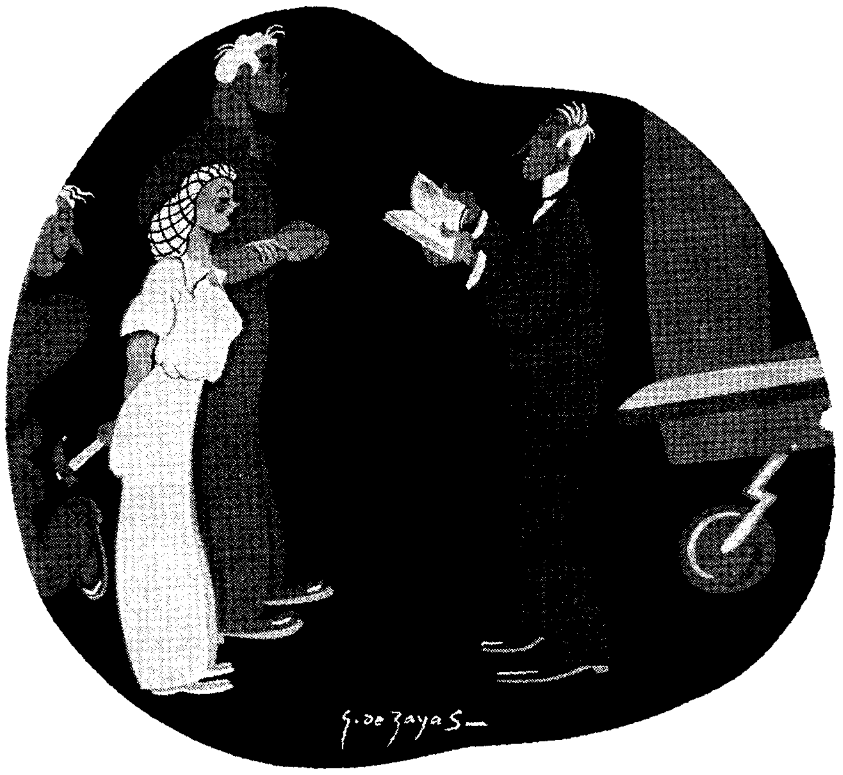


Attention! Users of Smaller Brushes

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-Row PROFESSIONAL gives you Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.





KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

A California aircraft plant that offers its employees more than a hundred free services and benefits even keeps a company minister on daily duty to serve workers who feel in need of spiritual comfort and counsel, or who wish to get married.

A firm in Racine, Wisconsin, has recently purchased the U. S. rights to Britain's McCorquodale process, which prints color samples in the folders of paint manufacturers, thereby eliminating the necessity of showing the colors on mounted paper chips. Using secret printing paint, a special machine produces 72 colors, in gloss, semigloss and flat effects, in a single impression.

Biotin, the newest member of the B family of vitamins to be synthesized, is the most active growth-promoting substance ever discovered. A dilution of one part in 400,000,000,000 has been found to be potent enough to stimulate growth in an appropriate strain of yeast.—*by Alan A. Brown, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The sales of the E, F and G series of the United States War Bonds, since first offered, May 1, 1941, to June 30, 1943, totaled $18,500,000,000, while their redemptions with interest amounted to only $835,000,000, or less than five per cent.

More than 100 companies have already made application to the Civil Aeronautics Board for certificates or permits to operate a total of 350,000 miles of new domestic and foreign air routes after the war.

The average salary of the 280,000 government employees in Washington today is about $47.75 a week. . . . Eight women are now employed as stewardesses on the transatlantic planes of an American airline. . . . One third of the men in the U. S. Army today are married.

The importance of water in the manufacturing of some strategic materials may be illustrated by the fact that nearly ten gallons are required to produce one gallon of gasoline, 300 gallons to make one gallon of alcohol and 80 tons to manufacture one ton of ingot steel.—*By William S. Foster, Baldwin, N. Y.*

Among the books that have been "rewritten" in Basic English, which contains only 850 words, are the New Testament; The Republic, by Plato; Julius Caesar, by Shakespeare; and Arms and the Man, by George Bernard Shaw.

By the end of 1943, the Army School of Military Government at Charlottesville, Virginia, established in May, 1942, expects to have trained and graduated 600 men who will serve as Army civil affairs officers in recaptured territories during their reconstruction.—*By Shirley Cook, Burlingame, California.*

The visible value of the white star on the planes of the Army Air Forces was increased recently by 60 per cent through the addition of a white rectangle on each side of it and a red border around the entire insigne.

At least 500 kinds of internal parasites infest domestic dogs and cats, and many cause marked injury and death to their hosts. Not infrequently, the eggs of some of the parasitic worms even find their way into the animal before it is born.

Mexico has only one official government party, the P.R.M., or *Partido Revolucionario Mexicano.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

When someone you love goes to war—

It isn't easy, saying good-by to a soldier.

It isn't easy, thinking of the dangers and hardships that may lie ahead for him.

But he has a *job* to do. A grim, unpleasant job at best—*but he's doing it.* Doing it for his country, and the things he believes in. Doing it for *you.* And you wouldn't have it any other way.

You have a job to do for *him.*

For in *this* War, women who want their men home again *won't* just sit and wait! They'll step right into the shoes of the men who have gone—fill the jobs those men have left behind!

They've *got* to!

For if we are going to keep our war production and necessary civilian activities up to their present "Victory level"—if we're going to keep on turning out enough weapons for our fighting men to win and win *fast*—here's what must happen:

Before this year ends, 2,000,000 *more* American women must be in war jobs. Not just in war plants alone, for our restaurants, hospitals, stores, and schools—our transportation services—our farms, are as vital as the factories that make our guns.

And it's up to America's women—to *you*—to see that all these things keep going. With 10,000,000 men fighting, *who's going to do it if you don't?*

If you've had some training—secretarial, nursing, teaching, clerical, etc.—there's a job waiting for you with open arms. A job your country wants you to take—and a job that will pay you well.

If you've never done anything but housework—if you've never worked at all—don't let that worry you. You'll be given thorough training at no expense to you for any one of a hundred jobs that you select. Jobs in which you can serve your country—at good pay.

If you are free to accept a job and there is a need for workers in your locality, Uncle Sam asks you to take a job now. To work for America, for the men who have gone, for your family and yourself—till this War is won.

Don't turn him down!

• HOW TO GO ABOUT GETTING YOUR RIGHT WAR JOB •

Look in the Classified Advertising Section of your newspaper to see the kind of jobs open in your locality. Then go to your local United States Employment Service for advice. The U. S. E. S. is in the phone book. This is your government's own employment agency. No fees—no favorites.

Westinghouse

PLANTS IN 25 CITIES . . . OFFICES EVERYWHERE

This space is contributed to the Government's Womanpower Drive by the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. Westinghouse has a special interest in women, for in the homes of America they use more than 30 million Westinghouse appliances. And now in wartime, almost one third of the 103,000 Westinghouse employes are women.

IN THE
ARCTIC
IN THE
TROPICS
Admiral
RADIO
GETS THE MESSAGE THROUGH

In the steaming jungle . . . or in the bitter Arctic cold . . . radio must get the message through . . . and *does!* To duplicate all possible weather conditions, Admiral engineers have built a special "climate chamber" with a controlled temperature and humidity range far exceeding that of jungle heat to sub-zero arctic. Here is but one of many tests to which Admiral communciation equipment is subjected . . . to assure dependable performance on the far-flung battlefronts of the world. Yes, Admiral radios built for war can certainly take it . . . and the knowledge that Admiral engineers are gaining now will make the Admiral of the future a better radio than ever. ***Continental Radio and Television Corporation, Chicago, U.S.A.***

Tune In CBS, 2:30 P. M., EWT, Sundays for Admiral "World News Today."

WING
TALK
RADIOED FROM LONDON

JOE DEARING

Yank fliers say barrage **balloons over Britain are thick enough to** keep the rain out. Maint**enance is a tough job, but girls handle it**

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND: Yank fliers homing from raids over Germany come down a long, long ramp, not alone of time and space but of perceptiveness as well. For hours, they have lived in the frosted purple stratosphere: an eerie world of Martian suits, grotesque face masks, vivid ulcers of exploding flak, goggling orange eyes of enemy machine guns, and a heaviness that comes equally from sucking oxygen and deadly peril. Relief and relaxation wash them back over the threshold of reality as they descend toward England. It's like the fuzzy moments of awakening from a nightmare. Many crewmen have told me their first renewed impression of England is a dreamlike illusion that it's actually being held up by the barrage balloons.

The "BBs" are certainly the most distinctive feature of the view from a city window practically anywhere in Britain today. And there is no rural spot so remote that you can't see at least one clump of balloons sprouting above the horizon like hypertrophied poppies. Over harbors, it's as though a school of dolphins has been airborne. Long ago King James II used to look at a weathercock (it's still there) on a building in Whitehall to see if the wind were favorable for sailing against England. There were anxious glances at the vane in Napoleon's day, too.

NOW you don't have to go to Whitehall. All England can tell the wind direction at any moment. Whereas not one out of 500 Americans has seen a handful of BBs flown in the United States (at least some which came from England), thousands upon thousands hover day and night above England's cities, ports and industrial areas, and there are mobile ones from estuary barges, even from merchant and naval ships.

The English call antiaircraft defenses "a roof over Britain." If guns, communications and searchlights are girders, this roof of balloons constitutes the shingles. Yanks say, "They're thick enough to keep the rain out," or "They're so close I always think I can land on them."

THE idea of balloons for defense against plane attacks originated in the last war—in Germany, at Venice and at London. Wire trailers were strung from cables suspended between two balloons like telltales over railways; sort of an apron stockade that was, however, t difficult to manage. England was t power that gave the subject the most stu during the years between. The very m ment war came, a group of offici climbed to the Air Ministry roof to wat BBs rise. They've been up ever since ever-growing numbers, save for individu descents for repairs, weather, refueli and the like.

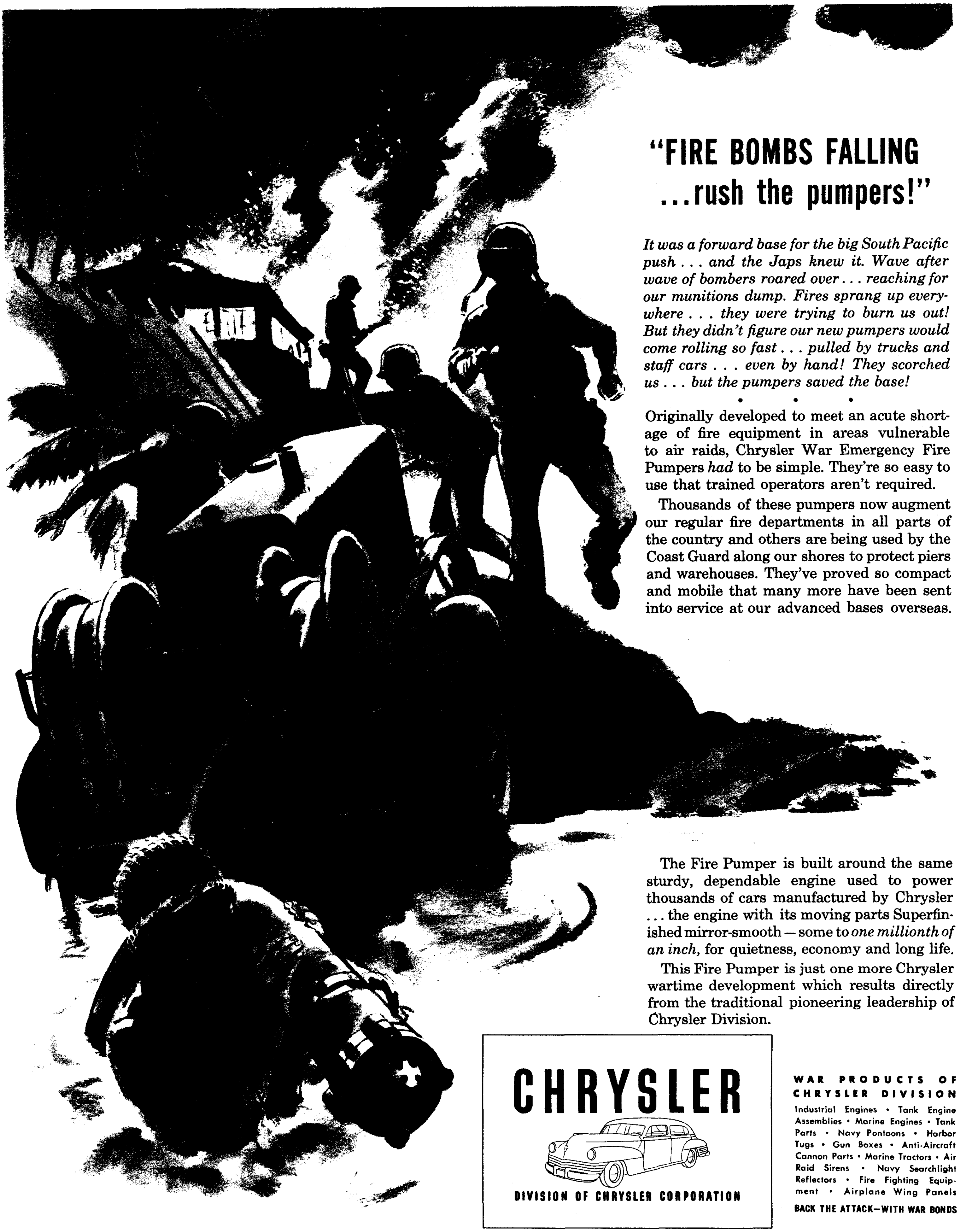
THE maintenance of BBs is not so si ple as it looks. It's not like tying kit to string and paying them out. The are weight stress, altitudes of possible tacks, directions of enemy approach and meteorological factors. Geomet patterns in which BBs are flown differ f each protected area and are designed wi the utmost scientific precision, all havi the same general purpose: to make it u healthy, unwealthy and unwise for ener dive bombers to come low enough f sharpshooting. Even the most skilled a daredevil pilots can't fly among the cabl

The balloons always head into the wir This in England means frequent abo facing. Formerly, BBs had to be haul down, rebedded, then let up again wi each shift of wind direction. In tempe tuous weather the bag casualty rate w sometimes high. Now their beds can turned while they're aloft. Flying BBs therefore, a tough job requiring disciplin stern training, complicated technique, i genious tackle and courage. At least o balloon girl was tangled in the gear of runaway and carried off. She was rescu miles away, unconscious—and lucky.

Runaways aren't infrequent. Most the result of turbulent weather, they c be caused by defective cables or jer handling. Prevailing winds usually car them over Sweden. Swedish flakmen a fighter pilots shoot them down not on for gunnery practice or because traili cables are a menace, but because the fabric helps the government in deali with the problem of Sweden's inabili these days to import silk.

THE chief hazards to BBs—and crew are enemy aircraft, wind and lightnin The balloons, filled with inflammab hydrogen, are suckers for incendiary bu lets. Also, for a while, Stukas had built- rims to cut the balloon cables. Howeve the Germans abandoned BB strafing; ne ones go up so quickly in place of tho

(Continued on page 70*)*



"FIRE BOMBS FALLING ...rush the pumpers!"

It was a forward base for the big South Pacific push . . . and the Japs knew it. Wave after wave of bombers roared over . . . reaching for our munitions dump. Fires sprang up everywhere . . . they were trying to burn us out! But they didn't figure our new pumpers would come rolling so fast . . . pulled by trucks and staff cars . . . even by hand! They scorched us . . . but the pumpers saved the base!

• • •

Originally developed to meet an acute shortage of fire equipment in areas vulnerable to air raids, Chrysler War Emergency Fire Pumpers *had* to be simple. They're so easy to use that trained operators aren't required.

Thousands of these pumpers now augment our regular fire departments in all parts of the country and others are being used by the Coast Guard along our shores to protect piers and warehouses. They've proved so compact and mobile that many more have been sent into service at our advanced bases overseas.

The Fire Pumper is built around the same sturdy, dependable engine used to power thousands of cars manufactured by Chrysler ... the engine with its moving parts Superfinished mirror-smooth — some to *one millionth of an inch,* for quietness, economy and long life.

This Fire Pumper is just one more Chrysler wartime development which results directly from the traditional pioneering leadership of Chrysler Division.

CHRYSLER

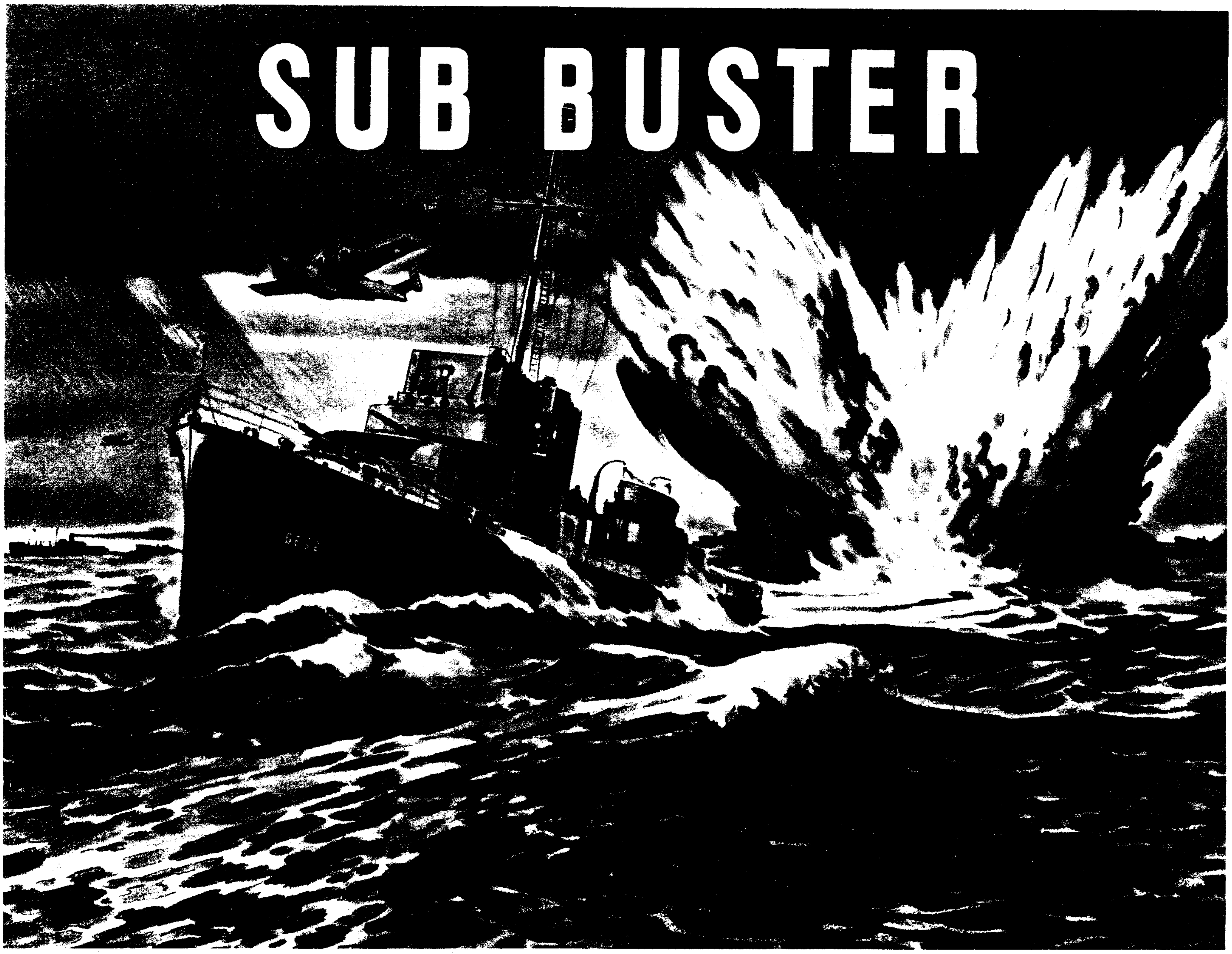
DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION

Industrial Engines • Tank Engine Assemblies • Marine Engines • Tank Parts • Navy Pontoons • Harbor Tugs • Gun Boxes • Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts • Marine Tractors • Air Raid Sirens • Navy Searchlight Reflectors • Fire Fighting Equipment • Airplane Wing Panels

BACK THE ATTACK—WITH WAR BONDS

THE NATION-WIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR WARTIME TRANSPORTATION NEEDS



Here's the DE—the Navy's New Ship that's Helping to Blast the Sub Menace

THE DESTROYER ESCORT is the youngest member of a distinguished family—the fighting ships of the U. S. Navy!

She's a sleek beauty with a lust for enemy subs. Maneuvering like a PT-boat, outstripping the speed of a surfaced submarine, carrying nearly the fire power of a destroyer, she has become one of our deadliest fighters.

Power plants for all the D E's equipped with turbine-electric drive are designed and built by General Electric.

These turbine-electric units are tough little sluggers—about the size of a small automobile—and yet two of them (two are used on each Destroyer Escort) can drive 1700 tons of ship fast enough to overtake the speediest surfaced submarine.

★ ★ ★

All the way from the Destroyer Escort to the biggest battleship, G-E turbines are standard equipment. In fact, naval and maritime demands are so heavy now that EVERY TWELVE HOURS ANOTHER SHIP WITH G-E TURBINES HITS THE WATER!

After this war is won, there will be similar propulsion units to drive a vast new U. S. merchant marine through the seven seas, to give America cargo and passenger ships faster and more economical than any we have ever seen. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, New York.*

Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The Hour of Charm" Sunday 10 p. m. EWT, NBC—"The World Today" news, every weekday 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.

The best investment in the world is in this country's future—BUY WAR BONDS

GENERAL ELECTRIC

955-9

FLYING THROUGH HELL

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

"I guess we'll go straight to heaven when we die," said one man who survived our first big raid on Ploesti. "We've had our purgatory"

KILLER KANE was back from the Ploesti raid. He hadn't expected to return. During that sleepless night before his take-off on the memorable morning of August 1st, he wrote letters to his wife Pansy, and to his mother and father, and he put his affairs in order. Now Killer sat in his tin hut with the wind blowing hard through a square hole, funneling Libyan dust into the room and covering Kane, his desk, maps and papers with a red, talclike coating. It was hot. The flies were bothersome.

Killer wielded a dime-store swatter with practiced precision. He killed one and kicked it to the earthen floor.

"It was a rough show," Killer said. "It was a sight I'll never forget, seeing those B-24s falling like flies to the right and left of us. From below, ack-ack batteries were firing at us point-blank. It must've been like a skeet shoot for them down there. Above us and around us were Junkers 88s and Messerschmitt 110s. Our guns wouldn't work. We had shot 'em all out going into the target, raising hell with the ack-ack batteries and machine-gun nests. We knocked hell out of those ground defenses even though they were all set for us. We had expected to take losses, but I will never forget those big Libs going down"—Killer's swatter thwacked again—"like flies."

The tin hut, about seven feet wide by twenty long, was weirdly quiet except for Killer's unexpectedly soft voice and the sound of wind sloshing sand on the hut's curved surface. The others sat on low iron stools, looking at their feet or up at the ceiling or at Killer's square impassive face with its dust-laden lids over blue eyes and its neat black mustache. The others were Lieutenants Ray Hubbard, radio operator; Johnny Young, Killer's copilot; and Norman Whalen, navigator, also known as "the Baron." They were the top men of the crew in Killer's plane, Hail Columbia. Killer, who is a full colonel at thirty-six, led the bombardment squadron in the Ploesti raid, an exploit that, for daring, meticulous planning and results obtained, outranks the Tokyo attack.

"It was hazy on the way out over the sea and we couldn't maintain contact with all the other groups," Killer said. "We climbed to the briefed altitude and flew with cumulus clouds below us. They were a faintly purple color. It was clearer up there, and now we could see two other groups flying with us down the valley of cloud. We arrived at our target—it was the Astra-Romana high-octane plant—at about 3:15 P. M.

"Everything worked out just as we had planned it up to here, except for the smoke from burning oil tanks and the flames over the target. We could see reservoir tanks exploding, with fire shooting up like ruddy tongues in the middle of the smoke. It was so hot the hair on my arms was singed. I thought I could smell it burn, but that's nonsense."

"Yeah," broke in Hubbard, the radio operator. "I looked through the open bomb-bay doors and could see flames from exploding gas tanks shooting right up into us. The fire wrapped us up. I looked out of the side windows and saw the others flying through smoke and flames. It was flying through hell, that's what it was. I guess we will go straight to heaven when we die. We've had our purgatory."

"Young, there," Killer indicated his copilot with a nod, "yelled at me that our number-four motor was hit just as we came over the target. We feathered it and increased the power on the other three.

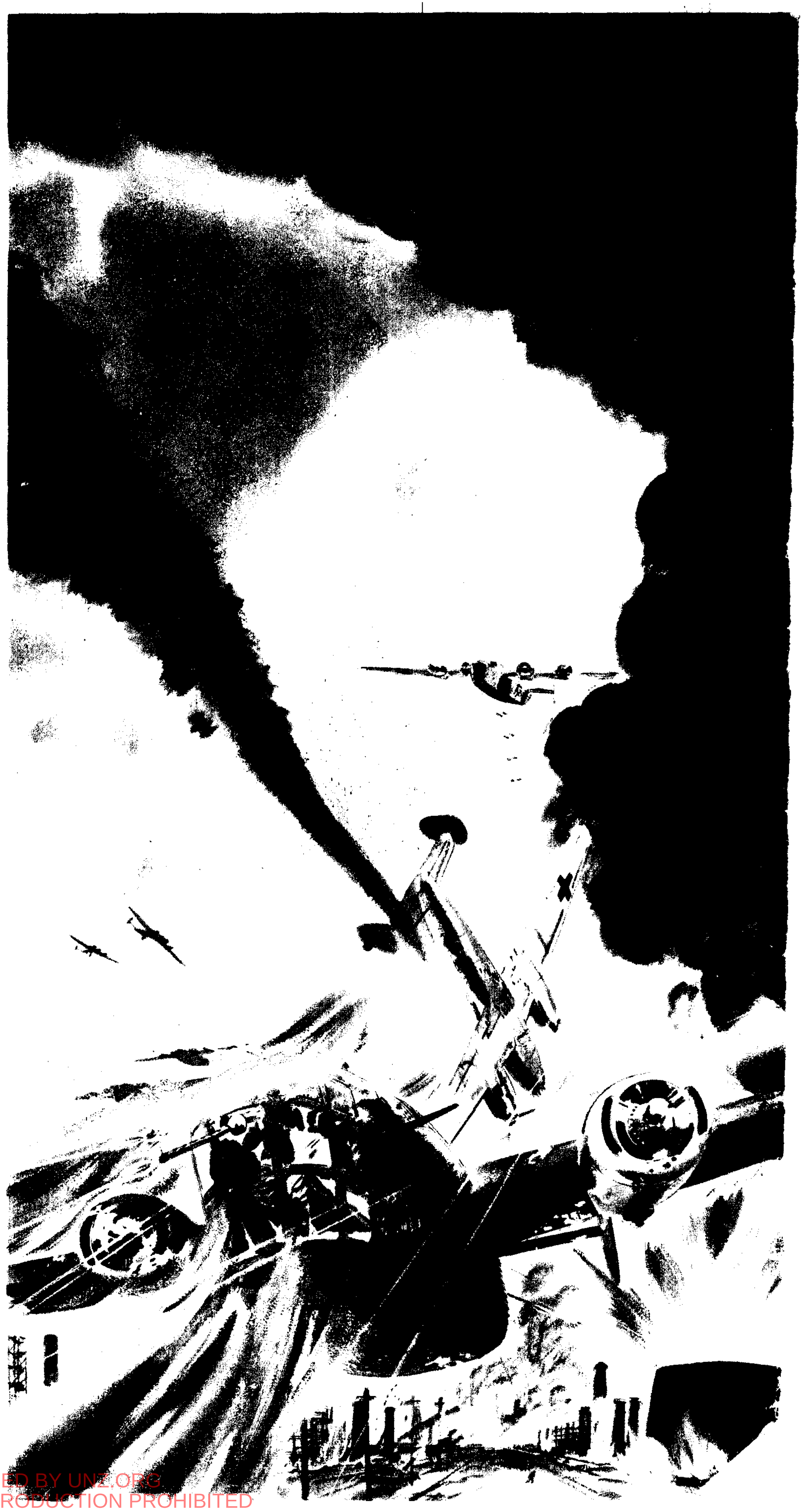
As soon as we left the target, we dropped to about treetop level. We were right in the middle of our group and, as we lost speed, I could see other ships slipping past us like weird fish behind a glass plate in an aquarium.

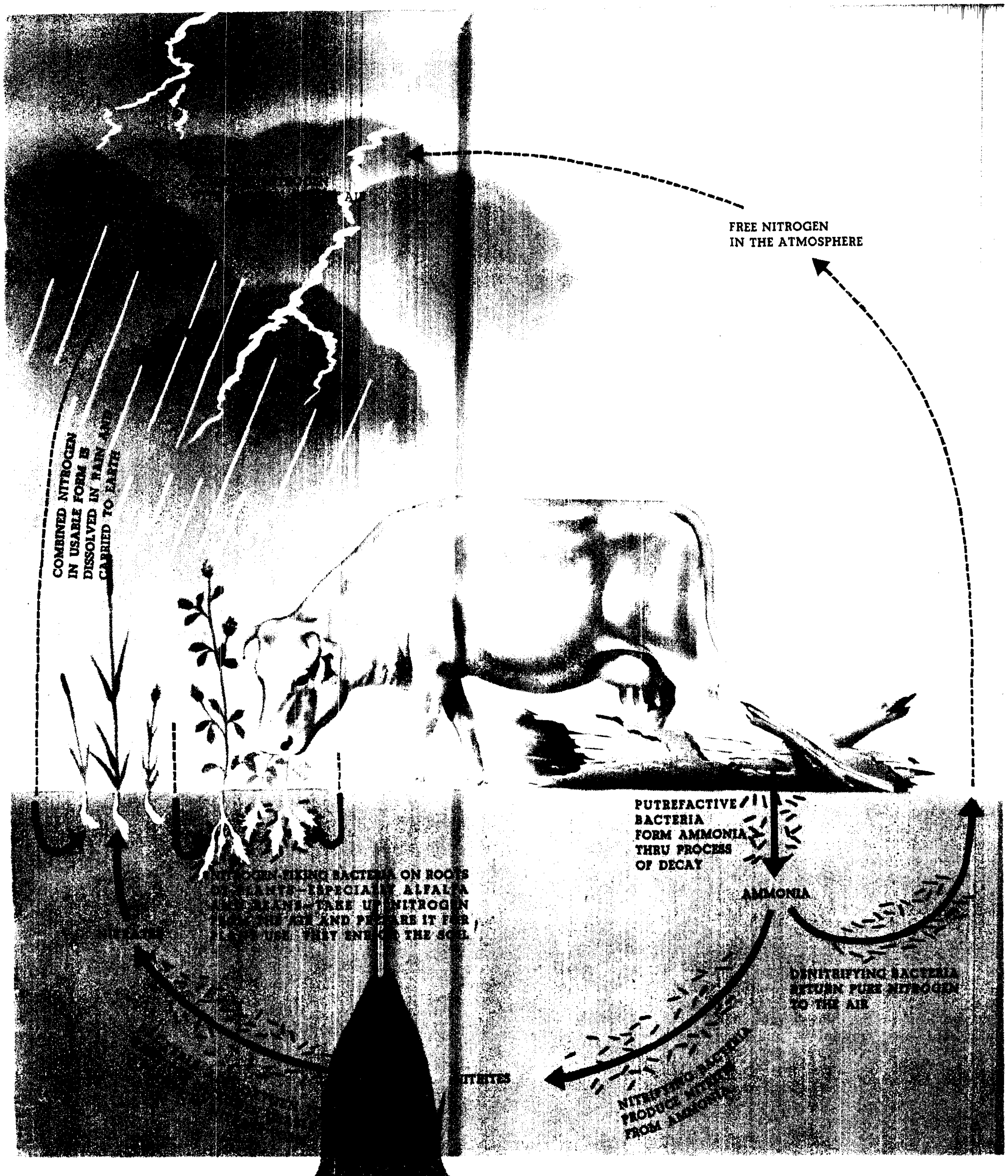
"We finally got our speed up to about a hundred and eighty-five. Then the fighters got to work on us. We took everything they had. There's no question about that. There were ten or a dozen fighters on top of us, I guess. I don't know. Everything happened so quickly that I couldn't count 'em accurately. We got five hits from 40-millimeter shells. An inboard engine and the underside of the right wing

(Continued on page 71)

Colonel John R. Kane led the bombardment squadron in the Ploesti raid and came back home in a ship the experts later said was "absolutely unflyable"

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. AIR FORCES




FREE NITROGEN
IN THE ATMOSPHERE
COMBINED NITROGEN IN USABLE FORM IS DISSOLVED IN RAIN AND CARRIED TO EARTH
NITROGEN-FIXING BACTERIA ON ROOTS OF PLANTS—ESPECIALLY ALFALFA AND BEANS—TAKE UP NITROGEN FROM THE AIR AND PREPARE IT FOR PLANT USE. THEY ENRICH THE SOIL
NITRATES
PUTREFACTIVE BACTERIA FORM AMMONIA THRU PROCESS OF DECAY
AMMONIA
DENITRIFYING BACTERIA RETURN PURE NITROGEN TO THE AIR
NITRITES
NITRIFYING BACTERIA PRODUCE NITRITES FROM AMMONIA

The nitrogen cycle in nature, through which free nitrogen in the atmosphere is converted into food for plants and animals

Nitrogen—the Miracle Worker

By J. D. Ratcliff

DRAWING BY FRANK NETTER, M.D.

The air is full of it—it's the most abundant element on earth and one of the most useful. The trick is to get it out of the air cheaply, and put it to work. That's what we're doing

AFTER the war we are going to have a staggering stock pile of "N." This stock pile can do more to change our lives than our vast new plane industry, electronic devices, huge aluminum production, or any other war industry we have built.

"N" is the chemical symbol for nitrogen. And nitrogen is a basic stuff of life. It is an essential plant food and a vital building block of animal tissue. It is a key substance of chemical industry and the base product of plastics, textiles, and hundreds of other products that contribute to the comfort of everyday life.

Nitrogen is the parent stuff for a great variety of things. It is a major constituent of nylon stockings, photo film, lacquers, plastics. In the form of fertilizer, it nourishes the soil and makes a large part of our farming possible. Half of Europe's food traces to fertilizer—mostly nitrogen fertilizer. We use smaller amounts, because our soil is newer, yet fertilizer produces 15 per cent of this country's food. We are, in a word, as dependent on nitrogen as we are on air and water.

Nitrogen is the most fascinating of all the elements. It is an essential of life. It is also a basic ingredient of sudden death—nearly all explosives trace to nitrogen. Cotton or wood is nitrated to make nitrocellulose—the source of smokeless powder. Glycerin is nitrated to make nitroglycerin; and toluene is nitrated to get TNT. Every time a 16-inch gun is fired, 120 pounds of nitrogen are consumed; a 600-pound bomb uses up 85 pounds. War has prodded us into building the world's greatest nitrogen-fixing industry.

No figures can be released on the size of this industry. But it would take hundreds of ships to carry natural nitrates from Chile to equal its output. It is safe and conservative to estimate our present output of nitrogen at four times that of our prewar production.

Nitrogen is one of the most plentiful of all the elements, comprising 80 per cent of the air we breathe. There are 34,500 tons of it over every acre of the earth's surface. But the job of capturing this precious stuff and putting it to work is one that teases the imagination.

For years the world was dependent on a limited number of sources for nitrogen. Waste gases from coke ovens produced a small amount of ammonia—which is 82 per cent nitrogen. Soil bacteria "fixed" atmospheric nitrogen on roots of certain plants—peas, beans and clover among them. But the chief source of supply was the natural nitrate beds of Chile.

Sir William Crookes, the British scientist, predicted that when these deposits were exhausted, man would face starvation. He would be unable to replenish the soil with nitrogen taken away by plants. Life, Sir William said, would be extinguished unless a means of taking nitrogen from the air could be found. When the first World War came along the Germans and British fought a major naval engagement off the Chilean coast—the Germans attempting to cut the British supply of vital nitrogen.

Problem for the Scientists

For over a century the idea of taking nitrogen from the air and "fixing" it in some stable form tantalized scientists. In time they found several methods. One of them consists of passing a stream of oxygen and nitrogen through an electric arc. They combine to form a base product for nitric acid. Incidentally, something of the sort happens when a bolt of lightning passes through the air. It is estimated that 250,000 tons of nitric acid are made by lightning every 24 hours. But the better part of this precious fertilizer is lost. Dissolved in rain, it falls in the sea, in forests, in uninhabited areas.

The second process for fixing nitrogen is the cyanamide process—in which limestone, coke and air are combined to make an excellent fertilizer. But there is one drawback to both these methods—they require big amounts of cheap electric power.

The third method of fixing nitrogen is one of the great research achievements of all time. Shortly after the outbreak of the first World War, two German scientists, Fritz Haber and Karl Bosch, found how to fix nitrogen without using electricity. They blew alternate blasts of air and steam over incandescent coke. This produced a mixture of gases—hydrogen and nitrogen among them. The two scientists went on from here to find how, under pressure, to combine these two gases to make ammonia.

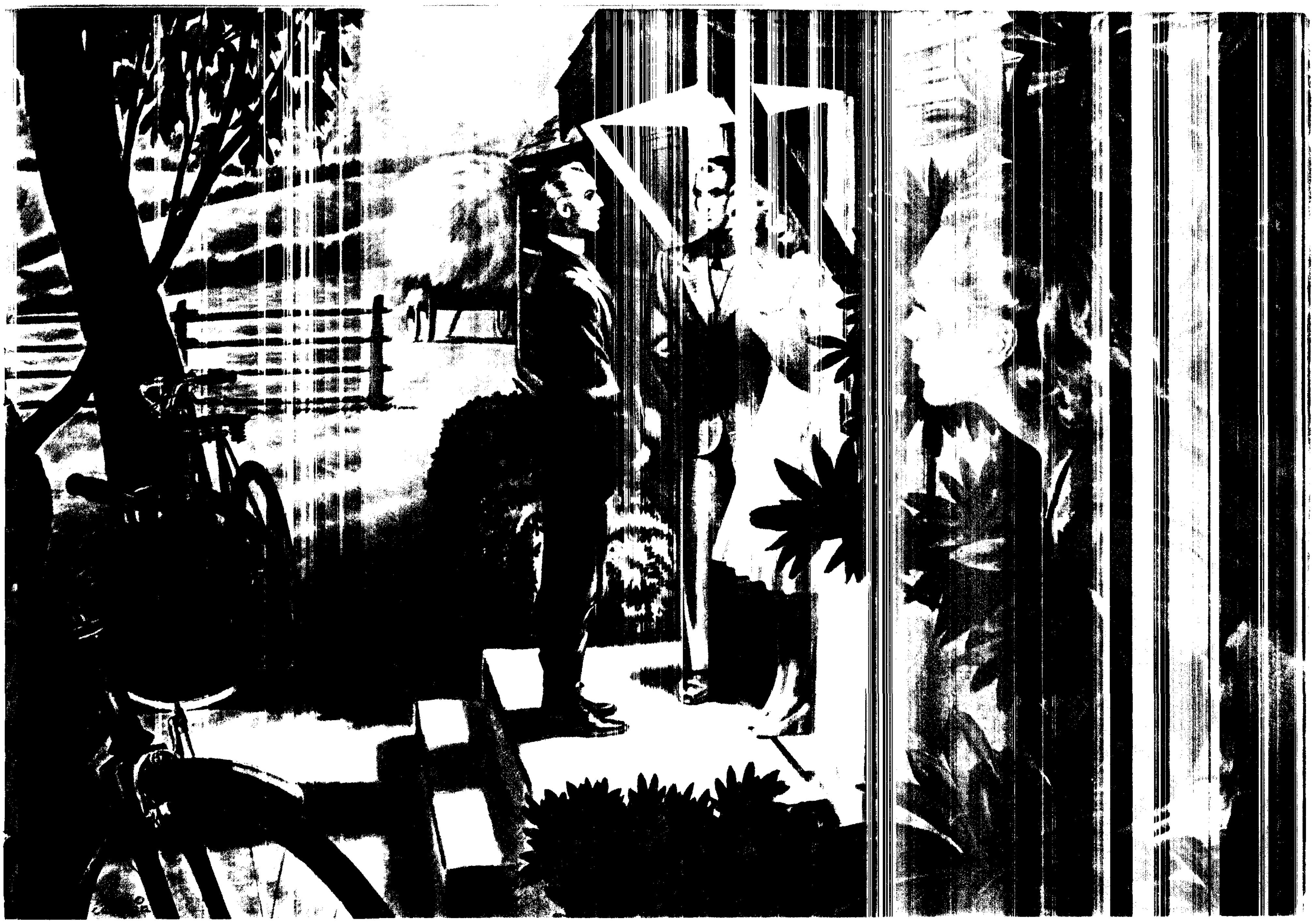
This discovery made it possible for Germany to fight four years of war although cut off from Chilean nitrates.

One of the chief obstacles Japan faces in making her conquests stick is an inadequate supply of nitrogen for explosives. She has a considerable industry at home but not in her outposts—Java, Sumatra, Malaya. Building an industry in these outposts would take years, so the Jap soldier in Java is utterly dependent on the nitrogen industry in his homeland. Once his supply line to home is cut he becomes vulnerable. He can last only so long as the supply of ammunition on hand holds out.

During the last war we were in almost as dangerous a spot. We were utterly dependent on Chile for natural nitrates. We hurried to build a synthetic industry, but the war was over before a single plant went into operation.

In the peace that followed, four major

(Continued on page 49)



"Noel," said Uncle Cedric [illegible] Your mother will be worried. Miss Godwin will [illegible] now"

NO ENEMY BUT TIME

BY VICTORIA LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

WHEN I was thirteen, I lived in the vicarage of Lawton-Benger with my Aunt Janet, and my Uncle Cedric, the vicar, and my three cousins, Noel Cadogan Talbot-Slade, Caroline Elizabeth Somerset Talbot-Slade, and Francesca Beaufort Talbot-Slade. Their magnificent, lordly names used to make me feel half apologetic at being only Mary Margaret Waterford.

We couldn't afford school or governesses. Uncle Cedric gave us our lessons in the nursery. Its windows looked out over the garden, sloping down to the little brook we called Jordan. The church stood on a sloping rise of lawn, just across the stream. If you sat close to the nursery fire, the nearest window framed the square Norman tower, with the water meadows of the Bristol Avon lying beyond.

I remember the red stuff curtains at the windows, and the huge table of blond, coarse elmwood and the sagging leather chairs. On the mantel stood two tin canisters painted in drab colors to picture out a dingy Orient. There was a curiously accidental look about them, too, as if someone had set them down there for a minute, long ago, and forgotten them.

We did geography and history and arithmetic and spoke quite a little French, and Noel, being a boy, also had to do Latin and Greek. His native talent was scientific but Uncle Cedric didn't know anything about the sciences.

Aunt Janet taught us all how to play the piano very badly, with lots of pedaling and expression to hide the sloppy fingering. Fortunately, we were all totally unmusical, so this accomplishment gave pain to no one and, oddly enough, excited considerable admiration in the village.

Of course we were dirt poor. Our vicarage, a lovely Tudor house of local stone, was half furnished, and in the winter, the nursery and the kitchen were the only rooms warm enough to sit in. Our clothes were hand-me-downs from rich relations, much-washed flannel sailor suits for us children, shabby black chiffon dresses and wilted hats for Aunt Janet. But Uncle Cedric's clothes were always new.

For shooting and country walks, he had fine tweeds which he wore with a round collar. His cassocks and birettas were the best to be had. His black broadcloth clericals were made for him by a London tailor who also made clothes for royalty. We accepted all this without question, just as we accepted his getting the only egg at tea, or the largest chop and the nicest pear at dinner. It was his right.

Uncle Cedric was fond of shooting. His game was the one luxury of our table, although we did wish that he didn't like it quite so high. It would hang in the scullery till it was ripe, and then Uncle Cedric would eat it underdone, savoring the taste of decay in his small, hard mouth.

It was hunting country, too, and Uncle Cedric, with his erect, fine-boned little body was a born horseman; but he did not hunt, saying with open bitterness that he could not afford it.

ANNE GODWIN did not hunt, either, though she could have afforded it. The Godwins, who supplied us with our milk, had owned their farm for generations, and if Anne Godwin had ever dared to say that she wanted to hunt with the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, Mrs. Godwin would have spanked her. Mrs. Godwin went to the Methodist chapel and presumably did not know her catechism, but she had very clear ideas about being happy in the station of life to which it had pleased God to call her.

Anne did, however, have a riding habit, and sometimes when we were all playing in our driveway she would ride past slowly on one of the farm horses, casting over a shoulder a wistful look, as if she hoped that we admired her. And so we did, though we would have died rather than admit it and we relieved our jealousy with jeers and outrageous mimicry before she was out of earshot.

We had no friends. Lawton-Benger was a very small village. The only other big house in it belonged to Lady Cowes, who was always away in France. There was also Colonel Finch, but he lived some miles down the road to Chippenham, and besides, he was bedridden and disliked children. On the first of the month, Uncle Cedric used to take him the Communion, in a covered basket on the front of his bicycle.

That was my world when Uncle Cedric told me that Lomax, my father's agent, had sold his pictures for a lot of money after he died, that there was a considerable trust fund in my name, and that I, being now fourteen, was to go away to Switzerland to school.

I remember how shyly I said goodby to my cousins, as if my good fortune had made a barrier between us. Aunt Janet took me to London to buy my new clothes, and there I saw her as if for the first time: the ruddy, untidy hair under the hand-me-down hat, the dangling earrings, which, like Belinda Cratchit's ribbons, were cheap and made a goodly show for sixpence; the rangy body, curiously gangling

(Continued on page 42)

THIS IS SICILY

BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

RADIOED FROM ALGIERS

Collier's correspondent tells how the Allied Military Governments brought order out of chaos in Sicily. The Sicilians, he says, far from resenting the Americans for bombing their cities, hailed the invaders with joy for releasing them from the despised Germans

ACME

Throughout Sicily, M.P.'s check the identities of civilians with local police to prevent German and Italian soldiers from escaping in mufti. Below, Private Santo Gemellaro of Baltimore, who spiksa good da dialect, is welcomed by the citizens of Agrigento. In all towns, American troops were warmly greeted

INTERNATIONAL

IT WAS called the Café of the Two Palms and it was in an alley knee-deep in debris, for Palermo had been bombed heavily by our Air Force, and not even the narrow alleys of the city had escaped. An Italian-speaking colleague had heard a rumor that one might get a steak at this dingy bistro and, to my surprise, he was right. It was not a very good steak, but if you haven't tasted steak for five months, you are not too particular. It may well have been that this particular steak had been pulling a plow in the pasture land outside the city a week before, but in the war zone, when you are lucky enough to get a steak, you do not ask questions about its family tree.

I finished most of the steak, washing it down with a well-watered and evil-tasting Sicilian wine, and then I noticed two gaunt cats looking at me hopefully. One cat was white and orange, the other coal black. The charm of the black cat was marred by the fact that he had lost an eye and part of an ear. But I like cats—even filthy, gaunt cats—and I tossed a piece of my steak to them. I was hardly prepared for what followed.

With angry snarls, both leaped for the piece of meat. For a moment, the room seemed filled with furry masses of white, orange and black cat, and they fought desperately for undisputed possession of the bit of meat. They screamed in pain, and their howls only ceased when the black cat nabbed the steak and scurried out into the alley with it.

"I am sorry"—the swarthy proprietor shrugged eloquent shoulders—"but we have had no food for our cats for many months. We were all right, but our cats and our babies suffered a great deal."

When our troops marched into Sicily, they were greeted by the people, who looked reasonably well fed. There was always plenty of fruit—watermelon, grapes, pears—and there was plenty of wheat, even though most of it had to be shipped to the mainland for the use of German and Italian troops. But there was no food for cats, and the cats of Palermo, once accustomed to nocturnal meals at the fat garbage pails of the city, grew gaunt and starved. It was like that when we entered the city.

Now what is true of cats is equally true of babies. Babies, like cats, need milk, and for a long time, there has been no milk in Palermo or any of the other large cities. During the past weeks, I have seen hundreds of babies, and every one bore the mark of malnutrition. Only the cats, the very old and the very young suffered in Sicily—but they suffered intensely. Due to the magnificent job that AMG (Allied Military Governments) is doing in administering Sicily's economic and financial life, in supervising the rationing of food and in policing the island, this condition is being slowly corrected, but it will be a long time before the very old and the very young (and the cats) are really restored to health.

This organization—half American, half British—took over the nine provinces of this island, all of which were in a hopeless state of chaos. By threatening, cajoling, by showing good faith and trust, it brought relative order to a land which was not only completely cowed by twenty-one years of Fascism (which it always hated), but was, in addition, terrified and groggy after two months of intensive Allied bombings.

Administration by Common Sense

This is a story of Sicily today, not a story of AMG, but the two are indistinguishable, and it is impossible to write of one without mentioning the other. Come along to Sicily with me and you'll see some interesting sights. This is the first time that we, as a nation, have occupied a foreign country since we took over Haiti in 1914. However, to watch our crowd operate, you'd think we'd been in the business for a thousand years. To begin with, most of our AMG men are Italian-speaking. Because so many individual problems not covered by the rule book arise here each day, the head men in AMG keep dinning into the minds of their assistants: "Use your common sense." Common sense seems to be a good rule here.

In Palermo, the largest city in Sicily, AMG has an especially tough job. When the heavy bombings came to Palermo, virtually the entire population of four hundred thousand fled to the hills. As soon as we occupied the city, this enormous mass of people trooped out of their caves and the outlying villages, and returned to Palermo, confident that the Americans would feed them.

Unfortunately, ships which come from North Africa and from America to Sicilian ports are loaded with tanks, guns, ammunition, troops and food for the troops here. There is no room for excess food. Grain and wheat were the things most wanted. Sicily is as fertile as Iowa or Ohio (except for the mountainous portions of the island) and wheat grows to such an extent that six hundred thousand tons a year

(Continued on page 58)

Man's inventive genius continually changes the face of life, but love is forever unchanging, and woman somehow adapts each new invention to the tender uses of the heart

BY TELLYGRAFT

BY THOMAS H. RADDALL

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

THE fall of 1799 in Nova Scotia was a golden one and the farmhouse shimmered in the hot sunshine.

Mr. Challoner had slung a saddle on the chestnut mare and ambled down the road for a pipe and a talk with Major Crompton. Crompton was a half-pay officer like himself, and they would talk about that fellow Bonaparte, and the ill-waging of the war.

Mrs. Challoner had retired to her chamber for a nap. Miss Celia was in the posy garden, cutting roses for the evening table. In the kitchen, the cook was putting away the last of the dinner dishes. She chuckled as she noticed the housemaid, Jennifer, sidling toward the back door and, beckoning her to the pantry, she offered her a fresh-baked apple pie. Not a word passed between them. Jennifer thrust the pie under her apron and slipped out the back door, closing it carefully.

Behind the barn and outhouses the land dipped a little and then rose steeply through pastures and patches of woods to the crest where the signal station stood. Two years had passed since it was built.

What a mystery it had been! First, a party of Royal Engineers passing slowly up the Great West Road with surveying instruments, examining every hilltop and climbing trees and squinting back and forth with spyglass and compass. Then parties of soldiers came from the Halifax garrison—and carpenters and masons.

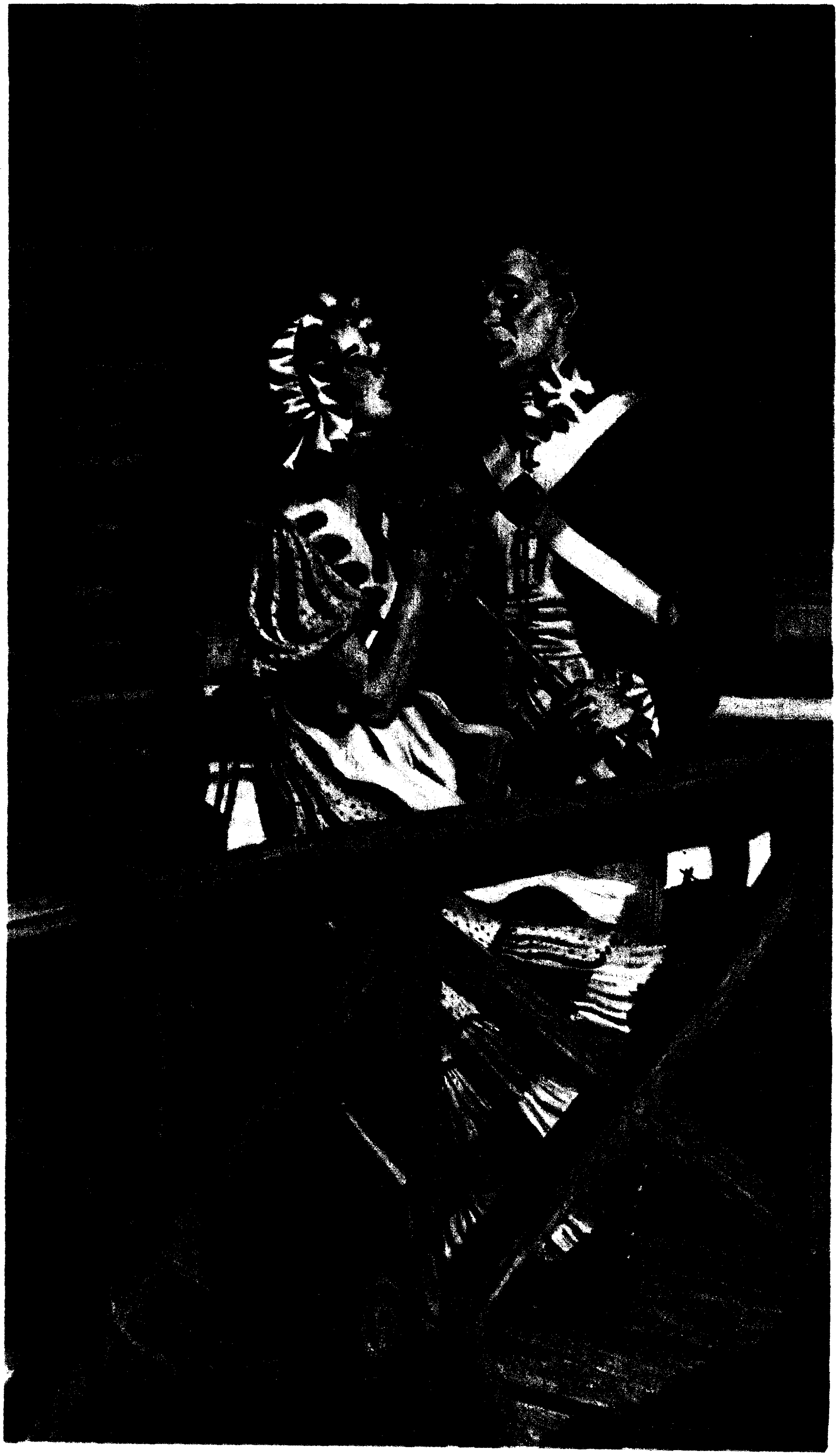
Major Crompton's windmill seemed to suit their purpose, for they erected a mast and rigged a slender yard on it and passed on. But upon Challoner's hill they built a blockhouse: a structure of peeled logs twenty feet high and divided into two stories, a big room below and a small one perched upon it like a roundhouse on a ship's deck, with a mast and yard like the one at Crompton's mill.

Finally came Corporal Sleed and his four privates of the Royal Nova Scotia Regiment, muskets slung, green jackets unbuttoned for coolness, trudging in the dust behind a heavily loaded wagon. The corporal had paid his respects to Mr. Challoner, and his squad had taken possession of the tower on the hill, hoisting and lowering flags and pennants and the odd-shaped basket things in various combinations, with one man gazing intently through a spyglass.

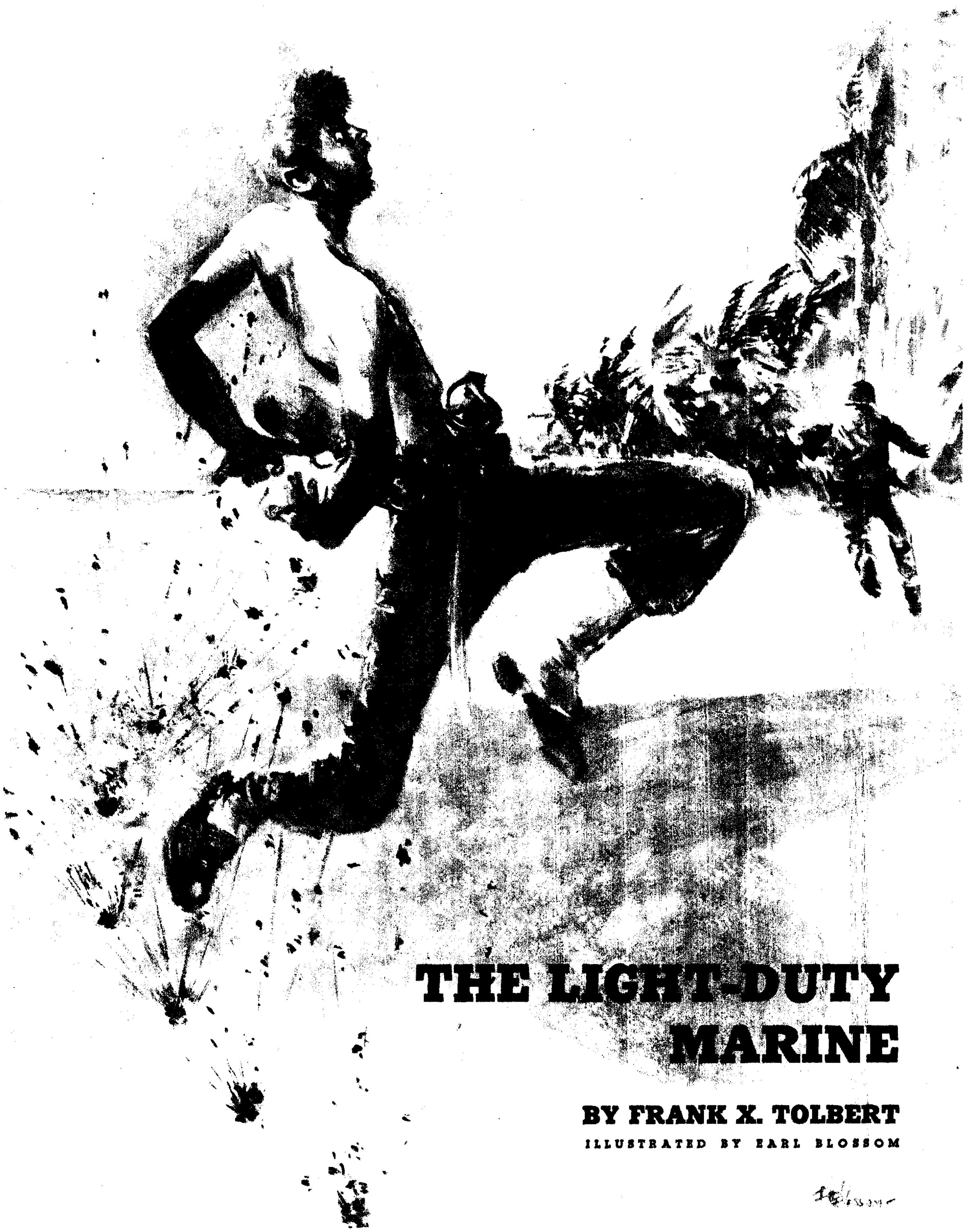
Mr. Challoner in his pompous way revealed the secret at dinner that day.

"It's a thing called a tellygraft, my dears, the first in all America. It seems the French have developed some such thing and by means of it can send intelligence very swiftly to Paris from the farthest outposts. I dare say it's at the bottom of that fellow Bonaparte's success. That fellow's overrunning the whole of Europe and he'll overrun the world if we don't look out."

Mrs. Challoner shrugged and devoted herself to the food. She had a voracious appetite for so small a woman. Miss Celia picked daintily. She did not care for food. She did not care for anything. Jennifer stood straight and slim in her clean cotton gown and spotless apron and mobcap at the sideboard, waiting to serve the pudding and coffee when the cook passed them through the slide. The talk meant little or nothing to her. She knew vaguely that the French had turned the world upside down with their godless ways—killing their king and queen and such, and beating armies of their betters. *(Continued on page 51)*



"D'ye like me, Jennie?" he asked. "I mean—an awful lot?" "Oh, Harry!" she said, "I'm crazy about you. I don't know what I'd do without you. I never had a sweetheart before"



Ringwood was moving right along when the third plane came over, and he could hear the bullets hitting. They made a slapping sound, like someone throwing mud

THE LIGHT-DUTY MARINE

BY FRANK X. TOLBERT

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

Peepsight would have been happy on Gawgi Island, except for his colonel, a jeep, the infernal Shambos — and the difficulty of transporting beer

COLONEL DORMAN could speak four languages: English, Spanish, Chinese and Bedroom Russian, and on the morning of June 14, he was cussing Corporal Leroy "Peepsight" Ringwood in all four of them.

Corporal Ringwood was the colonel's driver. Ringwood didn't like his job and, since our regiment of Marines had made the beachhead on Gawgi Island, he had spent most of his spare time up on the front lines with the Raider battalion.

"That Peepsight hasn't got in six hours of sack time here at the command post since we landed last month," said Survey, the mess sergeant. "I don't believe that gizmo ever sleeps."

On evenings when he had liberty, Corporal Ringwood would get a few bottles of Asahai beer out of the river, where he'd put them to cool. Then he'd take a rifle or a tommy gun and hike through the coconut groves toward the Raiders' positions. He'd give the beer (brewed in Japan but pretty good) to Lieutenant Colonel Robertson of the Raiders, and usually, Colonel Robertson would let him go out with a patrol.

Ringwood was a tall, stoop-shouldered Oklahoman. He had carrot-colored hair and, during the last three months, he had grown a beard. The Raiders said this beard was going to be the death of Peepsight, for it was a more flaming color than his hair and it shone like burnished metal in the sun's rays.

We didn't figure, though, that the Japs would ever get many shots at Ringwood in the daylight. He was, just naturally, a creature of the night. He loved to prowl in Gawgi's spooky coconut groves after the sun had gone down. He had unusually good vision in the dark. The Raiders said that Peepsight could see almost as well at night as in the day.

Usually, after these night trips, Ringwood would get back to the command post before daylight. He'd be taking a bath in the river when the sun came up and at almost every morning chow, he would complain because Colonel Dorman wouldn't let him transfer into the Raider battalion.

"I didn't join this Marine Corps to be no chauffeur," Ringwood would say, "even for a good joe like the colonel is."

On the morning of June 14, Peepsight didn't show up until around 9:30 o'clock. His dungarees were torn, and blood was clotted in his red beard. Under one arm he carried an M-I with a battered butt. He had a long, curving samurai sword stuck under his cartridge belt.

"Where'd you get that East Dallas special?" asked Survey, the mess sergeant, pointing at the sword. He didn't wait for an answer. He said, "The colonel has been cussing you all morning. He thought you'd gone over the hill. If this was any other place, you'd get five days in the brig on P. & P. You'd better gas up the jeep and bring it right around. The colonel wants to go down to the beach to chin with the destroyer's skipper."

When the tall corporal reported to Colonel Dorman, the officer was too busy to read off Peepsight, and a few minutes later they were in the jeep and rolling through groves toward the beach.

As a daylight driver, Ringwood was remarkable only for his recklessness. He'd started driving for Colonel Dorman last year when our regiment was training at Camp Lejeune in North Carolina. The first time he rode with Ringwood, Colonel Dorman seriously considered securing the boy in the brig for his wild chauffeuring. But, on a combat problem in the North Carolina pines that night, he discovered Peepsight's great talent for driving in the dark, and now it was very comforting to have Ringwood at the wheel in night trips over bomb-pocked Gawgi.

They had reached the beach when Ringwood spoke:

"Colonel, sir, I know this is a bad time to bring it up. But what about my transfer to the Raiders? Colonel Robertson would like to have me, I know. This here job with you is nice but it's too light duty for me."

THE colonel wasn't listening to Ringwood. He had his head cocked and he was looking to the south where the green tops of Kamo hills could be seen over the coconut trees. There was the sound of many motors, and a covey of Mitsubishi dive bombers, skimming the tops of the trees, came in over the beach.

Peepsight flipped the jeep about and started for the nearest grove, with little pebbles squirting from under the car's tires. They'd reached the edge of the grove when the first Mitsubishi in the formation swooped at them. Peepsight could see the big red ball painted on the plane's side and he could see the dive bomber's turret gunner.

The colonel yelled, "Take the tree on the right, kid. And run!"

When they were strafed where there was little cover, the colonel and Ringwood always picked out a tree apiece and started running around them in big circles. Colonel Dorman called this ring-around-the-rosy, and he figured that they made much less of a target than they would by lying still or making a straightaway dash.

The lead plane passed, its machine guns spitting into the sand around the jeep. The second plane's guns cut a ragged pattern down the trunk of the tree that the colonel was circling. A shattered coconut fell on the stocky, gray-haired officer, splattering his dungarees with milk.

"I'll be a hootin'-nanny-hoot," said Colonel Dorman. "Those Shambo gunners are getting a little better."

Ringwood was moving right along. The sand was disturbed behind him as the

(Continued on page 54)

CRAZY MARRIAGE

BY WILL F. JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

IT WAS one of those crazy war marriages that haven't got any sense to them. Hanna had played Sara in The Devil and the Deep Blue Sea, and she was Alice in Johnny Get Your Gun, and Laura in Castle in the Sky. Hollywood was her oyster, opened in cracked ice and served to her on a platter. And then at this Hollywood canteen, where she'd gone because the studio liked it and she wanted to, anyway—well, she met Joe Spuggs, private first class, U. S. Marine Corps. In three weeks she married him.

It hadn't any sense to it. Joe was a decent enough guy in his way, of course. He used to run a garage in some hick town near Sioux City, and he was probably good to his mother and bought War Bonds and all. But Hanna—hell!

Rosenblum stood to make six or eleven fortunes out of Hanna, and he'd been in the business long enough to know that the way to make money is to keep people anxious to work for you. Hanna was in the chips. She'd already rented herself a house with a swimming pool and all the trimmings; she was headed for the top-salary brackets and, generally speaking, she had everything—including the everything most girls expect to part with long before they're stars. And then she had to go and marry Joe Spuggs!

It was crazy, all right. Joe wasn't even good publicity. He hadn't any medals, and he wasn't specially good-looking. It just didn't make sense. After they were married, he went to a couple of parties with her when he got leave, and once he was photographed with her at a ringside table, but that was all. They'd hardly been married a month before he seemed to have vanished; you just saw Hanna at the places the publicity department told her to go, and she was there by herself.

It was a script girl who told the truth. She'd gone down to camp to see her boy friend, and she saw Hanna there, dancing with Joe. And Hanna grinned at her and she and Joe came over, and Hanna asked her not to talk about it in town.

It seemed Joe had ideas, such as that he was the head of the family and he had to finance what family life they had, and his pay wouldn't stand Hollywood night clubs.

So Hanna was coming down to camp when she could, and they'd have hot dogs and beer and spend week ends together—when he could wangle a pass—at dinky little hotels that his fifty-something a month would pay for. And Hanna's contract had been rewritten; she made as much in a week as Joe'd ever made in a year!

Then Joe went overseas. Hanna still didn't talk much about him. She looked and acted the same, and if she bought a lot of War Bonds—why, that's standard stuff in Hollywood like any other place.

She made Part-time Wolf and Don't You Believe Me? She did Pay Check, too, and she started on Mission to Keokuk. Her pictures were knockouts, and she was getting closer to the top all the time. But Joe was just—well, nothing in particular.

He was on Guadalcanal and lived through it, and he was on New Georgia, but he didn't get any publicity breaks. He was just one of the guys that kill Japs and get killed, and sweat over the jobs that don't make headlines, but only make them possible. He was a corporal by now, and he knew how it felt to be bitten by every known bug, and he swallowed enough quinine to outfit six drugstores, but nothing much had happened to him. Of course, he'd killed the regulation number of Japs but not enough to be spectacular.

Hanna didn't seem to mind. She kept her mouth shut about Joe and bought War Bonds and did all the other stuff the publicity department asked her to. Nothing spectacular, but she did it nicely.

When she gave blood at the blood-donation center, she grinned at the cameraman the studio had sent along, and he got a swell picture. But she fainted while the blood donation was going on, and it turned out she'd been giving blood at another center under her own name, and this was her second in a week. At the other place, nobody knew her as Hanna Lawrence, but only as Mrs. Joe Spuggs.

It was all crazy! Maybe the end of it was craziest of all. In Mission to Keokuk, Hanna had a scene where she got soaking wet, standing under an arc lamp in a thunderstorm to meet a character who was supposed to be an F.B.I. undercover man. They had a lot of trouble with that scene, and she stayed soaking wet about four hours doing it. And she took a cold and went down with double pneumonia.

Rosenblum was fit to be tied. Hanna'd made a fool of herself, tearing down her strength being the way she thought Mrs. Joe Spuggs ought to be, besides being Hanna Lawrence. And she took that pneumonia hard. It was touch and go in spite of sulfa drugs and good doctors.

They had to postpone Mission to Keokuk until she got well. And then she took something else. Scarlet fever, it was, and when they told her, she grinned sort of weakly and said maybe she ought to apologize to Rosenblum for not having had it before—and was there a letter for her at home in a V-mail envelope from somebody named Spuggs? The hospital thought she was delirious, at first, but they finally brought it to her. Those V-mail letters came along regularly.

When Joe got hurt, the hospital suppressed the telegram, but the V-mail letters kept on coming for a while, and that was all right. But when they stopped, Hanna began to fret and slip back. Scarlet fever on top of pneumonia is bad. It was a nurse who finally had sense enough to smuggle the wire to her.

Hanna read it and pulled herself together. She began to send telegrams of her own and getting everybody she knew to pull wires—and darned if somebody didn't find out that Joe was on his way home on a hospital ship!

When the hospital ship docked, Hanna was right there to meet it. She was wobbly on her legs, and she was thin as the devil. She looked like somebody who'd been plenty sick, but she still had a swell smile. And she and Joe just looked at each other and held hands, both of them grinning like fools. None of the reporters recognized her.

But that was the end of it. When Joe got out of the hospital, about a month later, Hanna had a flat ready for him to move into. She was there, too. They settled down to build each other up, eating economically and sitting in the sun and looking at each other a lot. They seemed to be having a swell time.

Huh? Why didn't she take him to the house with the swimming pool, and why be economical?

That's the craziest part of all. Hanna was broke. The hospital stuff cost money, and she hadn't been putting anything away. Joe had the head-of-the-family idea, you know, and figured that he had to support his wife and wouldn't stand for anything else. So Hanna'd been throwing a lot of cash into Army and Navy Relief, and the Red Cross got most of the rest. It would have made swell publicity, but she'd given her name as Mrs. Joe Spuggs; nobody knew the difference.

HER agent—the one who'd built her up into the big money—came to see them after Joe had been out of the Marines for a couple of months. He got an honorable discharge. Physical disability.

Anyhow, her agent went over to the flat with a long face. He'd made a lot of money representing Hanna, and he had bad news. But he found the two of them packing up and seemingly feeling swell. He had to tell Hanna that her option was dropped—even after all those pictures.

"I know," said Hanna, grinning. "I went down to see Mr. Rosenblum the other day. It's what I expected. I've got a mirror."

The agent figured she and Joe would be broke, and he'd made up his mind to stand the bite for a couple of hundred. But she said, "We're packing up now to go home. Joe's going to start up his garage again."

She'd never been where Joe came from, but she called it home. The agent blinked. He looked at Joe, and Joe was scarred some, but he looked happy.

The agent said, "Well . . . uh. . . . You've had a tough time. Would some cash help out? You can pay me back any time."

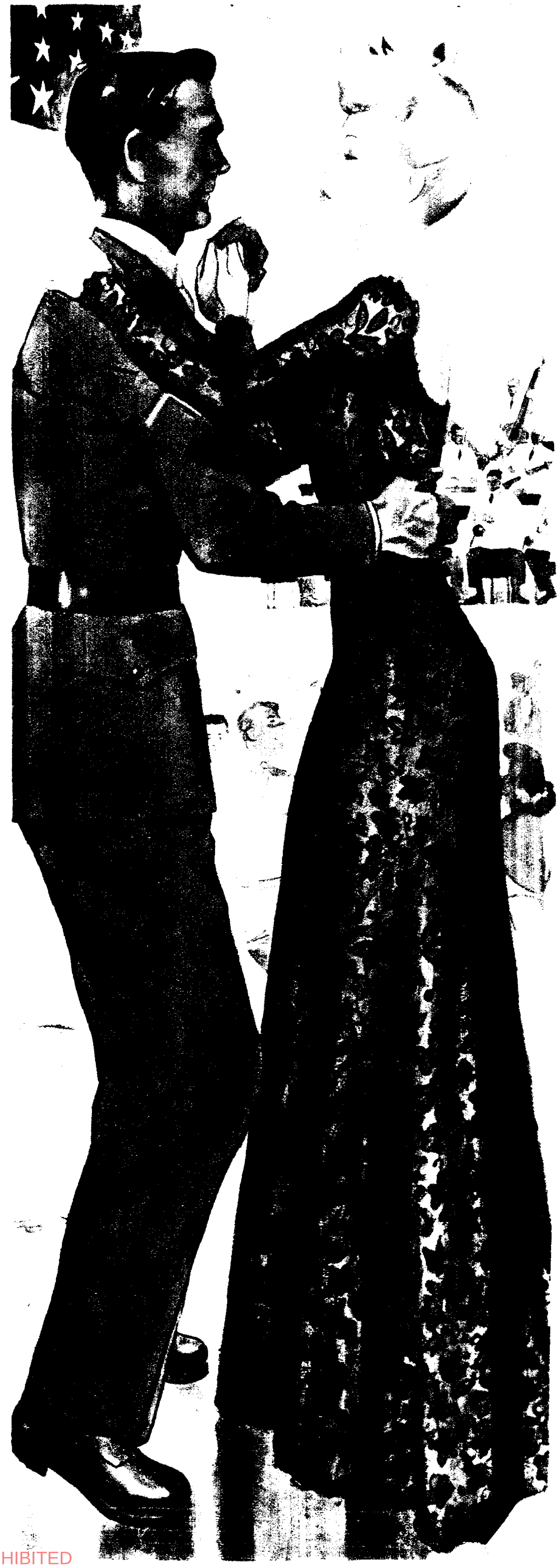
"Thanks," said Hanna, "but we're okay. We're rich! I've got all Joe's allotment checks saved. They pile up, when a man's away for a long time."

The agent said, "Oh!" Then he remembered. "And you got a lot of War Bonds, too, haven't you? They'll be a help."

"We wouldn't cash those!" Hanna said indignantly. "We're going to save them for our family!"

The agent grabbed his hat and went out in a hurry to tell Rosenblum he was the craziest man in the world if he didn't realize that Hanna was ten times prettier than she'd ever been before, and that Rosenblum was nuts to drop her contract.

But Rosenblum couldn't see it. Anyhow, Hanna mightn't have stayed in pictures. You see, she'd made one of those crazy war marriages that haven't got any sense to them.



A script girl had gone down to camp to see her boy friend, and she saw Hanna there, dancing with Joe

How to Treat Defeated

"The same automatic precision that the kings of Prussia beat into their soldiers to make them learn how to goose-step and how to polish buttons, enabled these men to achieve the same exactness in the making of the finest lenses, the best cameras, and the most accurate chemical compounds"

"Field Marshal Hindenburg not only knew nothing, but was proud of it; he boasted never to have read a book, except military ones"

"It is the achievement of life's highest ambition to any Prussian to be in uniform; then he is admired"

You'll never make a lasting peace with the Germans except in terms they understand—and they understand only authority. So says a famous student of the German character, in an article that pulls no punches

ONE of the reasons for the present war is the failure of the Allies after the first World War to understand the German character. If, in 1918, they had known more about the inner structure of the German people, they might have prevented the rise of the Nazis. Today, wide circles in the United States are writing and speaking of appeasement, of being "human" and "just." Those are the mistakes of the last war, which bred this one.

That is why I want to give a short analysis of the German character. In doing it, I feel freer than other refugees, because, as a Swiss citizen, I have not sustained any material losses through the Nazis. Therefore, personal resentment does not color my opinions of the Germans, whom I have studied for 30 years.

The qualities which are dominant in the Germans today were developed in the first centuries after their appearance in civilized Europe. The German, never sure of himself, has been asking ever since: "What do the others think of me?" He is like a man who, joining a party, keeps pulling at his tie and waistcoat although nobody has looked at him. It is this lack of self-assurance that has called forth in the German the desire to conquer his happier neighbor and, at the same time, to idealize that very conquest. Brutality and mysticism, side by side, created a nation of conquerors and musicians.

As a soldier, the German for 2,000 years has found satisfaction in seeing the fear he evokes in other countries. He is not made happy by an inherent feeling of harmony; he is happy when he knows that others are less happy than he. This is the source of anti-Semitism. The Germans made good use of "those foreign" Jews, but were always envious of them. For a thousand years, every century witnessed persecutions and outbursts against Jews in Germany. Not for the millions they possessed, but because of the many Nobel Prizes the Jews won, has the modern German become more and more anti-Semitic. This hateful jealousy needed only a spark.

Want of self-assurance has also developed the German's passion for commanding and obeying. He sees his country as a pyramid, in which each man is a stone who patiently carries the commanding stone above him because he can put his whole weight on the obeying stone under him. Apart from this system, every German has a private life of his own, like all of us; but that is only in an intimate family circle. With comrades and colleagues he somehow always remains in a state of tension, thinking: "Who is above me?" "Whom must I greet first?" or "Who must greet me?" "Who must have the precedence?" All committees, clubs and schools are organized on that pyramid plan. The question of priority is as important at the dinner table as at a cabinet meeting.

It is interesting to study the voice, the gestures and the expression of a German standing in front of his superior. There is no hate in him—rather a tension of happy expectancy: to get an order and to be able to carry it out! The superior, on the other hand, gets his satisfaction in playing the almighty.

In a country where everyone feels himself a superior to someone or something, there can be no thriving of trust and liberty, two of the benefits of democracy. Nevertheless, the adulation of order and obedience has brought forth some good qualities in the Germans. The same automatic precision that the kings of Prussia beat into their soldiers to make them learn how to goose-step and how to polish buttons, enabled these men to achieve the same exactness in the making of the finest lenses, the best cameras, and the most accurate chemical compounds.

A Nation of Dreamers

As the German is less dependent on ease and comfort than the Anglo-Saxon, he is given to seek relaxation in dreams. And here is where music comes in, which is the profoundest expression of German life and of its mystical trend. The romantic and musical side of the German character was always weaker than the side which worshiped the state—and, above all, uniforms. Inside his uniform, the German is no individual; he is a wheel in the gigantic machine and he is prouder of that than of having begotten three sons.

With few exceptions, the Junkers, counts and princes of the governing class, remained soldiers of little culture, entirely given to power and command. The citizens, on the other hand, object of the government but not its creators, were excluded from it with no right to vote; they turned to business, science and art. So for centuries the two classes remained apart, having nothing in common: the one a class of uncultivated but powerful officers and statesmen, the other a class of cultured people without power.

The most astonishing thing about this division is the fact that the subjects did not want to govern. They were happy on a dream island of philosophy, music, and science, regarded government as a passing ship, and were glad to let the princes and kings do the steering so they might be left in peace to work and to dream. None of the many crowned tyrants of Germany were murdered or dethroned by the people.

The world at large watched all this going on and could not understand that it was the same people who produced marvels of music, literature and science, and yet emerged every century with a new aggressive war. Here lies the continual German conflict between thinkers and statesmen, between reason and government.

In Germany one does not find, as in other countries, statesmen and politicians who are at the same time writers or thinkers. Field Marshal Hindenburg not only knew nothing, but was proud of it; he boasted never to have read a book, except military ones. German philosophers, on the other hand, never wanted to govern. They wanted to think and reason.

Men who tried to unite reason and government are rare in German history. One was Goethe, who, as long as he lived, was involved in the problems of thought and action, of dream and reality. As a prime

Germany

BY EMIL LUDWIG

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM EUROPEAN

[illegible] soldier, the German for 2,000 years has found satisfaction in seeing the fear he evokes in [illegible] countrymen. He is not made happy by a little [illegible] of armor; he is happy when he knows that [illegible] are [illegible] happy than he. This is the source of [illegible]

"It is significant and uncanny that in the course of one generation the Germans twice idolized a hysteric. . . . It was a happy day for the Germans when finally there came Hitler, a man who brought back to them brass music, orders, uniforms, goose steps and a boss with a voice that ordered"

minister to the young and admiring duke of the small realm of the Duchy of Weimar, he tried to introduce some liberal ideas before the French Revolution. This try cost him ten of his most productive years, and ended in his bitter conviction that in Germany there was no room for a tolerant government.

Germany has two types that strikingly represent her extremes: the Prussian and the Austrian.

Land of Peace and Plenty

Half-Southern Austria, land of fruit, wine and beautiful scenery, begot a people more like the Italians than the Germans. A purely Catholic education, a conglomeration of different tribes, the geographical position of Vienna as a crossing point of commerce, all this favored an international atmosphere. An easier life made these people less militaristic, more artistic, gentler than their brothers of the North.

At the other end of Germany, Prussia is a land of sandy plains which only a very industrious and thrifty population could change into fields of rye, potatoes and vegetables. There is little beauty, no wine and little fruit in this country.

In Prussia, as everywhere in Europe, great landowners became aristocrats and effective rulers. No opposition arose against them. As good officers, these Prussian feudals, called "Junkers," supported their kings; as a reward they got prerogatives greater than in any other country. They dominated everything, in the government as well as in the army. Citizens had to serve in the army, not three but often thirty years. The peasants were allowed to return home for four months of the year, to till their fields and to beget children, soldiers for the king.

The Prussians were poor, and the industrious, Spartan life they had to lead developed in them warrior instincts of greed and expansion. That is how the demand for "Lebensraum" was born. The right of the stronger was made into a religion. A cult of violence was preached by philosophers and paid professors, and it was blessed by the divines. What Hitler did only follows an old Prussian recipe.

For 300 years the Prussian has been educated to obey without questioning; his country has never had a press to stimulate public judgment. His military strictness is not confined to the army barracks; it is felt everywhere. The youngsters in school have to jump up when questioned, and stand at attention when answering. Worship of the army is supreme. Three-year-old children strut about in uniforms, playing with helmets and wooden guns. It is the achievement of life's highest ambition for any Prussian to be in uniform; then he is admired.

No non-Prussian German would call Prussia a characteristic part of Germany. And yet Prussia has ruled Germany. When Italians, Greeks and others united into nations, German liberals tried for half a century to abolish Prussian dominance and to unite the Germans. But these ideologies could not succeed against the steel might of Prussian militarism.

The palace of the Reichstag in Berlin—the German Congress—stands on a big square. But behind it, in its shadow, there is a smaller building, which is the real heart of Prussia: the General Staff. People walk past it with shy looks, speaking in low voices, dreading the secrets of this mysterious house.

Out of here, new orders of mobilization have exploded in almost every generation. The kings, Kaisers, and then the Fuehrer, pronounced them without asking the big Reichstag for permission. And the people loved these orders and accepted them. It is significant and uncanny that in the course of one generation the Germans twice idolized a hysteric. The likeness between Wilhelm II and Hitler is astounding. Both employed the German qualities to start a big war.

The Germans lost the war in 1918 after a break of their nerve, which is typical of them and which will repeat itself in a short time. At that time, together with their allies, they had their grasp around nearly as much territory as they hold today. Within 24 hours, the German High Command heard the first rumbling of the collapse of Germany behind them and they ordered their government to ask immediate terms of peace. This overnight change from victory to dark despair is a Prussian trait.

Mailed-Fist Psychology

That the Treaty of Versailles was a "slave treaty" and created Hitler is a popular opinion in the Anglo-Saxon countries, and it is a mistake. A treaty of the merciless type that Clemenceau wanted would have been a better solution. The great mistake at Versailles went much deeper than the errors usually assigned to it. It was a mistake in understanding the psychology of the Germans. The Allies took some territory away from the Germans, but left them complete freedom. Later, they even relaxed the rigors of the treaty. When Briand freed the Rhineland five years before the treaty provided, a so-called liberal German said to me: "There you have those French cowards!"

The Americans had been greatly esteemed in Germany at the time of their arrival in the fall of 1918, when they decided and ended the war. They really had been regarded as magic knights, sent to conquer and redeem. But when, two or three years later, they went over to lend the Germans money and to transact business, the admiration ceased at once. What was given the Germans by a gesture of good will, they took for a sign of growing weakness and fear. They had the feeling that someone kind could not be a real victor. When they were told: "Let's make a gentlemen's agreement," they did not understand. Their language has no word for "gentleman," no word for "fair play."

Another psychological mistake of the Allies after the first World War was that they believed the Germans would become liberal and democratic overnight, without previous training. The German attempt at democracy, the Weimar Republic, was based on humanity and freedom, and the Germans found it very dull: they were afraid of responsibility. They boycotted the Republic.

Such a situation constitutes an ideal field for a screaming adventurer. It was a happy day for the Germans when finally there came Hitler, a man who brought back to them brass music, orders, uniforms, goose steps and a boss with a voice that ordered. Morally and legally, Hitler is the true symbol of the present German nation. In the most democratic

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CORNER OF HEAVEN

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

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Conclusion

"Don't you see," Griselle said shakily, "that it's been less and less Alan, all these weeks, and more and more you?" Steve looked up at her but he did not speak

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

The Story Thus Far:

FOLLOWING the death of her grandfather, with whom she has lived for a number of years not far from Washington, D. C., Griselle Mountjoy, an orphan, goes to the Coast and enters the University of California.

In Berkeley, where she lives, she sees much of old General Cruickshank, her grandfather's best friend, and the general's beautiful niece, Mitzi Armitage, who is married to a young officer in the Navy. And presently she receives a terrible shock—Alan McIntyre (with whom she had fallen in love in the East) comes to Berkeley; and he and Mitzi show plainly they are interested, far too deeply interested, in each other.

Alan, a decent sort, realizes that he is a victim of infatuation. But, try though he will, he cannot bring himself to break with Mitzi. Once he even asks Griselle to marry him, then, weakening, jilts her. When finally he goes away, reports for duty overseas, he is still Mitzi's slave.

Mitzi lives with the general. She feels sure that, when he dies, she will inherit the bulk of his estate. . . . Alan returns to Berkeley. He meets Griselle, tells her that he loves her, implores her to marry him. And Griselle, still adoring him, promises to become his wife.

A short time later, the general dies in his sleep. He dies after taking some sleeping tablets *given to him by Mitzi!*

Walter McMurray, the general's lawyer, reads the dead man's will—one made twenty years before. To the amazement of everyone, the major portion of the estate is to go to a woman whose name—Catherine Johansen—means nothing to anyone!

While Mitzi, suffering from shock, is insisting that there must be another will (in which she is named as the principal beneficiary), McMurray makes an astounding discovery: General Cruickshank had had a son (Conrad Johansen) by a woman whom he had never married; that son had married and had a daughter: *Griselle!*

It thus appears that "Griselle Mountjoy" is to inherit most of what her grandfather left. But Griselle is anything but happy—Alan (who professes to love her) is spending much of his time "comforting" poor Mitzi, who appears to be on the verge of a nervous collapse. . . .

Alan's brother—Steve, a charming cripple—is one of Griselle's closest friends. Indeed, he is secretly in love with her. While chatting with her one day at his mother's home, he loses control of himself, for a moment. Griselle, surprised, shocked, at once prepares to leave. "I'll see you soon," she says quietly, and goes away.

I WONDER, Griselle thought, lying on her bed an hour later, remembering, remembering, remembering, with her face hot and her hands chilly, I wonder if most girls go through the miseries I do? Steve, my dear, my dear, I wouldn't hurt you—I wouldn't hurt you for the world! There was nothing to that—he just went crazy for a minute— Steve, don't let me hurt you! You've been hurt so much.

Then for three days she did not dare go to the McIntyre house, though every fiber of her being seemed drawing her toward Alan's brother and mother, toward the environment in which she could talk of him, and hear of him. Griselle went about in a sort of daze, attending her first autumn class automatically, going over to the city to have talks with Walter McMurray.

Meanwhile, she and Mitzi maintained a friendly enough relationship; Mitzi was lonely, for one thing, and felt lost and abandoned. Griselle, on her side, could not resist the fascination that from the very beginning Mitzi had held over her; she was conscious of liking and hating Mitzi, of fearing her and yet wanting to be always near her.

"When the will is probated, or whatever he calls it," Mitzi said complacently, "I am going to take my twenty thousand—imagine Uncle Andy leaving me only twenty thousand! However, that's free of any inheritance tax?" she interrupted herself to ask concernedly.

"Oh, yes; quite," Griselle answered. She was accustomed now to Mitzi's calm assumption that the conditions of the unsigned will would be scrupulously carried out.

"Well, I'm going East," Mitzi said. "I have to see my little girl Joan, for one thing," she added conscientiously. "I was so young when I divorced Jeff that I hardly knew what I was doing when I gave my baby to Jeff's mother. After all, she's my baby."

THEY were having a late breakfast as they talked; Griselle was dressed for a trip into town to Walter McMurray's office; Mitzi wore a becoming house gown; the morning was sunless, but humid and warm.

"Then Alan isn't any longer in your plans?" Griselle could not resist asking.

"Certainly he is!" Mitzi answered. "But not now," she added, after thought. "He isn't in yours, either, is he?" she asked in turn.

"No," Griselle said briefly. "He isn't in my plans any more."

It was at moments like these that Griselle wanted to strike Mitzi, to spoil her flawless, smiling little face, to wipe out the echoes of the placid, self-satisfied voice. But she showed nothing; she had learned how to handle Mitzi.

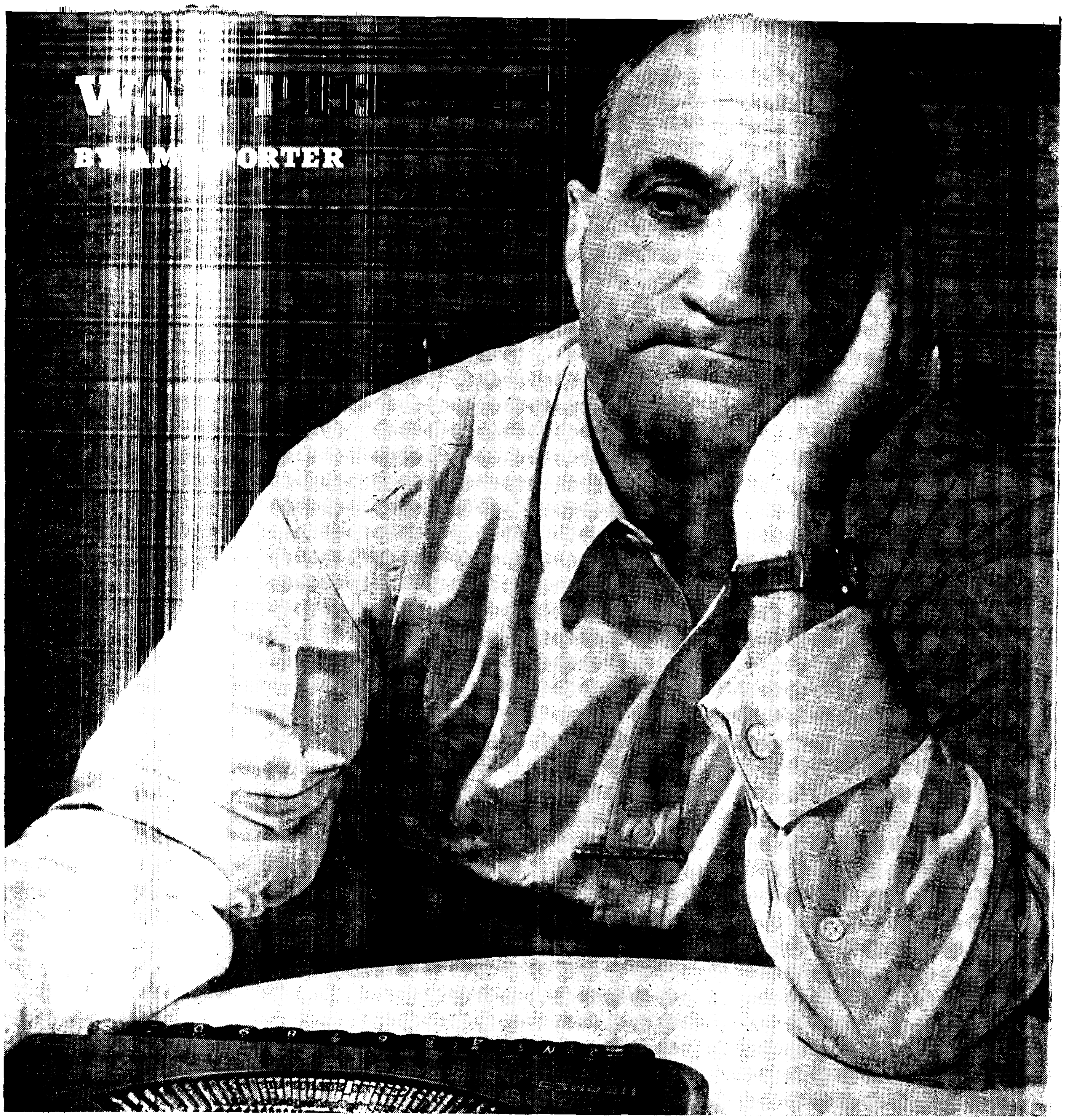
"McMurray said," she presently began, against her own determination not to open this subject, "that because of taxes on money gifts, I ought to spread that payment out over several years. I think you can only give away three thousand dollars now without a gift tax."

"The taxes were all included!" Mitzi exclaimed, instantly alarmed.

"Yes, I know. With legacies it would have been different. But these aren't

(Continued on page 35)

For more than ten years, Max Werner has been right about the war when practically everybody else was wrong. Today, he predicts that Germany's downfall will come within three months



LOFMAN-PIX

Max Werner is thinking. His thoughts retail at $15,000 a year right now, and what he thinks about is war. At the moment, he thinks Russia will join us soon against Japan. Generals won't bet against Max's predictions

MAX WERNER says Germany will be defeated within three months. Max Werner says Russia then will co-operate with the United Nations to defeat Japan. Max Werner says Japan's collapse should follow eighteen months to two years thereafter—or even earlier. Max Werner also says there need not be a World War III; there can be lasting peace.

If it should strike you that this Max Werner is pretty free with his prognostications, bear with him until you know him better.

You've heard of him, perhaps, as one more military expert, in the same category though not so well known, as Major George Fielding Eliot and Hanson W. Baldwin. He has fewer outlets than the others, being neither a newspaper columnist nor a radio commentator, and he probably is the poorest money-maker in the field.

But when Max Werner speaks, through his books and magazine articles, other experts listen. More wonderful, active military men listen, too. For it is generally conceded that Werner is the best guesser of them all. Who but Werner can claim to have foretold the line-up of the war and its progress to date, months before the first shot was fired? Who but Werner correctly gauged the strength of the Red army, the weaknesses in Hitler's war plan?

Soothsayer With a Punch

Werner, unlike his more cautious competitors, makes flat, unqualified statements as to what is going to happen in this war, and when and where and how. He scorns to hide behind ifs and buts and maybesos. He leaves himself no line of retreat, and so far, has had no need of one. He goes out on a limb, and the limb supports him firmly. He sticks his neck out, and his head stays comfortably in place. With amazing confidence he foretells the future, and with astounding regularity events prove him right.

His "Germany will be defeated within three months" prediction is not something he thought up since the surrender of Italy. As early as January, he said in a magazine article that a United Nations invasion would defeat Hitler this year, and he stuck to this thesis, defending it with closely woven logic, in his latest book, Attack Can Win in 1943.

He now says the same thing, only more so: "Not attack *can* win, attack *will* win in '43. Of this, I am 100 per cent sure. The most unpleasant possibility is that poor planning may necessitate two months, or three, of liquidating action, even after the Third Reich is broken."

Before Mussolini's downfall, Werner predicted Italy would be eliminated from the war this year. He said that political collapse would precede military collapse in both Italy and Germany, and he now waits complacently for the second half of this prophecy to come true.

Werner's habitual rightness inspires an almost superstitious faith in his followers. Back in the days of Hitler's ascendancy, one of his fans, an Englishwoman, had booked passage home on the Atlantic Clipper for herself and her two daughters, but wouldn't embark on her journey until she had had words with the oracle.

A friend arranged a meeting, and the woman asked, "Will you tell me, Mr. Werner, whether there's any danger of our meeting Hitler in Lisbon? If you advise it, we'll cancel our tickets."

The firm-voiced Werner answered, "Madam, I am happy to be able to put your mind at rest. Hitler will not move into Spain or into Portugal, now or at any other time. It is impossible. I wish you a good journey, and please give my best regards to your excellent husband."

On this, as on many more momentous occasions, events conformed to Werner's words, and the lady reached home safely.

Russian-born Werner has been in the prophet business for more than twelve years, but the American public didn't pay much attention to him until Russia hurled back the German offensive in 1941. Then people started to remember that that was the way Max Werner had said it would be.

In his book, The Military Strength of the Powers, written in 1938, months before Munich, he had said that the Soviets would be in there on the side of the Allies, surprising the world with their strength. In October, 1941, when the most optimistic experts were saying it was a matter of days or, at most, weeks before Russia would collapse, Werner had the lonely distinction of repeating in print his previous statement, "The Red army cannot be beaten. It is impossible. The Nazis will never take Moscow."

In 1938, he foretold that the French army would be incapable of an offensive, that Poland would collapse in a few weeks, that Italy would be a burden to the Axis. In 1940, after France had fallen, he again predicted the Nazi-Soviet war, and Anglo-American-Soviet collaboration. He stood pat on his prognostications even when the short-lived German-Soviet neutrality pact seemed to contradict him. The fighting in the south of Europe does not shake his conviction that the death blow to Germany must be a great invasion of western Europe from the British Isles, with flanking operations to the north and south.

With Germany's defeat in sight, the next big military question is: Will Russia bow herself out of the Allied coalition, or will she help in the battle of the Pacific?

Russia's Position on the Team

Werner doesn't hesitate: "Russia will be in on the team that defeats Japan. I said so in 1937. She will come in not as the jackal Mussolini, looking for the fruits of victory, but as a military power of tremendous importance."

He holds that Russia's co-operation is essential to a swift victory. "The war with Japan would be prolonged for from four to six years if the United Nations continued their island-hopping strategy," he says. "Only an all-out, three-dimensional war, by land, sea and air, can bring a quick decision. Such a war will require strong positions on Russia's Asiatic coast, as Vladivostok and Kamchatka."

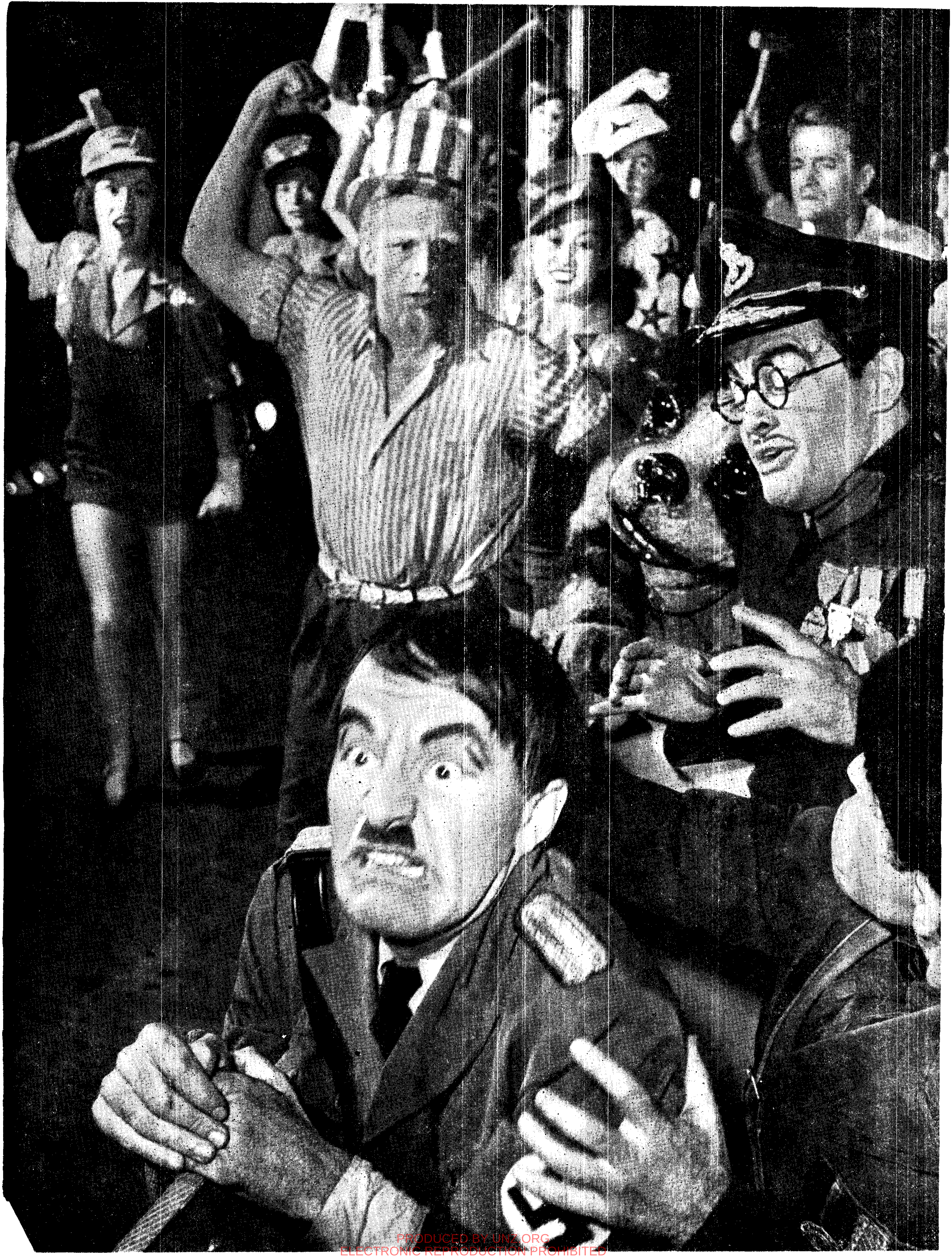
Werner utters his prophecies, in print and in person, with fiery intensity. He is a middle-sized man with the face of a fighter—jutting jaw, impressive nose, noble forehead. In appearance and manner, he is reminiscent of Napoleon. You do not argue with Werner. You cannot. He mows you down with staccato speech, imperious gestures, and a lot of precise military information that most of us, in our ignorance, cannot question.

"I am arrogant, yes," he says, "when I have only to prove that two and two make four. I am not doing predictions. I am giving information about the future."

Like the rest of the experts, Werner operates thousands of miles from any fighting front. He lives in a modest uptown New York apartment with his 75-year-old mother and his aunt; he divides his time between research and writing.

He never was a soldier, never saw a battle. But his personal history might have been made to order for military experting, interwoven as it has been, with the political troubles of many nations.

(Continued on page 63)



only nonprofessional in the show, T/Sgt. ell Wilson of GM's Delco-Remy plant, whose was broken in a Fortress crash in England, ibes the need of weapons at the front

Above: The Twelve Riveting Rockets bring down the house with their jitterbugging in Swing Shift Sam and Swing Shift Suzie, one of the hit numbers of the show. The show is staged three times a day, so that all shifts can attend

Below: The pretty girls came from big-time shows. Zelda Allen danced on Broadway for three years, Helen Vent and Elaine Meredith came from Hellzapoppin. The extra legs in the right foreground belong to ex-Rockette, Jeanne Trybom

IT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING

By Harry Henderson and Sam Shaw

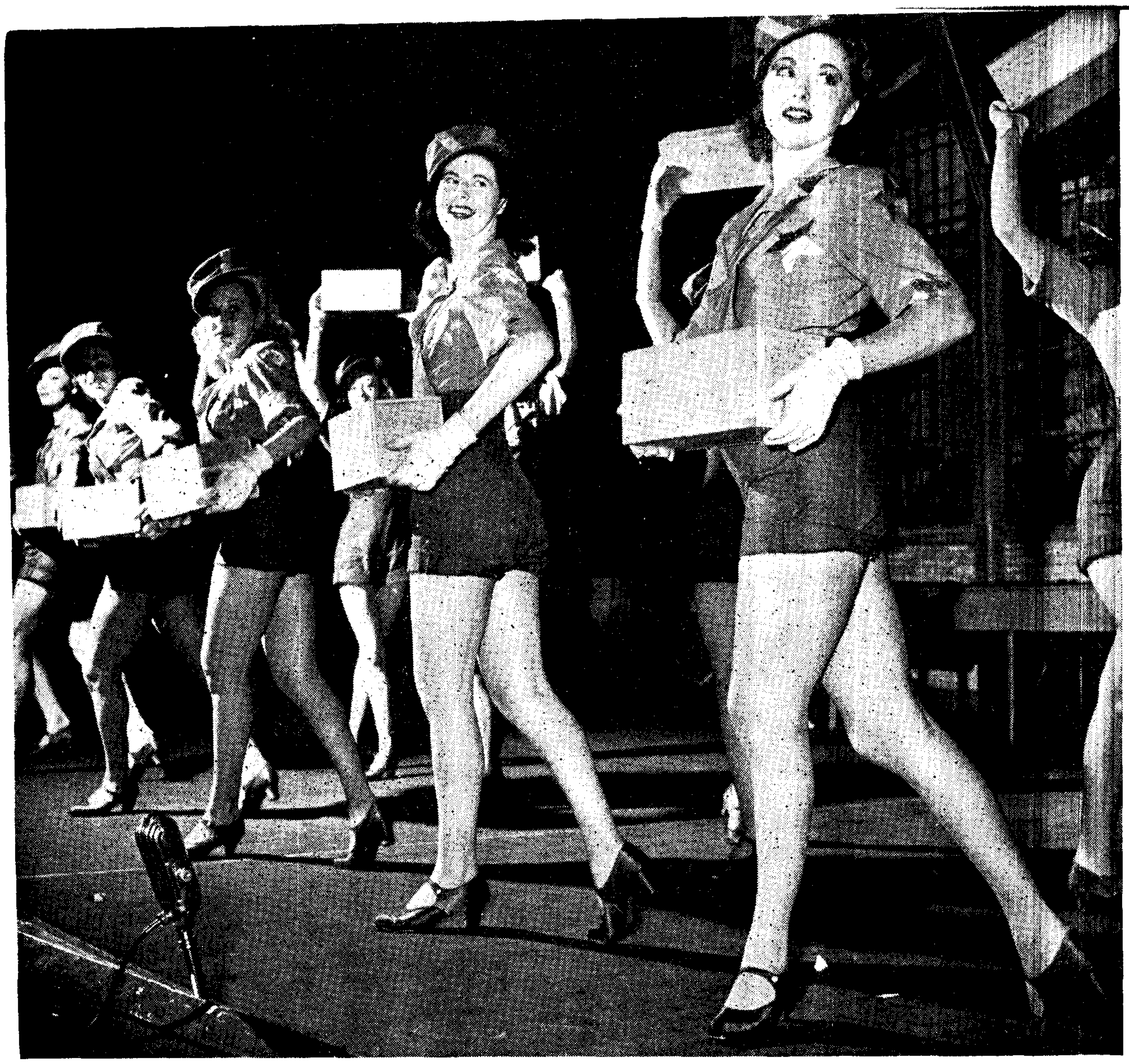
BRASS-BOUND and blasé Broadway is having a tough time these days, trying to figure out who is going to turn up next with a show. The latest to wrinkle the brows of the wise guys is General Motors, which has quietly put a large, completely professional musical revue, It's Only the Beginning, on the road to tour its plants. Before the show finishes its tour in February, it will have played over forty cities in thirteen states and will have been seen by more than a million people.

What has many a Broadway head woggling is the fact that while this is a professional show, in costumes and production, no admission is charged. Only employees of GM and their families are admitted. In their conception of the show as a visual report to their employees of their war-production progress and as an appreciation for good work, these production-line geniuses have opened up a new vista of theatrical entertainment that has Broadway's long-hairs stunned.

The authors of It's Only the Beginning are Owen Murphy (who wrote most of Joe Cook's productions) and Peter Barry. It was produced for GM employees by Soundmasters, Inc., under the direction of L. M. Corcoran. It travels (complete with two boxcars of scenery) with a company of forty-four, including six musicians. The show is staged, usually, in the largest theater in towns which boast GM plants. It is the first legitimate production to play many of these houses in fifteen years. We caught the show at Meriden, Connecticut, where it played six performances in two days for employees of GM's New Departure division.

The revue is strictly on the beam, opening with an exciting thirty-

Left: The General Motors audience in Meriden saw Hitler, Hirohito and Mussolini scourged by Uncle Sam and the workers. With the trio now broken up, the bums have been replaced by two Axis saboteurs



Shown here imitating belt-line production, the chorus of the revue high-lights the show with its fast, precision dancing. Their costumes and the settings were designed by Russell Patterson, top-flight stage designer

Sylvia Mittler and Ruth Mitchell, who doubles as Mrs. Lincoln in a historical sketch when not dancing, are pictured gossiping backstage while awaiting cues. The show will probably run through February

LINCOLN ST VICTORY

The folksy, cracker-barrel humor of Charlie Althoff's hick violinist act stopped the show at every performance for GM's New Departure division workers in Meriden, Conn.

minute movie made up from fighting newsreel clips and an account of the company's conversion from peace to war production. Then, amid the whistles and cheers of the audience, the chorus socks out the show's theme: "Tell Hitler, Hirohito and Benito, it's only the beginning . . ."

From there on, the Axis takes a terrific walloping in song and dance, and when the Axis trio woos an unthinking worker from his job with the song, Won't You Come and Play With Us, the audience hisses and shouts out warnings in the true old meller-drammer tradition.

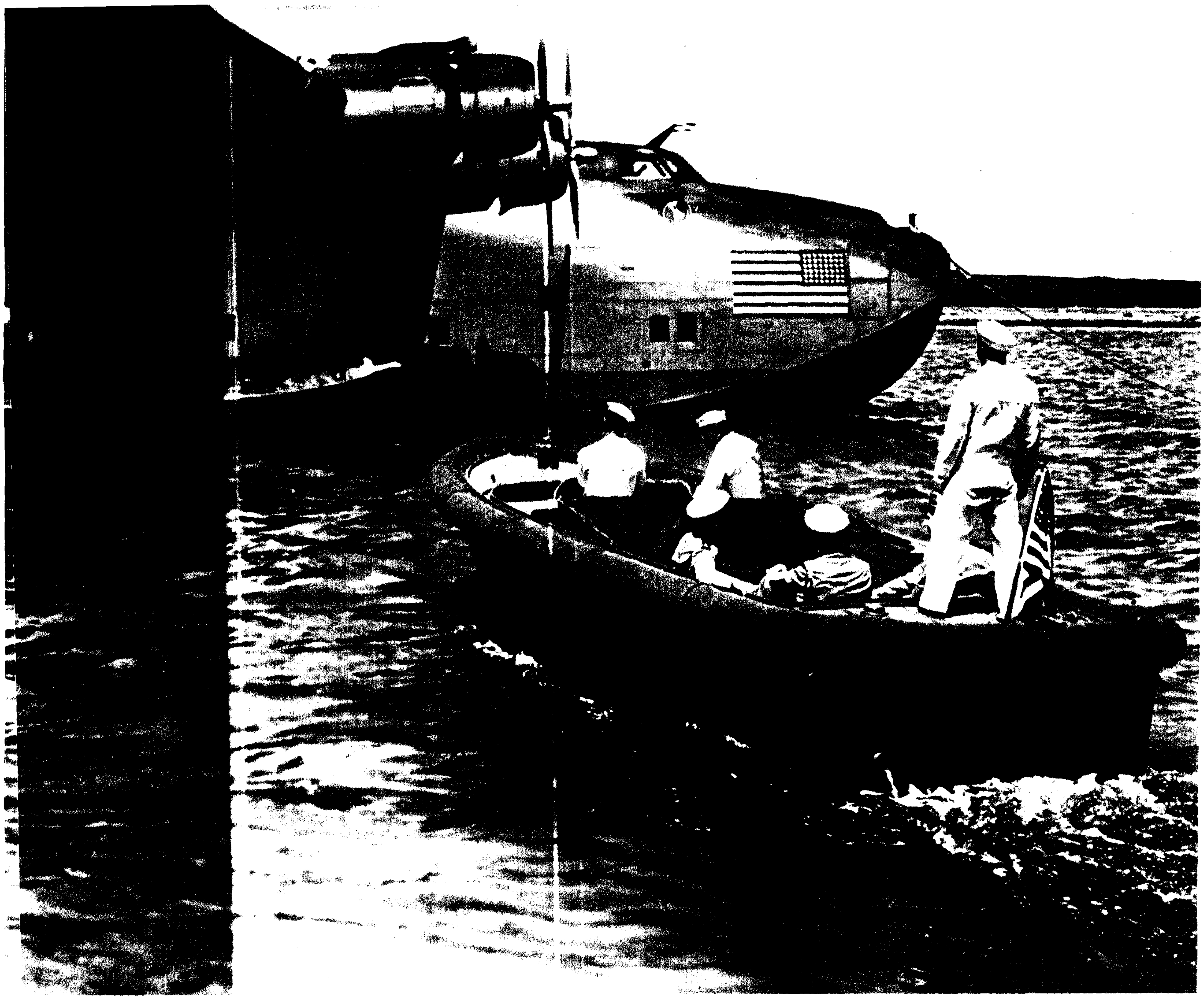
The show is continually changed to keep the material topical and to point up some local achievement.

Three short but dramatic sequences explain what we are fighting for today. Two of these are historical, dealing with the days of 1776 and the Civil War. The third shows a group of naval pilots stationed on a South Pacific island. In its dramatic intensity, it has all the power of Maxwell Anderson's Eve of St. Mark.

There is plenty of straight entertainment, including Alf Latell's famous dog act and Charlie Althoff's characterization of a rustic fiddler. The musical score will match anything on Broadway. We can't stop whistling It's a Brand New World. Another hit tune is This Is Your War, which is now being used by the Treasury Department to get you to buy more War Bonds. But of all the production numbers, none pleases the audience more than Swing Shift Sam and Swing Shift Suzie, which features a satirical jitterbugging dance of production-line workers.

After an hour of such razzle-dazzle, Uncle Sam and a swarm of workers smack the Axis stooges into a big box, slam down the lid, and shout out the finale, Victory Is Our Business. And business seems very good for only a beginning. ★★★

Comic stooge of the show (before his downfall) was strutting Benito Mussolini, who dolefully sang I've Lost My Pantelleria



This sea taxi has shoulder pads

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

When officers and men go out to board the giant sea-planes used for patrol bombing and transport, they're carried in a little "personnel boat."

Very often the sea is rough. The small boat pitches and tosses on the waves, threatening severe damage to the thin "skin" of the big plane.

Goodyear went to work on this problem and devised a special type of Airfoam cushioning using pre-war stocks—a gunwale pad which fits over the sides of the personnel boats . . . gives them "soft shoulders" . . . prevents damage when making contact with the huge flying ship.

Airfoam is made by "beating" liquid latex until it bubbles up as air-filled foam — millions of tiny air pillows. Popular for furniture, automobile seats and mattresses, Airfoam today has gone to war. When peace comes again, you will have increased opportunity to enjoy the luxurious comfort provided by this revolutionary cushioning material.

Famous as a pioneer in rubber, Goodyear also works with metals, fabrics, chemicals and other vital materials . . . doing everything it can to help win the war . . . paving the way for new and better products when peace is won.

GOOD YEAR

BUY WAR BONDS

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

THE Wild Bunch

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The Story Thus Far:

FRANK GOODNIGHT'S sister, Mary, runs away from her Oregon home with Theo McSween, who cruelly deserts her in Nevada. Learning that she has subsequently died, Goodnight goes to look for McSween. With the help of Niles Brand, his best friend and Mary's former fiancé, he finds the fellow in Sherman City.

When Goodnight reaches the little frontier town, a cattle war is on; one faction—the "hill crowd"—is led by Hugh Overman, owner of the vast "Sun" ranch; the other—the "desert crowd" —takes orders from a man named Harry Ide.

Among the people Goodnight meets and likes are two girls: Rosalia Lind, an orphan, owner of Sherman City's one hotel and a power in the town; and Virginia Overman, Hugh Overman's daughter. Both girls are attracted to Goodnight, who, thanks to Virginia, gets a job at Sun.

Someone—some hidden killer—shoots Niles Brand, wounds him seriously. Then Hugh Overman is shot to death under mysterious circumstances. Finally Goodnight corners McSween in near-by Roselle, shoots and kills him.

Among Goodnight's enemies (he soon has several) is "Boston Bill" Royal, a well-educated fugitive from the East who is eager to get control of Sun. He betrays the hill crowd by making a secret deal with Harry Ide to further his own interests. When Virginia makes Goodnight her foreman, following her father's death, Royal makes plans to take over Sun.

Niles Brand is killed. Certain that Boston Bill is behind the killing, Goodnight tries to force him into fighting a gun duel, but Virginia, torn emotionally between the two, intercedes for Royal. Disgusted, Goodnight leaves the ranch.

Boston Bill, accompanied by his henchmen, races after him. But in the course of a wild chase through the hills, Goodnight makes his getaway. Then he meets Virginia, who is searching for him; she offers to show him a short cut to Roselle.

Boston Bill and his followers ride into Roselle that night, roughly commandeer a saloon. There they are attacked by a group of men *led by Harry Ide!* In the darkness (all the lights having been shot out), Boston Bill crawls into the saloon's kitchen, opens the door and waits.

Conclusion

NOBODY seemed to be watching the door and in a moment Boston Bill put his head through it, seeing nothing at all in the curdled shadows of the small alley running between the saloon and the adjoining house. Drawing his breath, he stepped through, crossed the alley and put his back to the wall of the other house. He had left the most dangerous spot in town, and got away from it into the loose darkness. He let his breath fall away and rush freely in, then let it fall away again.

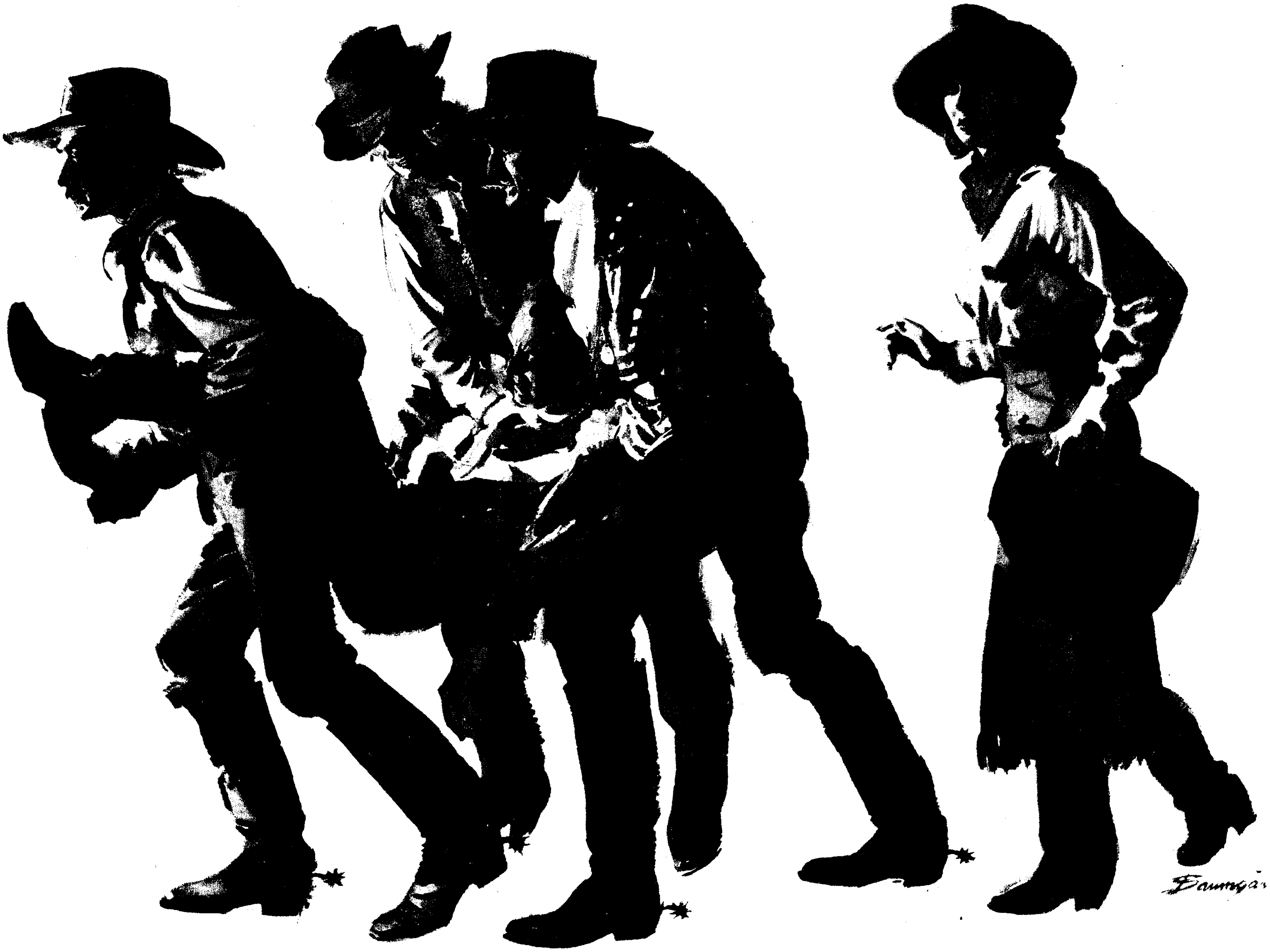
The shouting went on, running at random through Roselle; it reminded him of nothing so much as the howl of a wolf pack. The firing broke out first at one spot, then at another, each burst telling him of another of his men trapped. He stood helpless, surrounded and desperate. Ide's men raced here and there; then a shout brought them rushing together and their firing rose in smothering racket.

He crept to the rear end of the alley, stopped to listen at the roundabout darkness, and moved farther from the saloon. He passed four houses sitting side by side, rounded the last one and stepped to the road which formed Roselle's main street. All the town seemed in complete darkness, no light anywhere showing, and at the moment the activity boiled somewhere behind the saloon. A man came out of the blackness directly across from Boston Bill and ran down toward the saloon, breathing in snorted gasps. At that same moment Boston Bill crossed the street, ducked behind the buildings and ran toward the old brick building which housed the horses.

He came to the back doorway of the building and paused there, listening in for the shuffle of waiting horses, for the crunch of teeth against bits, for the small tinkle of bit chains. He listened and heard nothing, and stepped inside to move softly over the hard-packed dirt. He circled the inside wall, one hand well before him, suspecting the presence of an Ide man. He was half around the big room when his foot touched the giving bulk of something on the floor and stopped him with a start. He drew away and he waited, and suddenly bent and laid his hand on a horse. He turned back and pointed directly for the outline of the rear door through which he had come. He stumbled over two other horses before he got outside. He went straight into the darkness fifty feet and sat down, sick and trembling at what he knew. Not even the death of his own men disturbed him so much as this new information: Ide had shot all the horses to prevent his escape. That told him more clearly than any other thing of Ide's frame of mind.

He sat there several minutes, like a man exhausted beyond the ability to move. His mind would not work and his nerve had gone. He said to himself, time after time, "I have got to get out of here," and then the question would come, "Where'll I go?" From his position he saw the corner of the saloon and noticed a light burning in it. Ide's men were moving rapidly down the street from house to house, a shot now and then breaking the quiet.

He got up and walked the length of the



Three men walked out of the stable, carrying Bill. Light struck from the saloon and ran over Bill's face—his eyes were shut and his skin pale. Virginia walked behind. She saw Goodnight and stared at him as at a stranger

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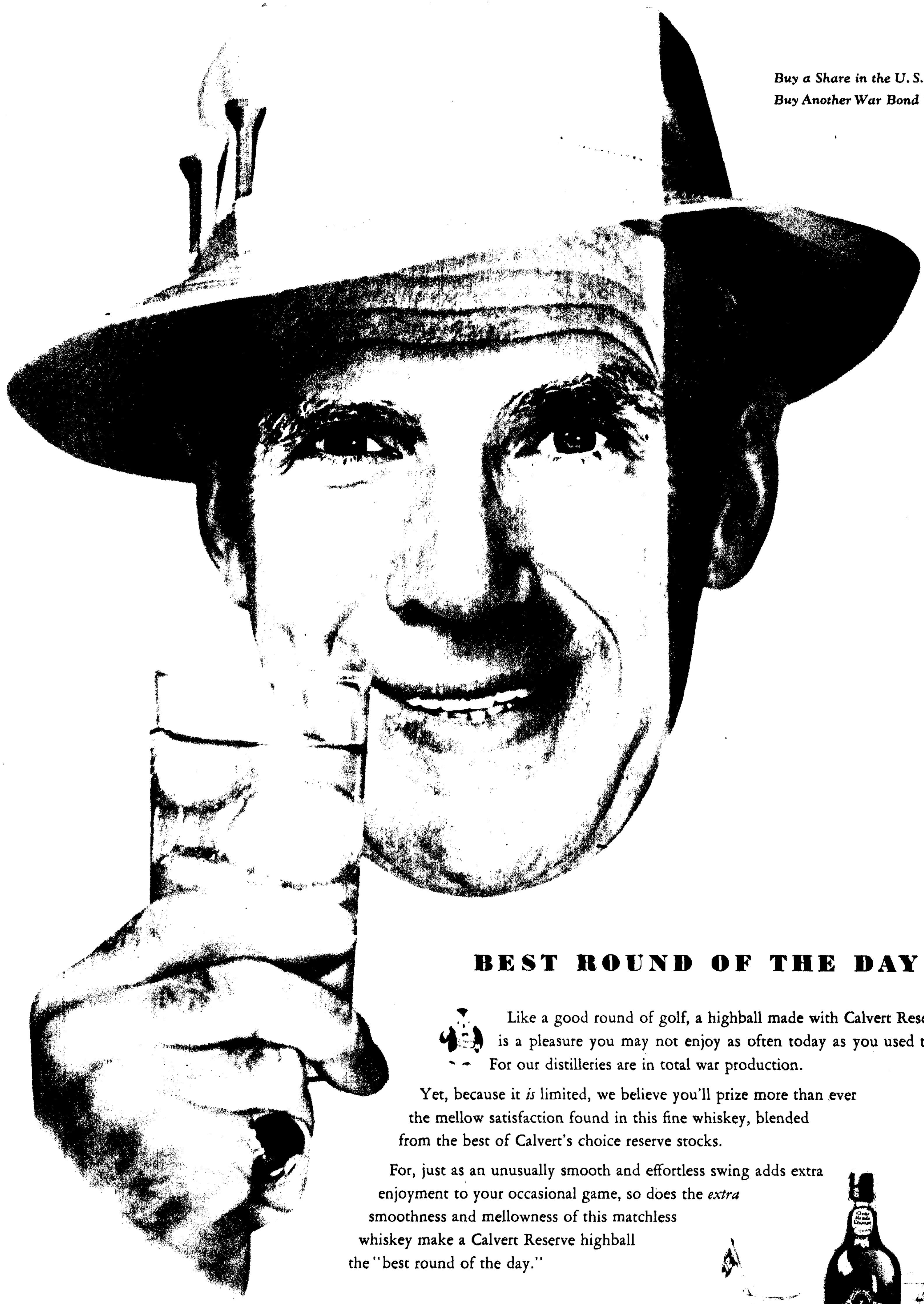
Buy Another War Bond TODAY!



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For, just as an unusually smooth and effortless swing adds extra enjoyment to your occasional game, so does the *extra* smoothness and mellowness of this matchless whiskey make a Calvert Reserve highball the "best round of the day."

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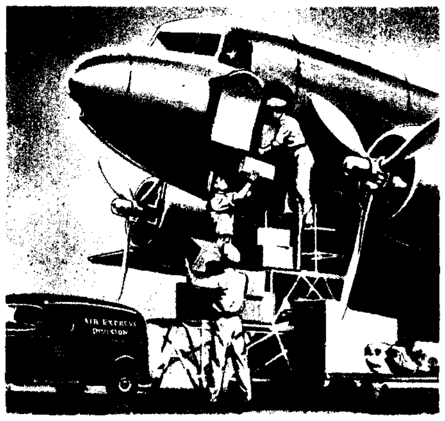
"I was holding up a raid on Berlin"

"The Army inspectors hit the ceiling the day a special jig broke down and stopped our machine shop cold. Our war job is building bomber nose sections. And when we shut down, we hold up airplane assembly all along the line, and skilled men lose precious time."



"RUSH IT BY AIR EXPRESS!", I ordered. The replacement was in Jersey City, 2500 miles away, but before the first shift came on next morning, mechanics had installed the new jig, and production went rolling on.

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lantern light. It was Bob Carruth with a day's whiskers on his stout face, turned tough and cranky by steady riding. He stared at Virginia in a way that irritated Goodnight. It was a plain show of malice, of stiff and settled dislike. His voice also echoed it.

"Well, Virginia," he said, "you got it all your way. Bill won't be big enough to bother you no more and the desert crowd got a broken back when Harry Ide was killed. It all came out your way."

Virginia turned to Goodnight. "Let's ride back to Sun," she said and moved on with her horse. Goodnight came abreast her and presently Bob Carruth swung up to them and these three rode the black highway homeward, each one wrapped in silence. Coming down the narrow meadow which faced Sun, Goodnight saw bunkhouse lights burning, and lifted his voice by way of warning. "Tap—Slab."

A shape showed momentarily at the bunkhouse door and slid on into the dark. "Who's there?"

"All right—all right," called Bob Carruth.

THE three rode into the yard. Tap and Slab came up. Carruth said, "Anybody been here?"

"Boston Bill came by and stopped to eat. He went on. There was a hell of a bust of riding around here afterward. Small jags of men comin' down from Roselle. They didn't stop here. What happened?"

"World fell down," said Carruth crankily. "I'm goin' to tell the cook to get somethin' on the table." He went away, leaving Goodnight and the girl. She looked a moment at Goodnight, the shadows covering whatever her face held. She dropped to the ground. She said, "Put away my horse, Frank." Then her voice sank to a lower tone, softer and warmer: "I'll be in the big room when you come."

He took her horse to the corral, stripped off the gear and lugged it back to the front porch. He dropped it there. She had left the front door open as an invitation; she had gone to some other part of the house. He looked into the front room for a moment and turned away, crossing back to the bunkhouse. He had his own blanket on the bed and his own traveling kit in the condensed milk box tacked up near the bunk. He took his shaving material and walked to the kitchen. He got himself some hot water and shaved in front of the back-door mirror; he washed up and he went into the dining room, finding Carruth there. He sat down with Carruth, waiting for the Chinaman to bring supper in.

Carruth said, "Did you take a look into that saloon?"

"Yes."

"That was bad," said Carruth.

The Chinaman came in with coffee and ham and eggs.

They ate and they rolled up their smokes. Carruth said, "Well, she came out on top."

"You said that before."

Carruth flicked his glance across Goodnight's face. He said, "Where'd Bill chase you?"

"Up into a canyon. Old mining operation there."

"Glory mine. Where'd you go then?"

"A trail took me to the main road over the mountains. I met Virginia when I was riding toward Roselle. She had Tower and a few men there, watching for Bill."

"A few men?" said Carruth. He shook his head. "You know how many she had lined up? Close to thirty. She was waiting for Bill to collect his outfit. If Harry Ide hadn't cleaned out that bunch, she would have done it."

Goodnight said nothing. The information puzzled him. Virginia might have told him this in the beginning and had not. He could not understand the reason for her secrecy except perhaps that it was a part of her complete independence, her dislike to share her affairs or her power with others. Maybe she was like her father. He scowled over the cigarette smoke, tracing aimless outlines on the table with the thick hard edge of his thumb nail.

Bob Carruth studied him with a good deal of care, with a secret liking for him, with a wish for his well-being that he would never openly have expressed. This young man, Carruth had already decided, was meant for the straight road and never any other. He was a man meant for riding in the sunlight. He had sharp edges to him, a sound mind untouched by the sly and evil and spongy thoughts of the wild bunch.

"Frank," said Carruth, "these hills are too full of shadows for a man of your sort. Get back into the desert and ride until you feel like you ought to feel."

Goodnight gave him a surprised, open look. "Where'd you pick that up?"

"I can read what I see in front of me," said Carruth.

"A man," said Goodnight thoughtfully, "can never go back."

"A man can never do the same piece of the trail over again. But he can always turn into the one he ought to be on."

"What trail?" asked Goodnight. He was interested. He watched Carruth, asking a question he badly needed answering.

Carruth thought it out in his head over a long silence. At last he shook his head. "I never was much for talk. I can't tell you." Then with a mild sort of desperation he pointed toward the big house. "But I can tell you one thing. The trail don't lay through that door. Get your roll on your horse and get off the place before it is too late."

"You don't like her," said Goodnight coolly. "I have noticed that."

"I worked on this place twelve years," pointed out Carruth. "I got my rights to like or dislike."

"Then why do you stay?"

"This," said Carruth, "is my last meal here."

"Why?" asked Goodnight.

He got no answer to that. Carruth simply closed his heavy jaws, rose and left the room. Goodnight tapered up a second cigarette and lighted it. He rose and left the mess hall, moving idly across the yard toward his horse. He stopped in the middle of the yard, looking at the open door of the big house, and a breeze of interest suddenly blew through him and he had a light and eager feeling that moved him to the house.

WHEN he got inside he found Virginia waiting for him. She said, "Shut the door," and watched him lay his big hand backward against it. She had combed her hair, so that it lay soft and neat along her head; she had changed her clothes and wore now a green dress with faint threads of gold in it. Against it, her breasts and her shoulders lay firm, and vitality came out of her, and in her steady smiling was a warmth that came generously upon him, with its open invitation, its promise. She faced him with her calm waiting, proud of herself and sure of what she wanted him to have.

He came toward her, wanting all of it. He put his hand on her arm, watching her eyes widen. They were soft gray and light danced upon them, making her spirit gay; he saw her lips lengthen and begin to draw apart and he guessed she was thinking of him in the same violently desiring way he thought of her. He took her in and kissed her, his mouth bearing down hard and heavy upon her. He felt her wishes come up to him, he felt her give and he thought at that moment he had reached the end of the road.

It was only a momentary thought. Deep in the thundering rush of feeling, the chill of some strange and darkly unknown mystery came in harsh countercurrent. He felt the wonder slip away, he felt this woman retreat from him, he felt himself recoil. He stepped back from her and he dropped his arms, looking at her and hating the change with all his heart. The warmth of her lips had died in that single instant; they had turned lifeless and unpleasant.

She knew it as well. Her eyes were wide and watchful; they mirrored the oddest expression he had seen, cool and tragically calm. She let her hands drop and her shoulders fell down and then, to cover the blank, stony emptiness of what had happened, she began to talk in a light, hurried way:

"You're all tired out. Why don't you turn in and get a long night's sleep?"

"That will come," he said.

She looked closely at him, trying to read the immediate things in his mind.

"Frank," she said, "I meant what I said the other day. You're foreman." She watched him with a greater and greater closeness, noting the stolidness coming to his face. He started to speak. She stopped him by the quick onset of her words: "How can I say what I mean, Frank? Sun is as much yours as it is mine—if you wish it that way. Or was I wrong in thinking you wanted me when you kissed me?"

She made it harder and harder for him. Each word she spoke built a fence around him, binding his sense of honor. In a little while the fence would be too high.

"I'm pulling out, Virginia."

"But why?"

It was like a cry, spoken rapidly and at the top of her voice, full of dammed-up wonder and defeat and misery. The calmness went away, the pride went away. She stood before him, stripped of aloofness, turned naked to him by her defeat; in that terrible instant he saw the glory go out of her and never afterward did he forget the moment. He shook his head. "I don't know why, Virginia. Never any answer to a thing like that."

"I'm not enough, am I?" she asked him, holding herself together. "Oh, don't bother to be nice to me. I want the truth. What is it? Please—what is it?"

"There's a man for you," he said. "For that man you've got everything."

"Oh, no," she said, dull and bitterly sure. "No, I'll never have it for any man. I can tell. By the way they look at me. For a while, when you looked at me, I thought everything was all right. You're the first one. I would have killed Bill for you, Frank, because of the way you looked at me. Then you kissed me—and you knew. Just as the others knew without kissing me."

The talk hurt him worse than a beating. It slashed his sympathy; it broke through him in a thousand ways until he could no longer keep his glance on her.

"Well," she said in a quiet, resigned tone. "Put Sun Ranch with me. Isn't that enough?"

"No," he said, more and more embarrassed.

"No," she whispered, "of course not. It would do for Bill. But not for you." She made a little gesture with her hands, resigned and saddened. "It would be nice to have the love of a man, so close, so strong, so deep. But I have other things and I suppose I must be content."

He nodded and turned away. He reached the door when her voice stopped and turned him. She came forward, managing a smile. She took both his hands and held them a moment. "Goodby," she murmured, kissed him and turned away.

HE MOVED to the bunkhouse, past Carruth and Tap and Slab. He rolled his blanket and came out and tied it behind the saddle. The three men watched him as he swung up. Carruth smiled at him. He lifted a hand to them and rode into the dark, toward Sherman City.

"Ah," said Carruth in a soft, pleased tone. Tap and Slab presently moved into the bunkhouse, leaving him to his reflections. He was still there, fifteen minutes later, when Virginia came out of the house to him. She stood near him. She murmured, "I'm lonely, Bob."

"You didn't have your way," he said. "Is that it? Is that the thing—"

"I remember when you were a girl," he said. "A very sweet girl until somethin' went against you. Then you cried and busted things and everybody gave in. You always got your way."

"The things I wanted," she said, "were always right."

"It all led to this," he said. "Then this must be right, you losin' this man. Therefore you should be glad, because it's right. I'll be leavin', too. I have been ashamed of you."

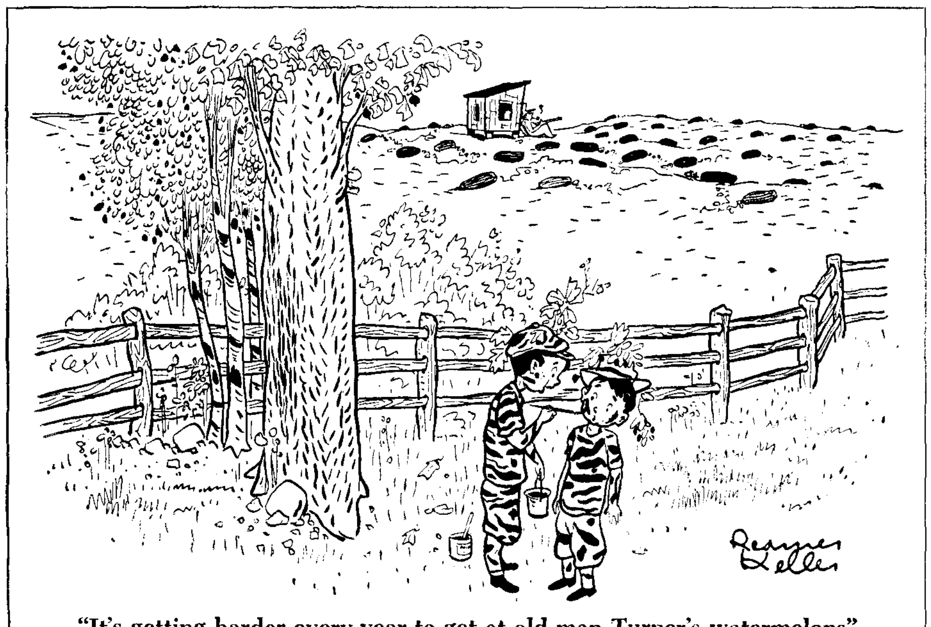
She stared at him. She raised her hand and slapped him. He caught her and pinned her arms to her sides. He spoke through the strong draw of his breathing: "You didn't get your way."

She ceased to fight, she fell against him. He pushed her away and went around the bunkhouse. He got his horse out of the corral and threw on the gear and led it back. He went inside and rolled up his belongings and came out and lashed them down. She stood dumb in the shadows, watching him, her eyes round and unwinking. He had started off when she called to him:

"Bob, don't go. I've got nothing left."

"You'll get somebody."

"No," she said. "Nobody'll stay. You're



"It's getting harder every year to get at old man Turner's watermelons"

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the only one. You're like my father, you go back to the beginning. You put up with me. Nobody else ever would. I'll be good. Don't go."

He was fifty feet away when he stopped. He heard her crying in a small, helpless way and the sound went through him and got at him. He knew the meanness in her, he knew the punishment he would take from her in the future; but he remembered how she had been, far back, as a small girl depending upon him and admiring him. It was a tie that he couldn't break. He thought, "Well, Goodnight got away. I guess one's enough. I guess I stay." He rode back to her and got down. "All right," he said. "You can stop cryin' now. You got your way."

"Can I borrow your horse?"

"Where you goin'?"

"To Sherman City. I don't want him to meet Bill. He's still got his mind on killing Bill. If I can stop it, that will be a good thing I've done, won't it?"

"You can try it," he said grudgingly. Then, as she moved away, he called after her, "Leave Goodnight alone."

"It would do no good to see him again, Bob."

He settled back against the wall, smoking out a fresh cigarette. He thought, "I suppose the next twelve years will be as bad as the last twelve," and felt unhappy at his own weakness. Still, somebody had to be by her. Somebody who knew her and could understand the sweetness so interwoven with the badness. Then he thought, "I wonder if she figures to get Boston Bill now, as the best of a bad bargain?" The idea both alarmed and intrigued him. It would be like her.

BOSTON BILL reached Sherman City at midnight and circled to the back side of a small house at the lower end of town; this was scarcely more than a comfortable shed belonging to Mack Honnicut, a prospector, who used it only as headquarters when he came in from the hills. Bill moved into the place, lighted a lamp and pulled down the blinds on the two windows. He found part of a drink in a bottle and sat on the bed a moment to consider his position.

Harry Ide had missed him and would let no grass grow under his feet to hit him again. Too much had happened to let it rest as it was. Ide would be coming back through town shortly and no doubt put up for the night, and soon enough would know that he, Bill, was here. It was too small a town to hide in; too many eyes were always watching.

"I've got to get away," he told himself, and left the house by the rear door. The lights of town had been turned out when he first had entered. Now they were on again, glowing from doorway and window, and he knew men stood in the shadows watching him. On the high side of town the sound of a horse came along rapid and loose—the slightly ragged pace of a tired horse being pushed. Bill drew back into the stable's arch, waiting.

The rider broke into view at the head of the street, shadowed and unknown. The beams of house light flickered vaguely on him as he crossed them, swung at the corner and came straight for the stable. Bill stood still, drawn half inside the stable's wide doorway, turned keen as the rider moved through the stable, dropped down and stepped aside from the horse. The man came to the mouth of the doorway and paused there to build a smoke. He stood, bent slightly forward, a gray and not wholly distinct shadow, and he remained this way until he had finished his smoke.

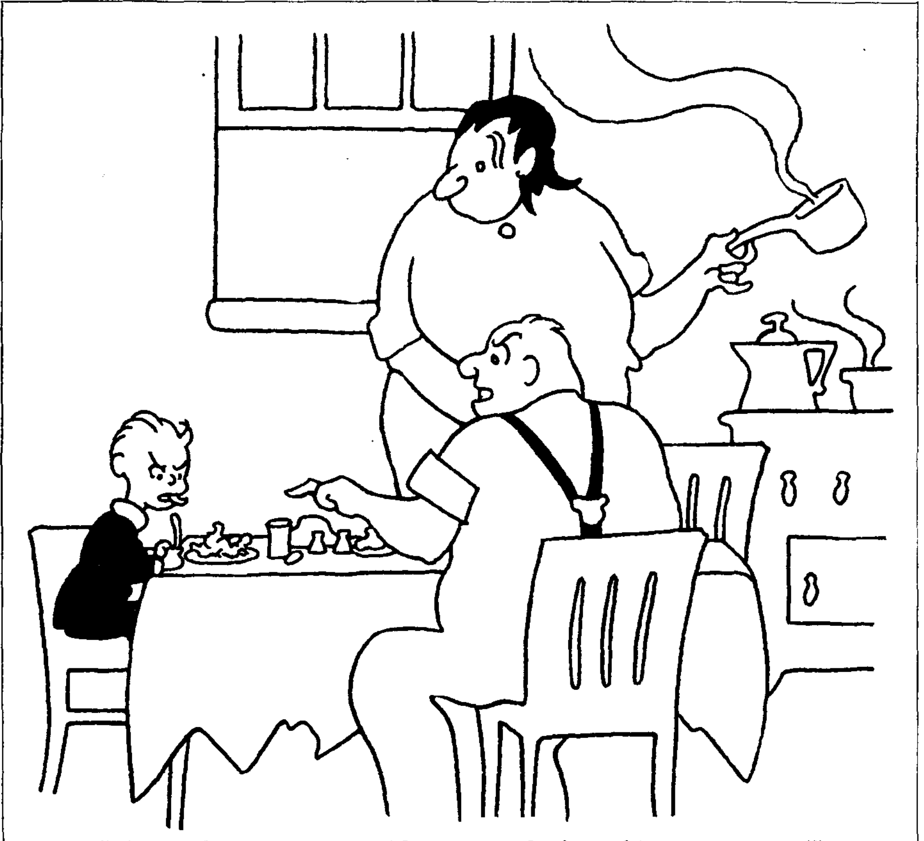
Boston Bill heard the man's hands scrape along his trousers and his coat, searching for a match, and then he heard the sound stop and he saw the shadow grow still. Presently the man made a slow quarter turn toward Bill. He had sensed Bill. In a little while his prying eyes located Bill's shadow at the edge of the doorway. He waited, cautious and silent, not sure of what was before him. He let the silence drag, and grew weary of it, and challenged:

"You got a match?"

It was Goodnight's voice.

Boston Bill started to answer and then his throat stopped up and he remained still. He wanted to answer, he wanted to warn this man he so thoroughly hated, this man at whose door he laid so large a part of his recent misfortunes. He wanted to call his own name and identify himself and then draw and have an end to it all.

But even as he wished to do this—wholly honorable and face to face, without evasion or trickery as he had once said he would—that streak within him which was sly and untrustworthy got complete possession of him and would not let him speak.



"Listen, if I can put up with your mother's cooking, so can you!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Goodnight said, "What you fiddling around there for? Who are you?"

Boston Bill moved backward. He touched the end of a stall, he grazed the tail of a horse; he swung rapidly aside as the horse, spooked by the unexpected contact, struck out with its foot. Goodnight said, "Stand fast or I'll fire," and at the same moment he drew out of the arch into the more solid blackness of the barn.

BOSTON BILL cursed himself for his lost chance. He drew and he waited. He stopped, listening for the sound of Goodnight, but he heard nothing. Then he thought, "If I cross over and stand against the stalls on that side I'll catch him against the light again." He moved out, very softly and without any sound in the spongy dirt. He was half over when a bullet's explosion battered the silence and cracked against the sides and roof of the building. The breath of it touched him; he heard the spent slug slap against a far board as he jumped against the edge of a stall. He said aloud, "You fool—I'll outguess you."

"Bill," said Goodnight and remained silent a considerable time. Then he said, "I came down here to wind up this deal. Step out to the street."

"This is good enough," said Bill.

Goodnight listened to the voice carefully. He placed its source, somewhere along his own side of the stable, halfway toward the rear. He swung a little, watching for Bill to expose himself once more by crossing against the pale hole of the rear entrance. He guessed that Bill, in attempting to maneuver him against the front entrance, had forgotten about the rear doorway. He waited, and as he waited he remembered Niles Brand smiling at him, and he turned cold, and hatred came to him again, as it had so often before. He felt it pour through him, changing him, chilling him. Patience made rock out of him so that he could have waited forever. It was waiting that would break Bill down, as it had broken McSween.

HE HEARD at last a sigh come out of Boston Bill. It was a sudden need for air which betrayed Bill and he seemed to know it, for he began to fire with a pure recklessness, raking the corner of the stable. Goodnight stepped inside an empty stall. He counted three shots and knew Boston Bill could not have more than two more, counting the one bullet already spent. Probably he had only one left. A man seldom rode with his hammer lying on the sixth cartridge.

He called, "I'm comin' forward, Bill," and moved out of the stall on soft feet. He meant to make this man back away toward the rear door and thus come against the dull patch of light. He crawled past a horse and halted at the edge of another stall; he slid into it and repeated, "I'm comin' forward," and stepped on. He felt a bridle hanging near by; he reached up, softly unhooked it from its peg, and balanced it in his hand. He let a full half minute pile up, and then threw the bridle across the stable. It struck with a short echo and drew Bill's fifth bullet.

"You wasted that one," said Goodnight. "I'm not there."

He made out the scrape of Bill's body against a wall and when he heard it he drew up his gun and laid it on the vague patch of light at the end of the stable and waited. It wasn't a long wait. This man had less pure nerve than McSween—and McSween had broken. Therefore, he wasn't surprised when he saw Boston Bill's shape creep out from the complete blackness and take shape against the rear opening. Goodnight laid his gun against the shape and he held it there to catch a good aim.

But he did a thing that he had not intended doing. Just before he fired he dropped the gun's muzzle slightly and sent two bullets low at Bill. One of them struck. Bill gave out a heavy grunt and his shadow weaved and collapsed on the ground. He heard Bill's breath quicken and draw deeper.

"You're hit?" said Goodnight.

"Yes."

"Throw away your gun. Throw it this way."

Bill was out of sight on the ground. He was sighing, he seemed to be speaking to himself. The better part of a minute passed before Goodnight heard the gun drop on the ground. He stepped into the middle of the runway, moving forward. He saw Bill's shoulders rear up and plain caution made him spring aside, and so miss the last bullet Bill flung at him. It was one of those tricks. He came at Bill, his revolver sagging on the target that lay as a dull lump directly before him on the ground. He said, "You played that one too close. Bill."

"You broke my leg," said Bill. "I'm in bad shape. Light a match. You hit me in the knee. You've crippled me. Light a match!"

"No use botherin'."

"You wouldn't do it," Bill said. "I'm through. You wouldn't shoot now."

"Think of Niles Brand," prompted Goodnight.

There was a part of a crowd on the street. He heard men's voices out there. He heard a woman's voice, sounding like Virginia's. Bill heard it too. Bill said to him in a more confident voice, "No, you wouldn't." He called out in a suddenly anxious, high tone, "Virginia—come here."

Goodnight swung back through the stable. The girl passed him in the darkness, walking rapidly, and men came into the stable after her. When he got to the sidewalk, he saw Syd there. Syd said, "A bad job of it?"

"I suppose so," said Goodnight.

"Poor light for shootin'."

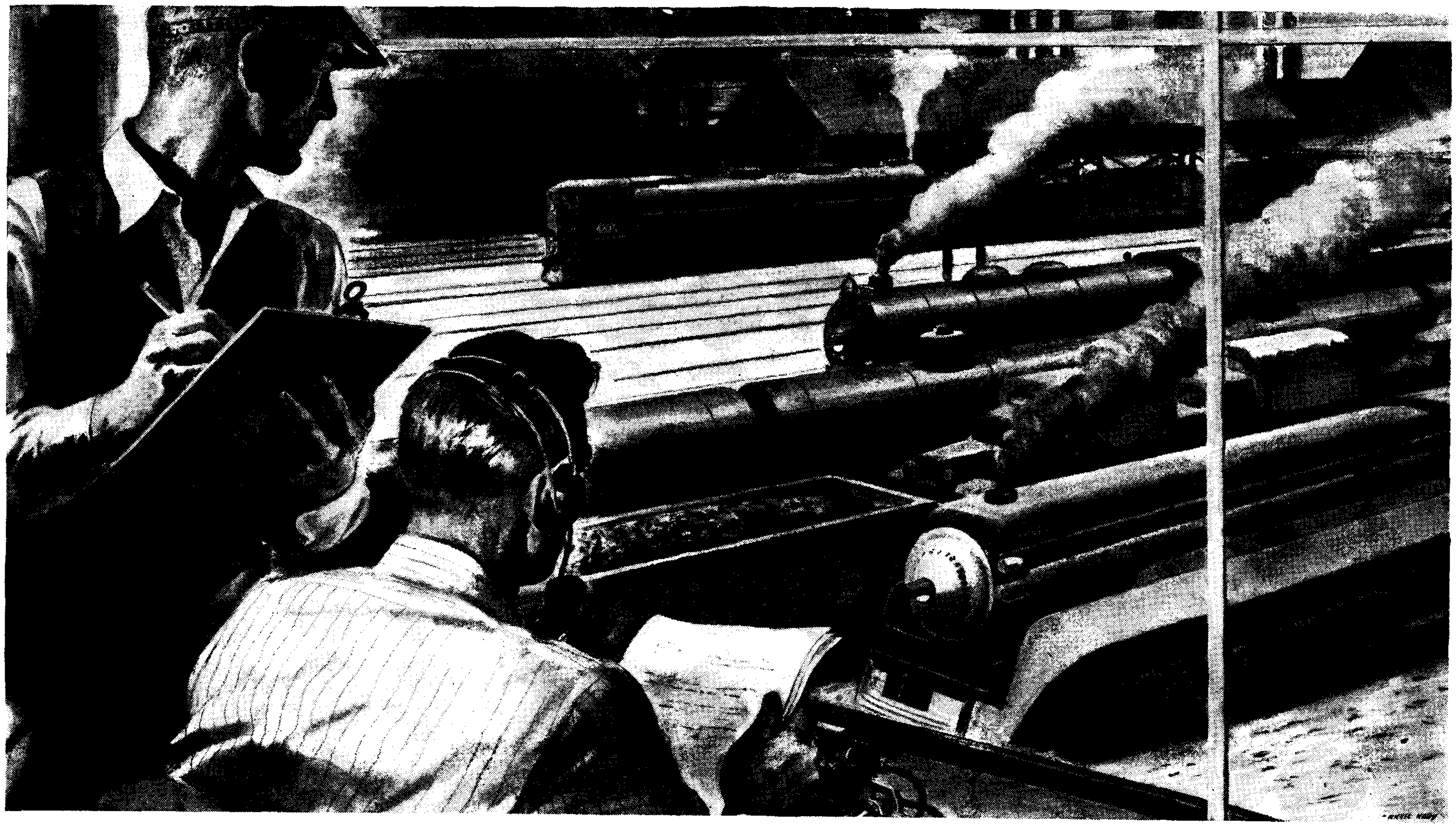
"Yes," said Goodnight. He moved to the Texican and stood by its wall. He got to thinking about himself and he said, "Why'd I turn down a fair chance? Why did I fire low?" He was puzzled about it and searched for some kind of an answer. Three men walked out of the stable, carrying Bill by him. Light struck from the saloon and ran over Bill's face. Bill had his eyes shut and his skin was pale. Virginia walked behind. She saw Goodnight and stared at him as she went by. She didn't stop, but the stare lingered with him. It was as though he were far away from her—a stranger looked at without recognition; and all this piled up on him until he crossed to The Trail and signaled for a drink. He stood with his elbows on the bar and he thought to himself, "Why did I fire low?"

VIRGINIA stood in the lobby, waiting. They had taken Boston Bill to the back room at the hotel, that same back room in which Niles Brand had died. She watched Doc Teeter come in and go down the hall to the room. She waited, her face sharp and set. She heard Bill groaning; she heard him cry out and curse as Teeter—whose fingers had grown rough from handling so many men like Bill—made his examination. She sighed a little, but not for Bill. She had a problem in her mind and it engaged all of her attention. Teeter came down the hall, the day's heat flushing his face. He said, "I'm goin' to get some chloroform. I'll need you. You can go in there and wait. Settle him down."

"What's wrong, Doc?"

"Goodnight's bullet smashed his knee cap. I got to clean that out. Go in there. I've seen men take it a lot better than he is. Tell him he ain't doin' his reputation any good."

She walked down the hall, into the room. Syd and two other men stood back,



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For months before Pearl Harbor, as America rearmed, all U. S. railroads carried a very heavy traffic load. This load grew to unprecedented size when war came.

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So day and night the troop trains and the war freights rolled!

To Southern Pacific, western pioneer with more miles of line than any other U. S. carrier, was entrusted great responsibility. And every day since Pearl Harbor was attacked the pressure of war has mounted on the railroad.

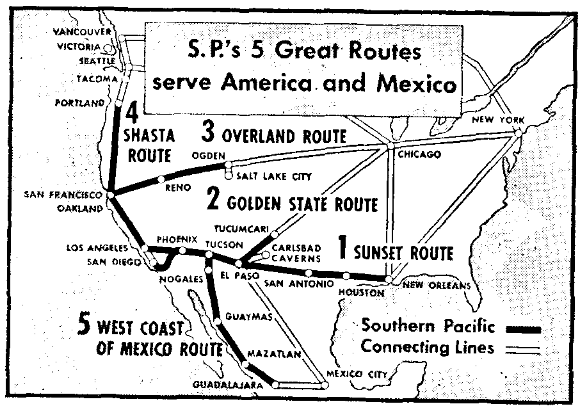
From Chicago, from New Orleans, and from the Pacific Northwest, S. P.'s transcontinental lines converge at West Coast ports where troops and war equipment are massed for action in the Pacific.

All along our great network of rails, a stepped-up production of vital war equipment and materials is flowing swiftly to all war theaters.

In 1930 to 1941—through years of depression and low earnings—we had spent more than 195 million dollars for new equipment, additions and improvements. In the two-year period before Pearl Harbor, we ordered 64 million dollars worth of cars and locomotives alone!

But no amount of foresight could make us fully equal to the war load we had to carry. Some of our locomotives were still undelivered. We needed more.

Other U. S. railroads recognized the nation's need to make full use of S. P.'s strategic western track, and they agreed to rent us locomotives.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One of our competitors furnished us with six locomotives. During one period in 1942 a total of twenty-seven locomotives "lend-leased" by other lines saw service with S. P.—helped us keep the war trains rolling at a record clip. In our turn, of course, we are doing all we can to cooperate with all the other lines.

Today the railroads are applying the "lend-lease" spirit to many of their wartime operating and traffic problems.

If another road is better able to handle a certain job, we turn it over to them (and they get the revenue involved.) And other roads divert traffic to us when they are hard-pressed.

Our country needs its railroads now. It will need them always. For when the "chips are down" there's no transportation so sure and capable as the railroad offers. S. P. is proud to work with all the other railroads in this war. *Working with this team of giants, we know we work toward Victory!*

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To the Girl he left behind him...

These are lonesome, waiting days for you. The telephone is strangely silent. No door bell rings.

Across a thousand, thousand miles of straining heartstrings, his hand rests on your shoulder.

"Keep your chin up," he seems to say. "I'll be back."

With all your heart, you wish he were back—*now!*

Bringing him back *sooner* is what we, too, are living for and working for. Your man, and our men. Back! Safe!

So we're making carbines—powerful, lightweight guns—for your man . . . instead of shiny, new, smooth-touch typewriters for you.

We know you're glad that's the way it is.

We know you could use a new Underwood. It would help you do your work faster, easier, better. We'd like you to have it, too—if it weren't for him.

Like you, we're mighty proud to be working *hard* to speed the day when he'll come back to *you!*

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looking on with disinterest. They weren't enjoying Bill's pain; they were simply calloused to it, watching his weakness with some contempt. They expected better of him. Bill lay under a sheet, he had his hands clenched together on the edge of the sheet; he had torn it, and gripped another section, and torn that. He kept turning on his shoulders and his face was gray, and glistened damply. He stared at Virginia, the pupils of his eyes large and black.

She said to the other men, "Go on out," and waited while they went. She stood at the bed's side, looking down on Bill.

"Get me out of this room," he said.

"What's wrong with it?" she said.

He looked at her, and said nothing. It was Syd, just leaving, who turned to answer her. "This was the room Niles Brand was in," he said, and went on.

SHE watched Bill, knowing him better then than she had before. Her face took on its cool expression and he saw it at once.

"What you thinking of now?" he said. "What are you going to do?"

"Stay by you, Bill."

"I can see something. Some scheme. Something up your sleeve."

"No, Bill," she said. "I'm staying by you. You need me." He was, she realized, a far weaker man than she had guessed. He was tricky and he was dishonest. Even through his charm she had long ago discerned that fact. But what she now knew was that he lacked iron. He could be harnessed and he could be managed. As soon as she knew it, she understood how it would be. This man was hers.

Doc Teeter came in with a small can, and a little cone-shaped frame. He put these on a table; and presently the hotel man came in with a pan of water that had been boiling. Doc Teeter took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves; he opened the can and dripped some of the liquid on the gauze which lay over the cone frame. The first smell of chloroform brought a dead, dark expression to Bill's face.

"What are you going to do?"

"Get a bullet out of you."

"Let it stay."

"Sit on the edge of the bed, Virginia. You'll hold this over his face."

Bill squirmed. He stared at Virginia. "Be careful with that thing."

Teeter put the cone over Bill's face. Bill moved his face aside, whereupon Teeter cursed him, and added, "Don't make trouble."

Bill's voice came out from the cone, muffled and touched with panic: "Don't let him do anything drastic, Virginia. Look out for me, will you? There's nobody else I can trust—"

"I'll look out for you," she said, and watched him slowly fall asleep.

Teeter lifted the cone and looked at Bill's eyes and face. He pinched Bill's skin. He gave Virginia an old, shrewd glance: "Your man?"

"Yes," said Virginia.

"You're takin' a chance. You know what he is."

"I can manage him," said Virginia. She watched Teeter set about his work with an unconcerned method. She watched the instrument drop into the bullet hole, but it made no effect on her. She was thinking, "He'll be satisfied with the bargain. I know him that well. He'll never love me very much, but neither will I love him. Not at all. And I can hold him down. I know it." She thought of Goodnight with a sharp start of longing. And then, to console herself, she thought, "I could never have made him do as I wished. But Bill will mind me. It is best that way."

GOODNIGHT, having had one drink, moved out of The Trail, turned the corner and walked slowly. When he got before Rosalia's house he saw her on the porch, standing beside the doorway's light. He came to her steps and he stopped and looked at her. He sat down on the steps and rolled himself a cigarette. She was behind him.

"When does it rain in this country?"

"October."

He lighted the cigarette. He folded his hands together, looking out upon the shadows.

She said, "You're through now?"

"Yes."

"Where are you going?"

"Wish I knew."

"You could have stayed on Sun, couldn't you?"

"I could have stayed."

"But you wouldn't," she murmured. "It is too late. You need to ride, and be in trouble."

"No," he said, thinking it over. "I had a fair shot at Bill. And I was thinkin' of Niles when I leveled the gun on Bill. Still, before I fired I dropped the muzzle and shot him in the legs. I do not know why."

"Frank," she said.

He rose and turned to her. He saw her round, stilled face. He saw the shape of her shoulders and the shining of her black hair; and he remembered the great wave of warmth that had come from her lips; surrounding him with comfort and rushing its sweetness and its discontent through him. She said, "The wish to kill him wasn't in you."

"No," he said, "it wasn't. It must be—" He stopped to consider it and his thoughts took him back. He stood in front of her a full minute before he thought he had any kind of an answer. "It must be that I remembered McSween. Nothing came out of that—nothing good. It didn't end anything. I don't regret it, but it didn't make the memory of my sister any better. I suppose a man learns these things pretty slow."

"You could have had Virginia, too," she said.

He ignored the question. He said, "It is hell to reach the end of one road and not know where the next one goes."

"Why didn't you take her?" she asked.

He threw away the cigarette. Her presence came strongly against him. He recalled her first kiss; and he recalled the last scene with Virginia. Then he knew why he had not taken Virginia. He said, "Because I kissed you first and there never was anything like it afterwards."

HE SAW her face lift a little. He said, "Why, of course. I am an ignorant man for not knowin' it before." He came forward and touched her with his arms. "Is it that way with you—as it is with me?"

She didn't answer him. She didn't move away at the pressure of his hands; she didn't move forward. He pulled her to him, looking down at her face as it came up. He saw her lips move a little, and wait—and it was like a great burst of heat when he kissed her and felt again that rush of inexpressible things through him. He thought, "This is what has been troubling me," and he stepped back. She was smiling at him; and now she held him.

"Frank," she said, "it was hard not to come to you. But I could follow you no farther. I had to wait while you found your own wishes."

"It takes a long time and a lot of misery," he said, "for a man to come to what is right and to what is good."

"Now that you are here," she said, "I'll follow you wherever you wish. I told you that in the beginning."

He thought about that and he said: "These hills are good. I want to stay in them. I want to stay where I found you. I want—"

The way he said it struck her powerfully, so that she could not wait for all that he said. The pressure of her hands drew his head down and he met her lips again.

THE END

Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 20

legacies because the will wasn't valid; it wasn't signed."

"Well, it comes out exactly the same, it seems to me. If the will was valid, taxes would be paid by the estate. If the legacies are paid in full now, the taxes should be paid by the estate just the same." Mitzi took a piece of toast from the toaster, buttered it and sighed. "Lawyers simply love to spin things out," she said.

Gifts are entirely different, Griselle thought, but she did not say it aloud. In her mind, she said: You fool, for saying anything at all! She was making a magnificent gesture; she had been repeatedly advised by McMurray, as trustee and executor, that she was under no obligation whatsoever to regard the conditions of the will that had not been signed, and yet she had persisted in considering her grandfather's wishes sacred. But what she apparently was unable to do was to carry out her generosity to Mitzi with dignity and consistency. She was under constant temptation to remind Mitzi that she would have been quite justified in not surrendering one penny of her inheritance to anyone at all.

"If you're going to do it at all, don't spoil it by being niggardly!" she said to herself.

"Thank you, I'll have mine in one check," Mitzi was saying amiably. "I'm waiting for that bunch of documents from Philadelphia," she added. "There might very well be another will among them."

Griselle had thought of that disturbing possibility. "Mr. Bassomville wrote that these would be only securities and papers from the general's safe-deposit box," she said.

"If I thought there was any real chance of anything else, I'd certainly go along with you today," Mitzi yawned. "But I don't."

"If you please—there's a gentleman—" Emma said hysterically in the doorway. She gave a muffled shriek, clapped both hands over her mouth and disappeared.

Both girls looked at her in amazement and left the table, exchanging only one bewildered look before they reached the entrance hall. A young man in the blue and gold of the Navy was standing there; a thin young man in dark glasses, with an odd look of triumph and timidity in his face. Mitzi took one look at him, gasped some incoherent phrase and, groping behind her blindly, sat down in a chair. Griselle felt her own breath catch.

"Is it—it's Lieutenant Armitage?" she stammered. "Oh, David! Mitzi, it's David!"

He had gone to the chair, he was on his knees with his arms about his wife.

"My dear," Griselle, making an immediate departure, heard him say. "My darling, I've come back!"

"Oh, David, David," Mitzi sobbed in reply, "I've wanted you so! I've needed you so!"

"I'll always be about half blind, dearest . . ."

GRISELLE heard no more. But as she put on her coat and hat, picked up bag and gloves for the trip to town, her feet were dancing, her eyes dancing, her heart was dancing in her breast.

"And that fixes *that!*" she said to Walter McMurray an hour later, in his office.

"But I thought she wrote him that she was divorcing him?"

"She did. But she can't very well bring that up now when he's half blind. His people have lots of money, and I suppose they'll make any arrangement to have her with him. Anyway, it mixes up the whole thing again," Griselle said. "I went in to see them a minute before I started; he was sitting on the couch with Mitzi snuggled up against him, holding his hand. He asked her if she'd mind a green patch on his eye and she said, 'Oh, Davy, I'll love it!' "

"I wonder what she would have done if he'd given her any warning?" the lawyer speculated.

"Oh, I don't know. Of course, she may kick him out tomorrow," Griselle said, laughing; "but for the moment, Mitzi has a part to play and she's loving it."

"Well, now about our business," the lawyer began; "the contents of the general's safe-deposit box arrived this morning; but they are not here yet. The plane, I believe, was delayed at Salt Lake City. However, the bank has received them, and they're sending a man over with them. He should be here in half an hour."

"It's quarter to one," Griselle said, glancing at her wrist. "Suppose I go have lunch, and come back at two?"

"I'd take you to lunch, but I've just sent out for a sandwich and coffee."

"I have a little shopping to do." She

●

THE SOLDIERS ON THE COVER

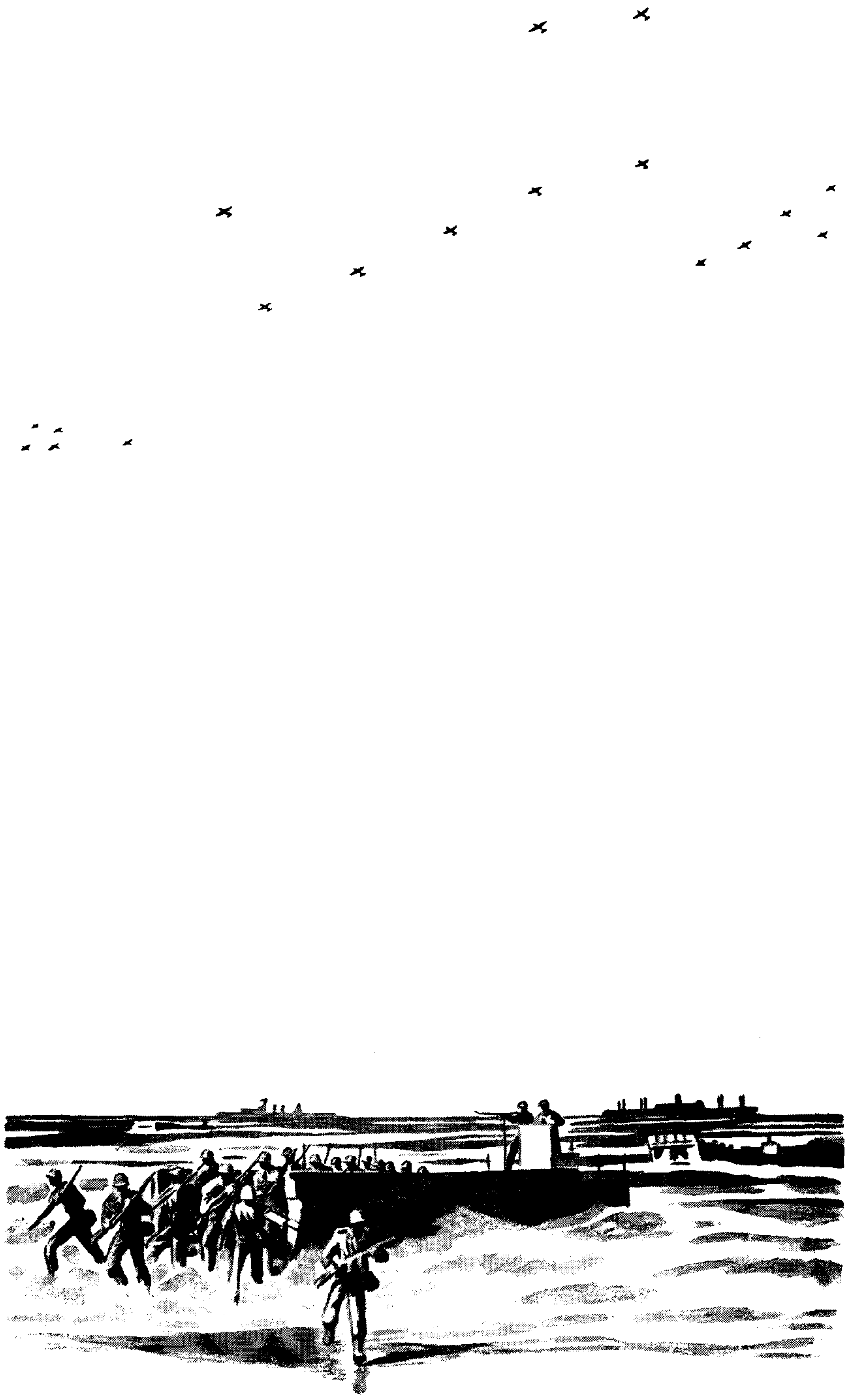
THE Fortress was 29,000 feet up near Rabaul, New Britain. Side gunner Corporal Edward B. Malinay, of Chestnut Ridge, Pa., noticed that his partner, Corporal Donald Kerns, was unconscious over his gun. His oxygen was cut off, which at that altitude means death within a few minutes. Malinay phoned Captain John E. Dougherty, pilot. He asked permission to help Kerns. He got it.

Dougherty knew that there was no portable oxygen tank in the ship. He knew that Malinay would have to remove his own oxygen mask, fight unconsciousness, walk to the other side of the Fortress, lift Kerns and carry him to the oxygen tank in the radio compartment, then adjust the mask, turn the valve, and get back to his own tank.

It couldn't be done. But it was. And Artist C. C. Beall has painted the scene from life for Collier's cover exactly as it happened on April 22, 1942. For his courage, Malinay was awarded the Purple Heart by General George C. Kenney—and a promotion to sergeant. Kenney didn't know, at the time, that Malinay and Kerns are a team of Fortress side gunners, and have been fighting together since December 8, 1941, the day after Pearl Harbor; but he got to know them better thereafter.

About once a month, he has signed a citation for Sergeant Malinay or Sergeant Kerns, or both. On an August, 1942, mission over Rabaul, the Fortress was hammered by twenty Zeros. Malinay, Kerns & Co. got seven, confirmed. For this, both won the Silver Star. For raking Jap troop barges and warships while on a bomb run at Palembang, Sumatra, both won the Oak Leaf Cluster. For putting in 100 hours of flight missions, Kerns, who comes from Bethany, Missouri, won the Air Medal. Last January, for completing 200 hours, Kerns was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross.

General Kenney knows now that when Malinay saved his friend's life, it was a most important rescue. ★★★



They Don't Count Costs . . . these boys of ours who charge ashore on Axis beaches. They go in to fight and win at *any* cost—to *die* if necessary. How, then, can we at home count costs when we're asked to back the attack WITH WAR BONDS? All *we* have to do is *loan* our dollars, and WORK to produce the things our boys must have. Don't let good news mislead you—the war is not yet won! Many extra bloody months, the needless sacrifice of many lives will be the awful price of any let-down now. Let's SPEED the attack—let's get behind the 3rd War Loan Drive with every last dollar we can spare.

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went out into the big hall that was scented with rubber flooring, and down in the elevator to the street. And standing there on the sidewalk was Alan McIntyre.

Griselle's whole world turned upside down, as always when she saw him; she went to him and put her hand in his.

"Yes, Alan," she said quickly, as if he had asked her a question. "Somewhere to lunch? Anywhere. I don't care."

"I got back about an hour ago," he said. "I telephoned your house and Mitzi said you had come into town on business with your attorney."

"You got your poor, sick soldier home?"

"To his mother, yes. And he was better the minute he saw her, and his father and two brothers and a sister with a husband and baby," Alan said, smiling his slow smile. They walked along the street together, and found a big hotel dining room almost empty, and a corner table. "I am going away immediately," he added, when they had ordered their meal, and could talk. "I had to see you before I went."

"Sailing?" she asked quickly.

"I think so. My leave is up. Are they all right, Griselle, my mother and Steve?"

"When I saw them, yes." Her heart missed a beat, but she spoke serenely enough. She did not want to tell him, she could not ever tell him of that moment four days in the past now when Steve had suddenly lost control, had drawn her savagely to him, muttering against her ear those words that had brought his secret—for so long no secret to her, at least!—into the open at last. "I've not seen them since—let me see," she murmured, as if trying to remember. "I've been so busy."

"LEGAL business," he surmised with a smile.

"Yes. And—oh, Alan!" Suddenly Griselle was off guard; she spoke with her characteristic animation. "Mitzi's husband—David—has come back!" she said. "Only this morning he walked in."

"Not Armitage!" Alan exclaimed.

"Yes. We thought—everyone thought—that he was killed in action. He was actually missing for a long while. They identified him as somebody else; he had a fever and he looks bad. One of his eyes was hurt by a powder explosion—one of them badly, he says, but I don't know how badly."

"Mitzi faint when he came in?"

"Very nearly. She sort of tottered to a chair and sat down."

"Armitage back! Amazing!" he said. "She'll go East with him?"

"I suppose so. She was talking of going anyway. She was only waiting until the general's—until my grandfather's estate is cleared up."

"That 'my grandfather's' sounds so unfamiliar," Alan said, smiling.

"To me, too. And the name of 'Griselle Johansen' is so—so utterly unfamiliar that I'm not changing to it," Griselle told him. "I talked to Steve about it, and he thought it was wiser not to do so, since I didn't want to."

"You and Steve are great pals, aren't you?" he asked wistfully.

"We like each other," she said simply.

"I wish I saw things as clear—as honestly as Steve does," Alan presently began. "He's got a sort of—force, cleanness of thinking—I don't know what to call it, that makes it all plain sailing for him."

"He's been through a terrible discipline, Alan," she suggested, mildly. "He's made himself strong. But you have, too," Griselle went on, laying her hand on his. "You've not had an easy time, Alan. I hope from now on that it's going to be easier."

It was like the counsel of a wise sister; Griselle's dark eyes were earnest; her look was one of affection and concern; she felt suddenly sorry for him, and it was a comforting feeling.

"We've all been living in a sort of wild merry-go-round of emotions," she said. "Perhaps it's wartime, or perhaps it's that really there have been lots of things happening. Our meeting in Maryland, and my—my suggestion to you," Griselle added, flushing but smiling; "then my coming on here, and your meeting Mitzi in Coronado—it all seemed like such pure chance, but, of course, it wasn't. I can see now that my grandfather maneuvered my coming to the Cruickshanks', and knowing them and knowing me you'd have met Mitzi sooner or later. Then the general's death, and all the fuss and uncertainty about the will, and my finding out who I really am, and David Armitage being reported missing, and now his coming home. That makes a pretty full half-year, especially when I put into it my working with Professor Forbes and meeting your mother and Steve and your going off for duty in the South Pacific— No wonder we all lost our heads! But I'm twenty-one now, Alan," she finished whimsically, "and that's lots older than twenty, and I think I'm more sensible and I hope that I know what I want to do."

"And what's that?" he asked, in the low voice that always went right through her heart. His eyes did not meet hers.

She was lovely as she smiled at him, a frill of stiff white at her throat, her little plain hat tipped over her loose soft fluff of black hair.

"I'm going to get through with cleaning up my grandfather's estate, which seems pretty—pretty complicated," she said; "but Mr. McMurray tells me it'll be only a few more weeks, perhaps two months, now. My grandfather's papers all arrived today; I'm going back to the office at two—that's in ten minutes—and we're going to look at them. Then when Mitzi has her money, and Aunt Mollie and the doctor and Dodo and Fred have theirs, and Emma and Lee Hing are taken care of, then I'm going to take my little typewriter and go up to my ranch and live there all alone, writing stories. And I'm going to think, and study, and—and get my balance."

COLLIER'S "Your womanly intuition tells you what?" DANIEL ALAIN

ALAN had been looking down at his locked hands as he listened. Now he looked up and said, "Just one thing: I can never forgive myself for repaying your sweetness, your fineness to me, your goodness to my mother as I did. But I would be glad if you would forgive me."

"You know I forgive you," she said quickly.

"Yes; but I mean it truly, Griselle, down deep in your heart, now that life has changed so much for both of us. I want you to forgive me for hurting you in every stupid, cruel way I could, and when you had forgiven me, for hurting you all over again. I look back at what I did," Alan said, his eyes fixed again upon his locked, lean, nervous fingers, and speaking in a low tone, "I look upon it with the deepest self-contempt a man could feel. I look back at your old promise, that you would remember me when I was away, that you would be a friend to my mother and brother, and I ask myself how any man could be such a fool—a *fool*—as to throw all that away!"

"BUT that isn't love, Alan," she reminded him quietly. "If you couldn't honestly say you loved me, gratitude isn't enough."

"It is love now," he said briefly. "Now when it is too late."

"Why? Why is it too late?"

"For a thousand reasons," he answered her briefly. The check was paid now; the hands of his watch stood at five minutes past the hour. "I'll walk with you to McMurray's office," he said.

"You mean my money," she observed, when they were in the street.

"That, for one thing," he answered honestly. "If you were thirty-one instead of twenty-one and unmarried or terribly alone, that mightn't be an obstacle. But you've got your work and your friends and your ranch now; marrying me would only mean sacrifice for you. But it isn't all that," he went on, as Griselle did not speak. "It's mostly because I've lost faith in myself—I've found out what a miserably vacillating failure I am—"

"Nobody ought ever to speak of himself that way!" she interpolated in a low tone, giving him an oblique glimpse of her eyes as he gripped her elbow at a crossing. "That's nonsense! You're one of the strongest people I know."

"I wish I were! But when I come back next time," Alan said, "we'll see each other. And if you tell me then that you've met a man worth ten of me, I'll be glad. And God bless you always, my dear."

"Don't come any farther!" she said thickly, at the doorway of the office building. And as she was borne upward in the elevator she was crying.

"This has got to *stop!*" said Griselle.

She found a dressing room and did what she could to her eyes before presenting herself at Walter McMurray's office. The lawyer and his older associate were waiting for her; they plunged at once into the business in hand.

It was fully an hour later that Griselle sat back at the long leather-padded table and stared from one man to the other with bewildered eyes. Papers were strewn in every direction; the sun, slanting through the blinds, barred the dignified, book-lined old room with lines of hot white light.

"Then—what?" she demanded blankly.

"Why—then General Cruickshank's fortune simply—isn't—here!" Walter McMurray answered, rumpling his brush of graying hair and returning her stare in a bewilderment as great as her own.

Percival Willetts, the old lawyer, fitted on rimless glasses carefully and read some data from a paper covered with small figures.

"It would appear," he said, "that during the depression, the general formed the habit of transforming his securities into annuities. He had five of these annuities, all, with the exception of one insurance policy terminating at the time of his death. These annuities secured him sums ranging between four and five thousand each, annually; he had also a few rents amounting to perhaps two thousand a year, and two lots of non-income-bearing property, upon one of which he lived, in Berkeley. There is also a small ranch in Contra Costa County. And I think, that besides personal property, rings, books, house furnishings and the like, that is all we have been able to find."

"There will also be," Walter McMurray said, with an anxious and sympathetic face, and a look of great concern for Griselle, "an amount of approximately ten thousand dollars in his bank account after funeral expenses and the expenses involved in clearing up his estate are paid, and there is also an insurance policy which continues to run for another ten years—still payable to his heirs. It's not very large; about two thousand a year."

Griselle sat looking at the two men in silence for a few minutes.

"Then I'm not rich?" she said presently in a child's voice of surprise.

"I supposed this to have been a million-dollar estate," muttered the older lawyer.

"I'm sorry," Walter McMurray said simply.

IF IT had been an exceedingly strange feeling to know herself rich, it certainly was strange to be not rich again. Griselle went home in a state of bewilderment to have a talk with Aunt Mollie.

Aunt Mollie was in the kitchen with a great pan of beans in her lap, snapping and stringing them busily. Griselle flung aside her hat, rolled up her sleeves and was immediately occupied by the same task.

"You knew that David Armitage had shown up, Aunt Mollie?"

"Well," said Mrs. Cruickshank, enjoying in her favorite company her favorite luxury of innocent gossip, "you could have knocked me down with one of these beans! Mitzi and he came down here at about three o'clock. He looks awful bad, Griselle."

"He'll fatten up. But do you suppose," Griselle said, with her mischievous smile, "d'you suppose she'll go meekly off with him, the best wife in the world?"

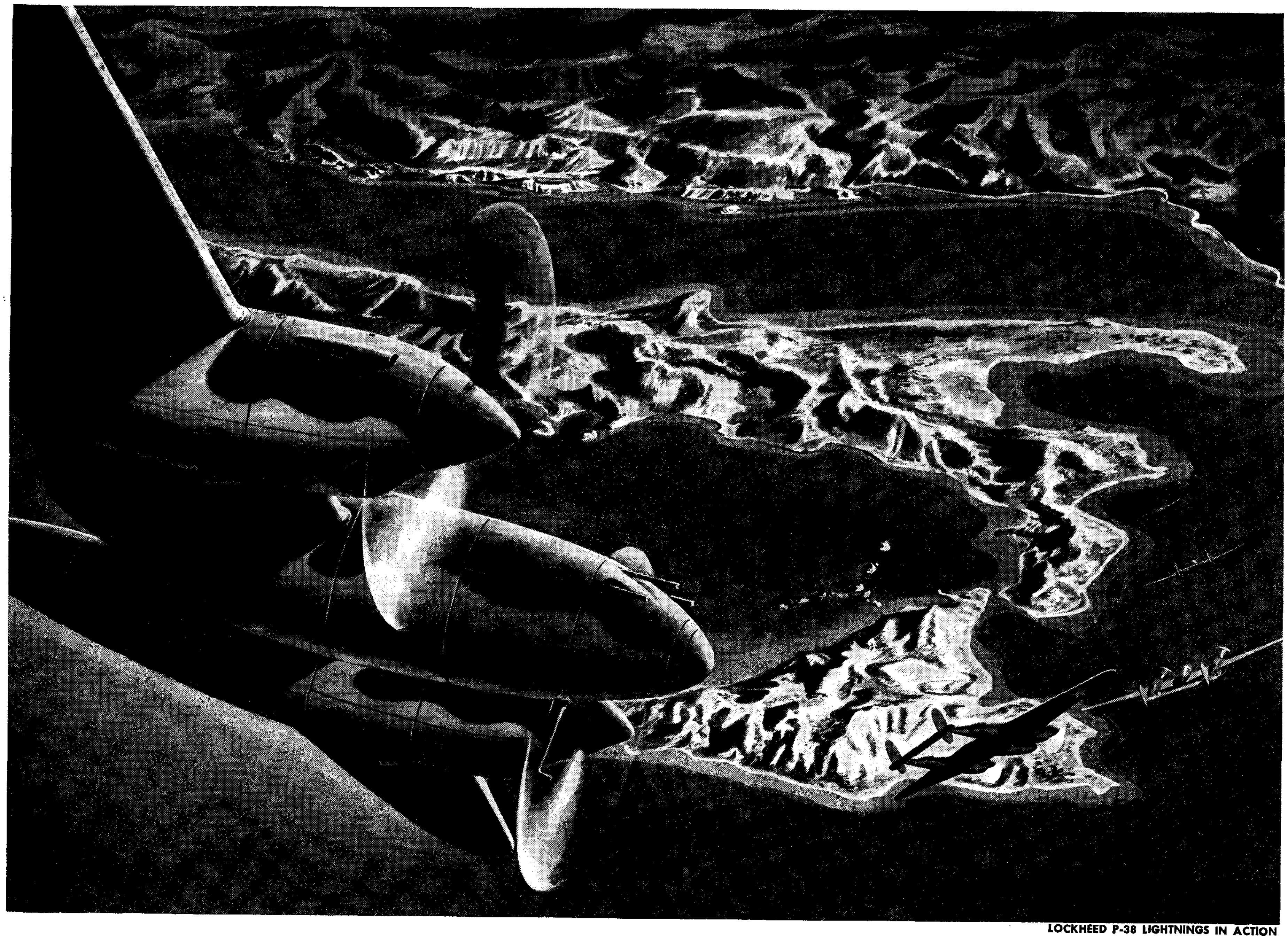
"You can't ever tell anything about Mitzi. A little while ago, it was all Captain McIntyre."

"But you think that's over?" Griselle ventured, steadily snapping beans.

"I think he lost his head and probably made a fool of himself and knows now how lucky he was to get out of it," Mrs. Cruickshank summarized it dryly. "I suppose he'll be too proud to ask you again, now you've got all Andrew's money."

"But that's just what I haven't, Aunt Mollie! The general didn't leave any money, really," Griselle burst out, far more concerned for the effect of this on the older woman than she was for herself.

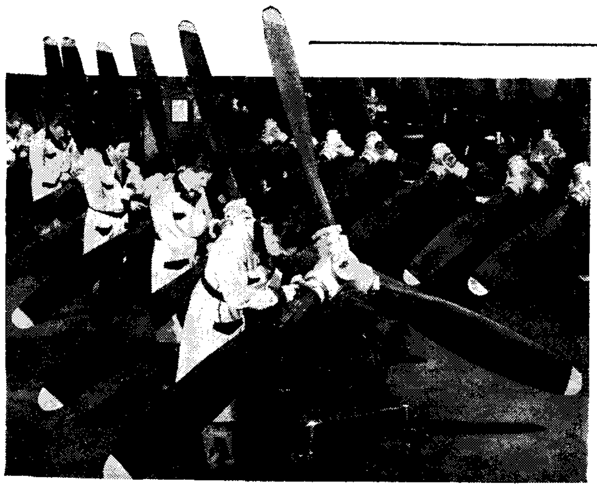
"What're you talking about?" her companion demanded, stopping short the



LOCKHEED P-38 LIGHTNINGS IN ACTION

Thrust for Victory...

"The fighter pilot flies with his heart. The thing that makes him superior is inside him all the time. Our boys — all of them — have it and I think it's something they just get by growing up in America."

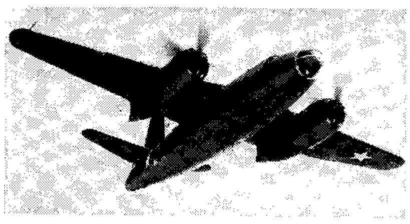


THESE words of a famous flying Colonel say more than all the headlines or official communiques on the turning tide of this war. For it's the spirit of the American flyer — teamed with the effective power of the plane he flies — that has given us supremacy in the air.

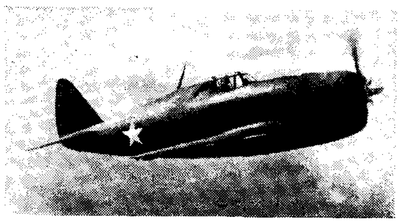
The efficient performance of our war planes is, in part, due to the modern automatically controlled propeller. The Curtiss Electric Propeller is designed to meet the demand for high performance. With a motor inside its hub, the Curtiss Electric Propeller is a flexible, versatile machine.

The automatic propeller makes possible the most efficient use of advanced airplane design and engine power under the most extreme variations of altitude and temperature. The result is the fastest fighting planes in the world — in take-off, climb and combat, or in diving at speeds that actually exceed the speed of sound!

Today Curtiss Electric Propellers are being manufactured in tens of thousands — for many types of Army and Navy fighter and bombing planes — such famous planes as those shown here that are helping to drive home our greatest thrust for victory in the skies over the Mediterranean and all other fighting fronts. LOOK TO THE SKY, AMERICA!



MARTIN B-26 MARAUDER — praised by Army spokesmen for achievements on European and Far Eastern fronts. Harnessed to 4-blade Curtiss Electric Propellers, this medium bomber is considered to be the fastest, highest powered plane in its class.



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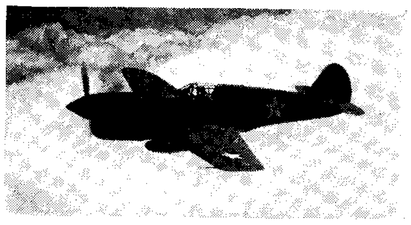

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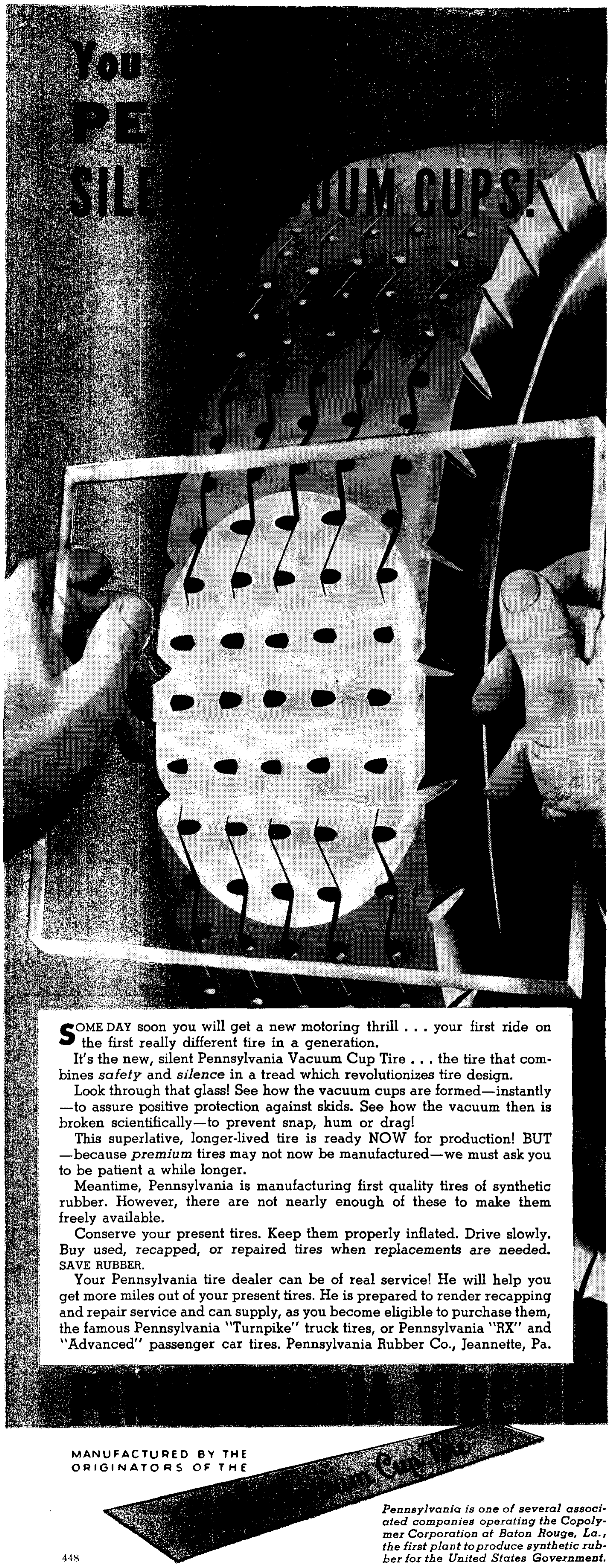

SOME DAY soon you will get a new motoring thrill . . . your first ride on the first really different tire in a generation.

It's the new, silent Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tire . . . the tire that combines *safety* and *silence* in a tread which revolutionizes tire design.

Look through that glass! See how the vacuum cups are formed—instantly—to assure positive protection against skids. See how the vacuum then is broken scientifically—to prevent snap, hum or drag!

This superlative, longer-lived tire is ready NOW for production! BUT—because *premium* tires may not now be manufactured—we must ask you to be patient a while longer.

Meantime, Pennsylvania is manufacturing first quality tires of synthetic rubber. However, there are not nearly enough of these to make them freely available.

Conserve your present tires. Keep them properly inflated. Drive slowly. Buy used, recapped, or repaired tires when replacements are needed. SAVE RUBBER.

Your Pennsylvania tire dealer can be of real service! He will help you get more miles out of your present tires. He is prepared to render recapping and repair service and can supply, as you become eligible to purchase them, the famous Pennsylvania "Turnpike" truck tires, or Pennsylvania "RX" and "Advanced" passenger car tires. Pennsylvania Rubber Co., Jeannette, Pa.

Pennsylvania is one of several associated companies operating the Copolymer Corporation at Baton Rouge, La., the first plant to produce synthetic rubber for the United States Government.

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movements of her hands and staring at Griselle.

"It was all annuities, Aunt Mollie. He'd turned all his securities during the bad years into annuities." Griselle went into the details as far as she knew them; Mollie Cruickshank began slowly to work on her beans again, her face in spite of herself showing disappointment.

"Of course there's something, and it would seem like wealth to almost all the women of the world," Griselle finished philosophically. "There's the house—there are three houses, in fact. And there's all the silver and furniture and books, and enough money in the bank to pay all expenses, and something over—in fact," the girl confessed, with a rather guilty grin, "I've been thinking it all over on the way home and saying to myself, 'Why, I'm out of debt, and I've got a little income and a ranch and furniture and a car and a new camel's-hair coat!' I believe that I feel richer now than I have since they read the old will! It's for you and the doctor I mind most," she finished affectionately. "But there's one insurance policy that will take care of my Aunt Mollie's mortgage."

"Well, you've no call to feel that way," Mrs. Cruickshank said, touched and tearful. "Doctor and I have been only too lucky in our lives; we don't need poor Andrew's money. When I think what Fred and Dodo have meant to us, and Doctor's heart trouble being all cleared up, and Fred sending me a check every month—of course I put that into War Bonds and I'm going to save it all for him. Everything's all right. But this means Mitzi doesn't get anything, either, doesn't it?" she asked, in a tone suddenly alert and far from depressed.

"Mitzi has David now," Griselle said; "but Mr. McMurray told me today that if the general had signed that will, I'd have to sell everything he left to try to pay that legacy to Mitzi."

"Well, it looks like God's hand is in these things," Mrs. Cruickshank said thoughtfully.

"As far as *I'm* concerned," Griselle confessed, "I like the little inheritance better than the big one! I can handle this; I can have fun with it. I've been feeling different, coming home, thinking that I'll have to do a little managing now, think what things cost and what's best to do."

"Maybe you'll marry Alan now?" her aunt suggested shrewdly.

"I'll not marry anyone now. Not for years."

GRISELLE and Steve were in the living room; the day was wet; they had been sharing a worktable indoors. Griselle's arrival was usually the signal for Mrs. McIntyre to go off for canteen duties. Left alone, Griselle and Stephen had had an unusual amount of news to discuss. Griselle had poured out to him over a luncheon of stuffed eggs and vegetable aspic the whole story of her inheritance and had given him a lively account of the unheralded appearance of Mitzi's husband.

She had come into the house today, the first time after Stephen's sudden frightening revelation of his feeling for her, with just her usual cheerful absence of self-consciousness. Or at least her manner had been carefully adopted to appear so. Calling out, "I'm bursting with news, and almost all of it bad!" while she put down her hat and coat in the hall, she had greeted Stephen and his mother with her customary smile.

Mrs. McIntyre had been able to stay only for the bare announcements: Mitzi Armitage's husband had come back from the war; and the old general's estate wasn't half—no, nor one tenth, of what it had always been supposed to be!

Later, when she and Stephen were discussing their meal, Griselle had gone into details.

"And do you care very much? Is it a blow?" Steve asked.

"No; of course not. It was always unreal—thinking of myself as rich. Since yesterday," she had answered, "I've been feeling richer than I did before. I've felt I was so lucky to have any money at all, to be able to do what I want to do for Aunt Mollie, to have my car and my ranch."

He had wheeled himself into the kitchen, had helped with the dishwashing; gradually the exciting element of their talk had quieted down, and now they were peaceful at the worktable.

CONSCIOUS that Steve's hands were not moving or his pen scratching, the girl looked up to see him watching her. She felt herself flush as she smiled at him, and raised inquiring eyebrows.

"Don't you think Alan ought to know, Griselle?"

"About my lost inheritance?"

"Well, yes. Don't you think that would be part of our contribution to the comfort of the Armed Forces?"

"He'll know," she said, after a moment. "If we don't see him again I'll write him. Or you will."

"You haven't quite forgiven him, have you?"

"It isn't that at all!" she protested. "It's just—just that I don't want any more talk about it. I want long, peaceful stretches, like this afternoon, just working and talking, and no heartaches and explanations and apologies and forgivenesses. I'm sick of making mistakes!"

Then for a long time neither spoke, and the work went on in silence.

The clock struck, and Griselle said that she must go. She did not move close to Steve as she had on the last occasion; she tried to make it seem quite natural to nod goodby from the other side of the table.

"Do you care—supposing that he's still to be here for a few days, if I let him know, Griselle?"

She considered this for a minute. "I don't mind anything you do, Steve," she said then gently.

"You mean that for always, for anything, don't you?" he asked, suddenly a little hoarse.

"I mean it for anything you ever did," she answered simply.

"Thank you," he said.

"And if you feel—if you feel—that way about me or about anyone else," Griselle stumbled on, "why, I just want to remind you that—it changes. It gets easier. It gets to feel—more comfortable. I found that out yesterday with Alan. It was comfortable. It was as if we'd been married a long time. It didn't make me feel bad any more."

"Thank you," he said again.

"And I'm not sorry—that you like me, Steve," Griselle said faintly, turning to go.

"I don't *like* you!" he answered with a grim little laugh. Griselle echoed it with a half-frightened, fluttered laugh of her own as she closed the door. A dream of what it would mean to be truly Stephen's sister, to be able to be his companion and confidante through all the years to come, kept her thoughts busy as she drove through the splashing rain.

Mitzi was upstairs dressing. Griselle loitered into her room and sat in a big winged chair watching her.

"Were you drowned?" Mitzi asked, pushing every separate hair in the curl over her temple carefully into place.

"Oh, no; I just went over to the McIntyres' and worked on a story."

"Alan there?"

"No. He's leaving any minute now; they don't know that they'll see him again."

"My life has taken on a great change since yesterday," Mitzi said. "I feel as if I had grown from girl to woman overnight. My life is beside David now."

"Will that be terribly hard for you; I mean if his eyes are going to be bad?" Griselle said, trying to look duly impressed.

"Yes, it may," Mitzi conceded calmly; "but I am going to face it. I'll go with him to the oculist, and to concerts—"

The beautiful little golden-haired wife of the almost-blind hero! Griselle could see Mitzi in the part. Furs, orchids, pearls —immaculate gloves, courageous smile—

"And she's very probably a murderer!" something deep within her said on an emotion of hysterical laughter. Well, perhaps there were lots of Mitzis in the world, capable of picturesque self-sacrifice, capable of sudden acts of utter lawlessness. She had long before this convinced herself, Griselle felt confident, that she had merely given her old uncle the sleeping pills he had asked for. Whatever impulses had moved her on that eventful night, whatever she had done when she had held a glass of ginger ale in one hand and a bottle of capsules in the other, everything was swept away from memory now. Mitzi was so constituted that she need never give it another thought.

"The Armitages telephoned from Detroit," she said. "Dave talked to his mother and father. It was terribly touching."

"And do you go to Detroit with David?"

"What else?" Mitzi demanded, fixing innocent eyes on her in the mirror. "They're buying us the most divine apartment I ever saw," she said; "we wanted it when we were first married but it wasn't finished. It's a penthouse, with a lanai; the drawing room is eighty feet long, and all finished in white kid, and there's a white fireplace higher than my head."

GRISELLE walked over to join the McIntyres at breakfast two days later. It was eight o'clock; the world was wrapped in farm fog. Gardens were pearled with mist; the crowing of cocks and the shouts of young voices came eerily like echoes through the smothering dimness.

Alan, Stephen and their mother were in the kitchen. Alan kissed Griselle quietly, his arms thin and strong about her for a second; she kissed his mother, and went to lay her cheek on Stephen's black hair and put a light kiss against his temple.

"We're going to miss him, aren't we, Steve?" she said against her will. "That's exactly what I didn't want to say," she added immediately.

"Well, that's what we're all thinking," Mrs. McIntyre commented, "and I don't know but what we might as well say it, this once."

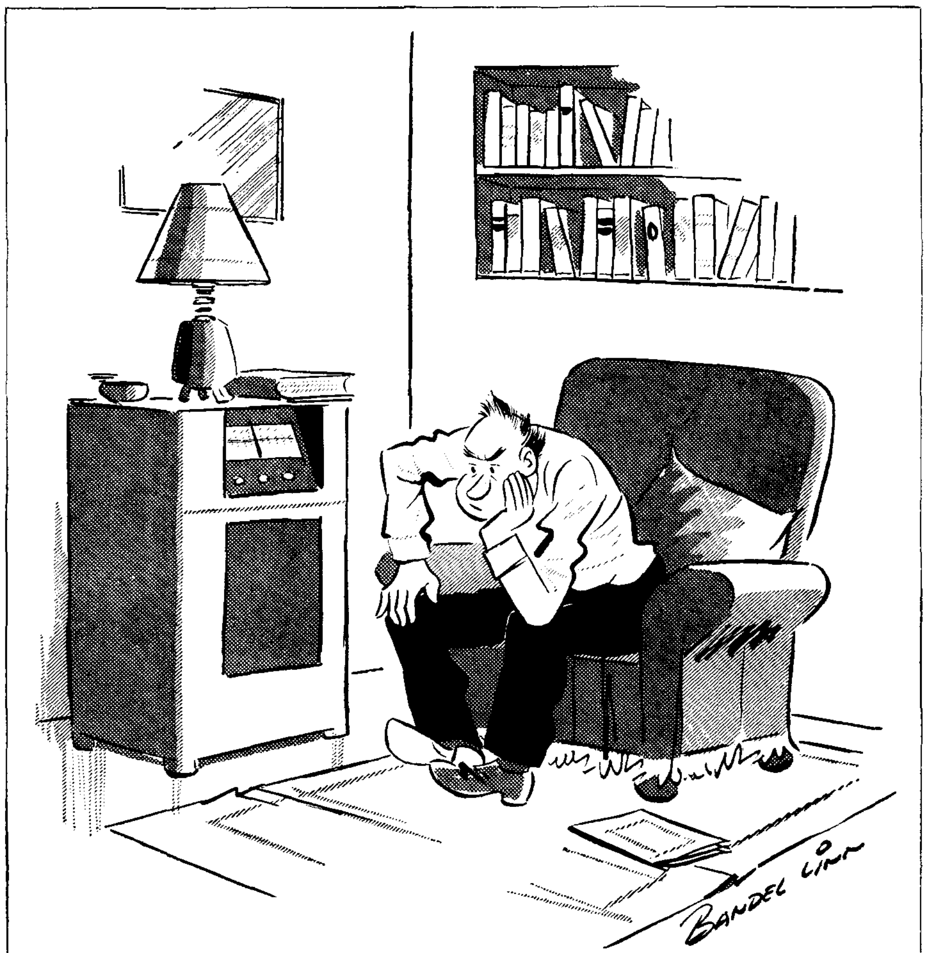
"We'll admit it, then." Griselle was expertly slipping eggs from a saucer into a pan of bubbling water. "We're going to miss you and worry about you and pray for you," she went on, raising smiling eyes to Alan, "like eight million other women. And the Lord is going to bring you home safely, to be the great Doctor Alan McIntyre of San Francisco."

"Don't write me heartening lies," Alan said over his first cup of coffee; "let me know what really happens."

"Nothing will happen but good," Griselle said. "I'll be back and forth between here and my ranch—ahem! I'm landed gentry now, and I have to do one million things to the place. I'm going to send some of the general's things over there, and get all ready to plant lots of things for next year. Then Steve will have his little bout with Rosenshine, and he and Mom will come up while he's convalescing and learning to walk again, and then you will get your Christmas box, and after Christmas you ought to be home again! So you know exactly what to expect from us."

"I wish he was going to Texas or even Alaska, just the same," the mother said wistfully.

"I wish he was! I wish we had a little more time. But if he's off today at eleven, he's off today at eleven, and we're sending our very best doctors out to the boys who need them," Griselle answered, resolutely cheerful. "I can't stay to help you with



"... there are five different agencies working on this one problem alone. The President has referred all questions to Secretary Ickes, but Ickes claims the entire matter is in the hands of Donald Nelson. Nelson says his agency has its hands tied, and reminded reporters today that new Chief Byrnes transferred the problem to the OPA. Nevertheless—"

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN

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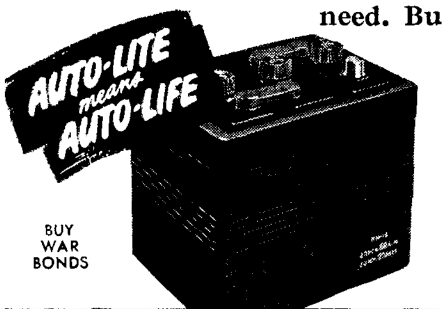

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the dishes, but I’ll be back for lunch and tell you all the news. You’ll be at the canteen, Mom?” she broke off to add.

“I have to be, dear. Mrs. Cutter can’t come today—” Mrs. McIntyre trailed them to the door; Alan shook himself into his big coat. “You’ve everything I can think of—” she murmured forlornly. “I found you a real slim little Bible.”

“I’ll read it, Mom.”

“And do get into those double-crostics, if you can, Alan,” Griselle said; “they’re tremendously distracting. Aunt Mollie and I have had to make a regular resolution that we won’t touch them daytimes.”

Alan went to the kitchen for a moment alone with Stephen; came back to the porch. He and his mother had their arms about each other; no words were said.

Then he and Griselle got into the car and turned it toward San Francisco, lost in the fog, and toward the bridge whose great stanchions were just piercing the mist.

“Mom will be all right,” Alan said uneasily.

“Oh, she’ll be fine.”

“She wouldn’t want it any other way.”

A silence.

“D’you stop at San Pedro, Alan?”

“I don’t think so. Honolulu first stop.”

“ISN’T it strange—strange—strange,” she said on the bridge, “women all over America—all over the world!—kissing boys in uniform, saying ‘Goodby.’ Going through those bluffing breakfasts when everyone is so cheerful, everyone is going to be so darned *happy!*” She began quietly to cry, putting her chin up, straightening her shoulders, swallowing hard in an effort to control her tears.

“Don’t cry,” he said very softly.

“I’m not.”

“Will you marry me today if we can manage it?” Alan asked, after a moment. “If we can get the special license?”

“Did—did you telephone yesterday?”

“I did. And he said there would be no trouble at all. We’re to be at the city hall at quarter to ten and ask for Mr. Ingersoll.”

“Wasn’t that the idea when we decided to come to the city so early?” Griselle asked. “I have the ring; my mother’s ring. My adopted mother’s, I mean. They told me her hand got so thin that she couldn’t wear it, and it was among her things.”

She took it out of her purse and showed it to him on her palm.

“A funny wedding day,” she said musingly. And then suddenly, with effort: “Alan, would you think I was very stupid if I said I wasn’t ready—even now, when we’ve talked of it so much? If I said I wanted to wait?”

Again there was a silence. Then Alan said quietly, “No; I think I would understand.”

“I don’t see how you could!” Griselle answered eagerly, gratefully. “But if you do—if you wouldn’t think me just nervous—like all girls on their wedding day—if you would just let me go back to Mom and Steve—always *liking* you, Alan,” she rushed on uncomfortably, “and thinking you’re the most wonderful person I ever knew—”

“No, no, no,” he interrupted her, smiling in the way that always went right to her heart, “you mustn’t say things like that. You don’t have to explain—to apologize, Griselle. I’ve seen it these last days; I’ve known. You’ve been nearer to me in one way, easier, less conscious of what’s between us. And yet, in another way, you’ve been out of my reach. You’ve been as comfortable as a sister, Griselle. And perhaps you don’t want to feel that way to the man you marry?” he finished with a sidewise glance.

“I don’t want to feel *any* way to any man!” she answered. “I want to know myself before I take on any other responsibility. Will you—” Her eyes were brimming with tears again, though she was smiling. “Will you let me be just your friend?” she pleaded. “I’ll write—I’ll report on all of us. And when you come back—and it may not be so very long—”

“Leave it that way,” he said, as she stumbled to a stop. “I am only too proud that you will let me be your friend, Griselle. If I had this year to live again,” Alan went on, “it might all be different. You might be my wife, saying goodby to me this morning. But I lost that chance—No, don’t say anything! Let’s just leave it that way.”

She was silent a while, and then they tried to talk naturally of other things: Steve and Rosenshine and of Alan’s trip. But when the moment of parting came she laid her hand on his coat sleeve and raised to him her troubled eyes.

“Are we engaged, Alan?”

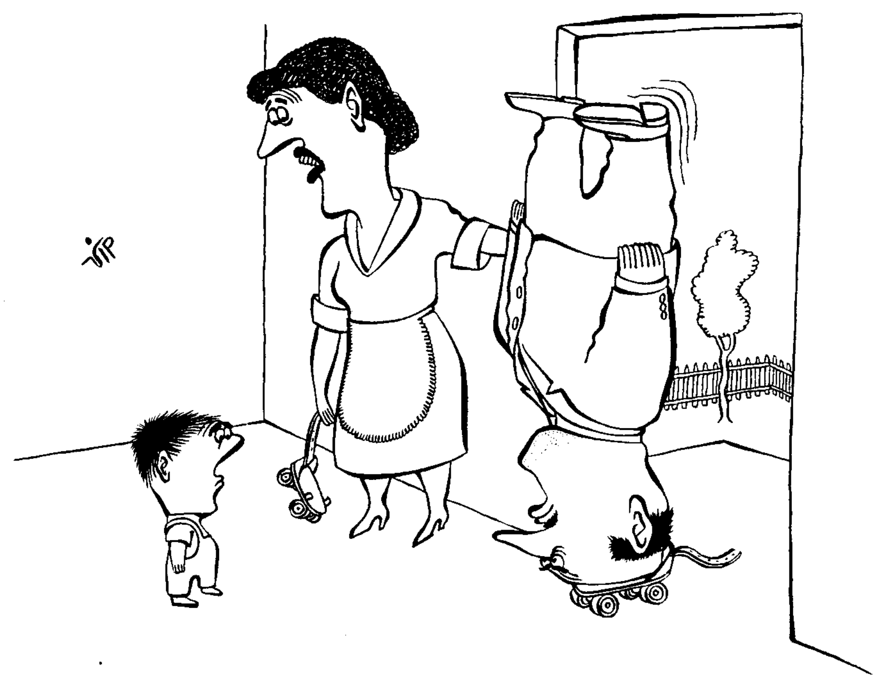
Alan looked down at her, one arm halfway about her. Other men and women in the big ferry building were saying goodbys; only occasional sympathetic glances were sent toward the tall captain and the dark-eyed girl with the tear-wet cheeks.

“No,” he said; “we’re not engaged. You see,” Alan went on, “we’ve changed places, Griselle. Once it was you who were sure of yourself, now I’m the one. You thought nothing could change you. I know now that nothing can change me.”

“And I wonder still,” she said, looking up at him, “if that means you love me, Alan? I wonder if you know?”

“I know that you *don’t* know,” he answered. “I know that you need time, time to think things out, to work out all the problems that this inheritance of yours has brought you, to—to discover yourself. Goodby, my dear.”

He kissed her, and she clung to him for a moment. Then he was gone.



“Daddy wants to talk to you about leaving toys on the front walk”

COLLIER’S VIRGIL PARTCH

GRISELLE went dazedly into the brightness of the Embarcadero. The fog had lifted now; the flotilla that was taking Alan to the south seas would have a fair day for sailing. Boats would be slipping out of the bay all day long; new boats, with the stain of champagne still on their bows, old boats, reconstructed boats that already knew the taste of war waters.

Griselle drove home slowly across the bridge; lights went red, went green; she obeyed them, but without knowing what she was doing. When she got to the McIntyres’ house, it was to find the table set in the shade under the apple tree; Steve was sitting there alone. His mother was scrupulous about her canteen work; even today she would not fail of her obligations. Griselle left her hat and coat in the house, brushed back her hair; when she came out to join Steve she looked tired and white, and there were tears still on her dark lashes.

“Stevey,” she said wearily, dropping *into her chair, ‘Mother have to go?”*

“Nine o’clock. She was going to try to get back, but when they telephoned they said that they’re snowed under, and she left a lot of messages for you. She fixed some things in the icebox and went off with the Barker woman. Well, is it Mrs. Charles Alan McIntyre?”

GRISELLE had stretched her arms on the table and was staring into space. Now she brought her heavy eyes to him.

“No,” she said dully; “we didn’t get married.”

“Didn’t!” Steve repeated, stunned. They looked at each other in silence for a long minute.

“We had a talk going over,” Griselle began presently. “Other soldiers were going, too; the city was full of them today, and of women trying not to cry. I told Alan—that I wasn’t sure. I’d been feeling—yesterday and today, and perhaps even before that—that I wasn’t sure. Or rather, that I *was* sure, sure that I couldn’t go on. I told you once that when you loved a person too much, after a while it got to be—comfortable. Remember I said that? I said that the fever and excitement went out of it.”

“I remember,” he said in an odd, hoarse whisper.

“Well, when it does—then it’s over, Stephen. I mean the being in love is over. I think anyone who married Alan,” Griselle said, “would be the luckiest, the safest woman in the world. He’s going to be a great doctor, and he’s going to love his wife and children. But I couldn’t.”

She had been seated in a garden chair opposite him. Now she left her chair and came around the table and knelt down beside him and put her arms about him.

“Don’t you see,” she said shakily, tears brimming her eyes, “that it’s been less and less Alan, all these weeks, and more and more you? Haven’t you seen it? I didn’t know it. Not even this morning when I walked through all the gardens under the trees and kept saying to myself, ‘This is the way all girls feel. This is my wedding day.’ And I knew that Alan and I weren’t to have any honeymoon,” Griselle went on. “I knew that when he sailed today I wouldn’t be really his wife. I knew I’d have months—perhaps years to get used to it, to get quieted. But even then—!”

Stephen did not speak. His dark, earnest face was very close to her colorless, tear-streaked one, his big, hard, lean hands were gripped tightly about her own.

“Even then,” she said, “I was thinking: I’ll get back to Steve. I’ll tell my brother and confidant and chum and father confessor how I feel. I can talk to Steve! And suddenly, Steve,” Griselle finished, “Alan seemed just a big brother, to be tremendously loved and respected, you know, and looked up to, but not—not *us*, doing our work and laughing here, and cooking lunches and—and missing each other so horribly if we don’t see each other every day!”

She stopped and looked at him, smiling, and he tried to smile back, though his own face was wet with tears.

“Darling,” he said, “do you think I’d let you marry me?”

“Yes; I think you will!” she said, with an air she tried to make seem bold.

“Some day, if Rosenshine works a miracle, I’ll tell you what this hour has meant to me,” he said. “I was thinking this morning that I must go away; I was thinking that I couldn’t bear it, Griselle. Just these few minutes have been nearer heaven than anything I’ve ever known. To be able to call you ‘Darling,’ to have you here—that’s enough! But I can’t take Alan’s girl away from him. Don’t you see how we’d both feel, all our lives long, if I did that?”

“You’re not taking Alan’s girl away from him, and he knows it. Alan’s everybody’s, Steve. He can’t walk into a hotel dining room without making every girl in the place turn around and say, ‘There’s the one they ought to have had on the magazine covers!’ and every old woman chuckle, ‘Think the Japs can beat *that!*’ It isn’t that he’s so handsome,” Griselle went on, smiling with wet eyes, “but he simply looks the way every girl wants her soldier to look! You and I are different. We’ll live on our little ranch and raise girls and boys, and go our way without attracting any attention at all.”

“YOU mustn’t let me think such things,” he whispered, pushing back the dark, soft hair that curved at her temples.

“But—but may I think that you love me?” she whispered back.

“My God!” Stephen said under his breath. And so pronounced, it was a prayer. “You know that,” he told her; “you’ve known that a long time.”

There was a silence.

“If Rosenshine works a miracle—” Steve began. “If I can walk around that ranch some day, ride a horse, take a basket up to the spring for a picnic—”

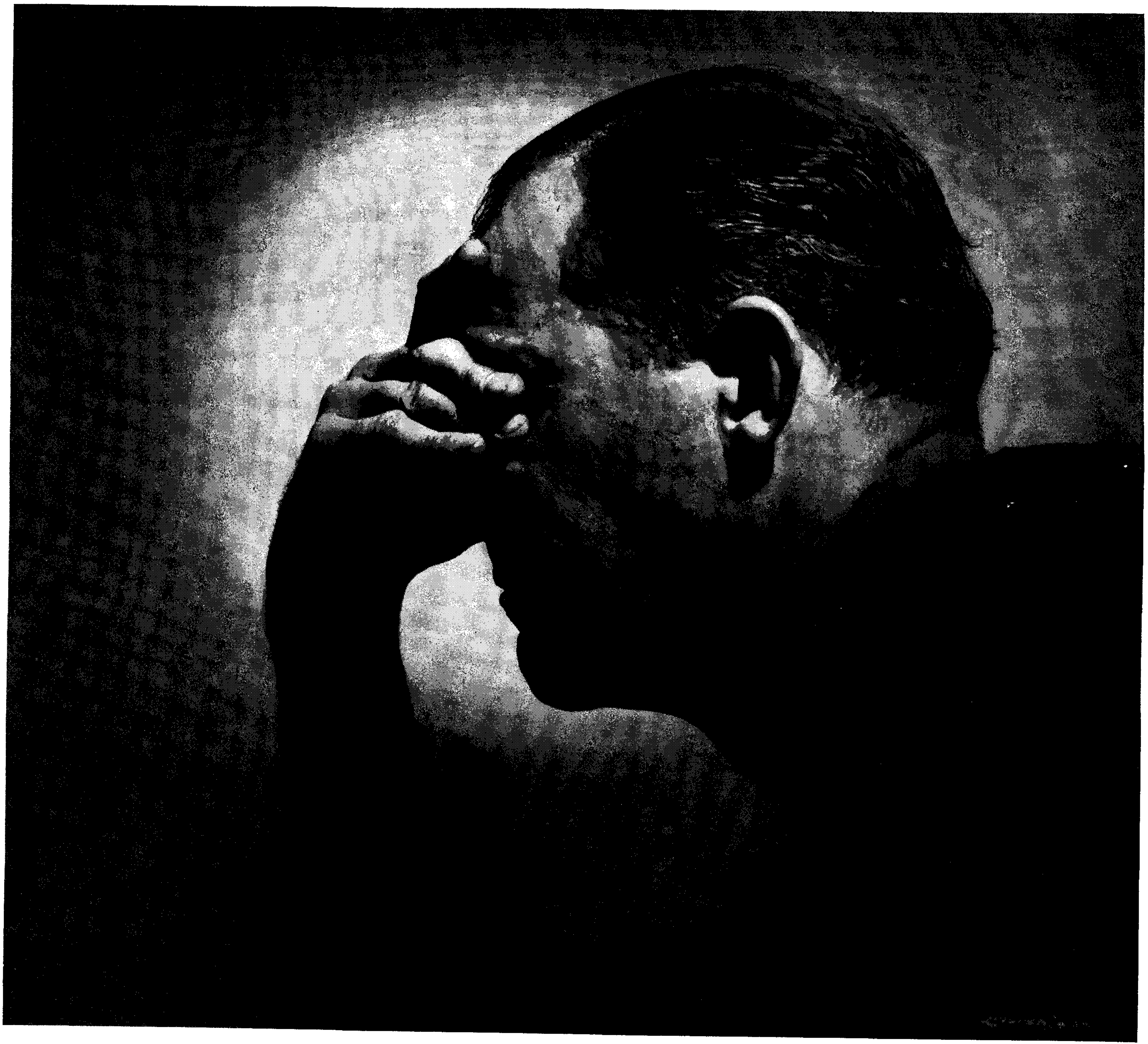
“But you will!” she said, sitting back on her heels on the floor beside his chair, her hands in his. “And don’t you see we can’t wait for Rosenshine! You don’t think that any operation is going to make a difference to me? Is thy servant a dog, Steve? Don’t you see that we’re *mates*—for good or bad, or better or worse, and that we’ve got to get married before we know? You go to the hospital a week from Monday, don’t you? Well, we’ll be married on Saturday, and it’ll be your wife and your mother who walk up and down the hall while you’re being operated on. Ah, don’t cry, Steve,” she broke off to say pitifully.

“You’re crying!” he counteraccused her, with a shaky laugh.

“Yes, I know,” Griselle said. “I don’t think I ever cried for happiness before.”

Outside, in the commonplace country-town street, young feet were racing home for the noon meal. If any of their owners glanced at the cheap, sunburned little McIntyre cottage it was with a complete lack of interest. But to the two who were lunching out in the grape arbor it was a little corner of heaven.

THE END



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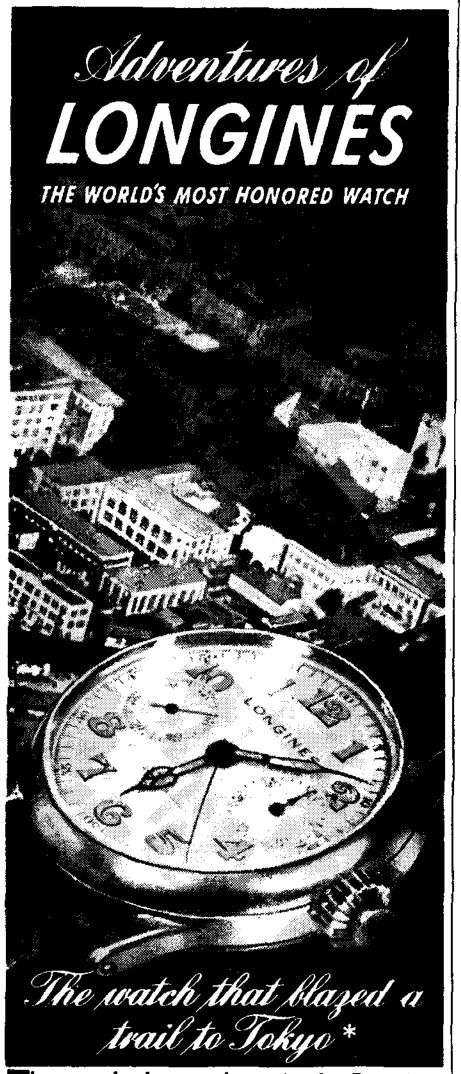

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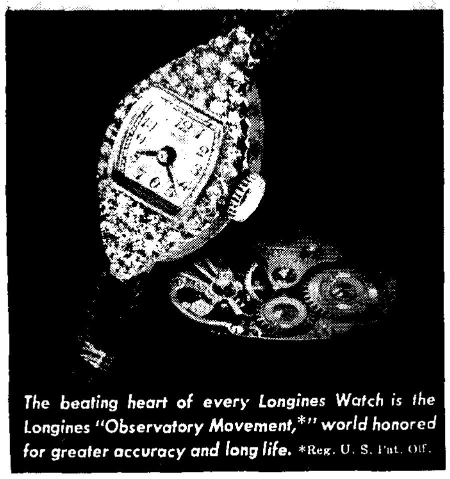
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No Enemy but Time

Continued from page 13

and undisciplined in motion for a woman of her years. She was like a child—sweet, impulsive, lazy, a little sluttish and irresponsible, yet full of small imaginative kindnesses. I loved her very much as I looked at her there, in the close little fitting room, dancing in awkward delight between me and the mirror.

My next years were full of excitement and liberation. The school had English, American and French girls in it, and one dazzling Brazilian, with stupendous clothes and a bottomless allowance, who thought nothing of giving us all five-pound boxes of chocolates. I always had invitations to spend my holidays with the families of my new friends, usually in France.

The Americans, especially, were eye-openers. It was not chiefly in the flowing bounty, the holiday treats every day, that their life was so strange. It was, rather, in the total dislocation of the hierarchy as I had always known it. It was downright unsettling to me to see the largest chop and the nicest pear and the extra slice go to the littlest as a prerogative of littleness, or the newest and best clothes belonging, as a matter of course, to the mother.

WHEN I first commented on these differences, it was in all artlessness, but the avid and shocked delight with which my comments were received soon changed their quality until they became a sort of company act, a set piece, which in turn influenced, every time I trotted it out, my own apprehension of the facts. It was not long before I began to see my uncle through their foreign eyes, as a petty domestic tyrant, a mean, ludicrous little man. My Aunt Janet, then, became by the same alchemy, a gallant creature whose grace and wit I never forgot, whose lethargy and untidiness I never remembered. And the girls had no faults; and Noel became a figure of romance, a sort of captive Robin Hood.

I was sixteen before I spent any time at the vicarage again.

The entire family met my train at Chippenham. They were shabbier than I had remembered, and handsomer, and more puppyish, and even through the intensity of my absorbed interest in the impression I must be making upon them, I was disturbed by their cheery reality. I was glad that my American friends had not been able to motor down with me, not because I was ashamed of this family of mine, but because they were so unlike—so very unlike—my well-polished picture of them. They would have made me look a fool.

My cousins admired me with unfeigned intensity; there was little envy in their natures. I gave the girls some jumpers that I had outgrown, and Noel two ties that I wore with riding shirts, and Aunt Janet some nice gloves that were almost new. These gifts were received with delight, and I basked, at little expense, in the pleasure of generosity. I gave nothing to my uncle, nor did he expect anything. Though he was wholly courteous to me, I felt in him a lack of interest which wounded my vanity.

For several days, I alternated between showing off my new clothes and my new worldly wisdom, and going out alone over the brook Jordan to the clear view of the water meadows and the soft rise of the hill where the sheep moved, somnambulistic, under the towering clouds.

After a week or so, however, I began to have eyes for something besides myself and the landscape. Aunt Janet and Uncle Cedric, to be sure, were still the same: the small, erect and bitter little man, in the fine clothes that he wore at his family's expense, and the coltish, bright-eyed woman, energetic and indolent by bursts, chewing an apple, laughing her sweet, rather meaningless laughter, as she questioned me like a child. But had I ever seen before how phenomenally stylish (that was the word—stylish) Uncle Cedric was, in his cassock and biretta, like a prince of the church, or how scrupulously clean (for school had placed an emphasis on scrubbed skin and shining hair that had been quite new to me) or, really, how grand he was? Why, Uncle Cedric was really a great swell.

This perfection, now just apprehended, threw into cruel relief certain flaws in Aunt Janet. Her clothes, I observed, were not only shabby but untidy, a hem half down, a spot not sponged away. Was it possible, I thought suddenly, that my gay Aunt Janet was a resentful woman? The thought was like a twinge of pain that goes as quickly as it comes. They were the same, of course. It was only in my eyes that they were changed.

But the children really were different. In the first place, they were older, and this increased maturity expressed itself in a hardening of ambition, a directed vigor of discontent, an impatience of restraint.

"Fanny," the vicar would say, "I forbid you to go into Chippenham without a hat."

"Yes, Papa," Fanny would reply, covering her black curls with the battered felt mushroom that she so hated. But her eyes, hard and uncomplying, were full of dangerous promise.

"You know, Fran," Carol said, "I think you're rather silly about things like that hat. Why can't you just smile at Papa and kiss him and leave it under the hedge at the corner? It will be there safe when you come home."

Noel laughed at this. "Carol is the only sensible member of the family," he said.

I was not at all sure of this. Noel, more than any of them, was different. I thought he was wonderful.

He still had not been sent away to school, but all sorts of family wires were being pulled, and it looked as if, year after next, he might be got into Oxford. He would have preferred Sandhurst, but he lacked the scientific background for an army training. He was ignorant, indeed, of nearly everything but the classics, with which he had a firm and resentful familiarity.

HE WAS tall for his age, and broad shouldered, graceful to a degree. He had taught the girls and himself to dance, and they danced by the hour in a long room in the vacant wing of the house. There was no furniture but an unfinished bench, and the little old table gramophone which was set on the floor.

"Dancing in the dark . . . waltzing in the wonder . . . of why we're here . . ."

I had been taught to dance at school, but I learned much more from Noel, feeling how he moved with such freedom and authority.

At the end of our first dance, he looked down at me. "Adequate," he said. Then he grinned outrageously. "Molly is an heiress, now," he said. "Not to be treated lightly by a young man with limited opportunities." And he kissed me.

The kiss was no amateur affair. I felt weak and wonderful and overwhelmed with surprise.

"Molly, dear," he said. He spoke low, winding the gramophone so that the others would not hear him. "I've missed you, Molly. Look at me."

Our eyes met.

"Do you know, Molly," he said, very low, "do you know how much I've missed you?"

My heart started and turned over in the

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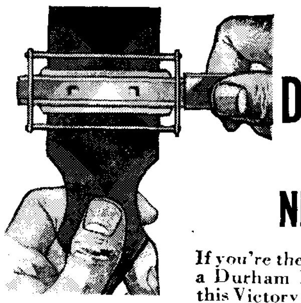
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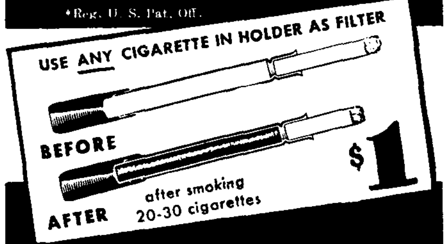

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pain and newness of delight. It was with some bewilderment, then, that I learned, a few days later, about Anne Godwin.

I learned of it suddenly, by painful accident. I learned of it, in fact, through that convention dear to inferior novelists, the overheard conversation, and, most suitably, as I was "wandering in the shrubbery."

It was getting dusk, and I had just crossed Jordan and started toward the house, when I heard Uncle Cedric's voice and Noel's.

"It won't do, my boy," Uncle Cedric said.

"It was only a bit of fun, you know, sir," Noel answered. "A kiss or two."

I thought that they were talking about me and I stopped perfectly still.

"I was not suggesting, Noel, that you had gone further with Anne Godwin. We are not a precocious family. The bumpkins, however, have less delicacy in their surmises. There is considerable talk in the village about 'Godwin's Annie and young Mr. Noel.' "

"Yes, sir."

"Are you fond of the girl?"

"She's fun, sir—and pretty."

"Would you marry her, Noel?"

"A Talbot-Slade? A Godwin!"

"Precisely. Quite impossible! But hear me, Noel. The Godwins are good people. They have farmed this land since it was enclosed, in Tudor times. Before that, when Lawton-Benger was common land, they farmed their strip here. They have their place and their dignity, as you have yours. Anne Godwin is not like the villagers, the daughters of the bumpkins who go drabbing in ditches, to be dragged to me later, red-nosed, by irate parents, for a hasty marriage.

"This is a grave matter, Noel, a matter of responsibility, not of inclination. I shall not speak of it again, but if the affair continues, you will be sent to Canada, to your Uncle Cecil, to become a rancher. That would destroy my ambitions for you and leave me gravely bereft."

"You wouldn't do that, sir, really."

"I should do just that, my boy. Don't make it necessary. That's all."

ASIDE from my shock of young jealousy, I was terribly shaken and moved by what I had heard. Uncle Cedric had been formal, mannered, almost too fluent to be wholly convincing, as he was often in the pulpit; and yet I understood him and believed him, and when, through the shrubbery, I saw his small, straight figure turn and move away, I felt a strange throb, almost of love, as if I would have liked to run after him, to call him back.

But I stood perfectly still, and so did Noel, until he was out of sight. Then, without moving, Noel remarked cheerfully, "Come out of there, Molly. You don't fool the Deerslayer."

"Noel. How did you know I was here?"

"Heard a stick crack. Saw a flick of white. Carol's in brown, Fanny in blue. Elementary, my dear Molly."

He sounded so casual, so merry—not at all as if he were swaggering or trying to carry something off. Feeling very bewildered, I came out of my hiding. He put his arm around my waist and began to walk toward the house.

"Darling Molly's not jealous? Say you're not jealous, dear, lovely Molly."

"Of course I'm jealous. Oh, but it's not that. It's about Uncle Cedric. You will listen to him, won't you, Noel? You will do as he wants you to do?"

"Oh, Pater." Noel was amused. "I'll be careful. Very careful. But he doesn't mean half he says, you know."

"I think he does, Noel."

"Not he. He's very fond of me, you know. A good old boy, rather hard in the mouth, but no vice in him. No, don't worry your head, Molly."

His arm around my waist was warm and firm, but it gave me no sense of confidence. I had never before felt so bewildered and unhappy.

"Come on," said Noel suddenly. "Come into the scullery away from all these windows, so that I can kiss you properly."

I followed him into the house and stood, passive and confused, while he kissed me very properly. But the kiss, so warm and deep and lively, tasted of nothing but betrayal, and I could feel only sadness, a sadness deeper than anything I had felt in all my sixteen years.

However, by common consent, we both said nothing about the conversation I had overheard, and for the next few weeks, life progressed so casually, so pleasantly and easily, that I was convinced that my uncle had indeed overrated the importance of the situation. The "fun" had been certainly the most innocent imaginable. Besides, I reflected happily, it was all over before I came back. Noel said so.

I TRIED not to worry, then, on the afternoon that Mrs. Godwin came up the drive to the front door in her Sunday hat, her large hands bulging in kid gloves, and asked to see the vicar, please. Mrs. Godwin was a Methodist. I couldn't pretend that she had come about altar flowers or a whist drive.

I let her in myself and tried hard to sound matter-of-fact when I told Uncle Cedric that Mrs. Godwin wanted to talk to him. Then I went directly out into the garden. If I didn't, I knew that I should be caught listening at the library door. One has only so much self-control.

Mrs. Godwin did not stay long. When I went in through the scullery to help Aunt Janet cut bread and butter for tea, I found her bursting with open curiosity.

"I can hardly wait to find out what Mrs. Godwin wanted," she told me. "Did you see her? She just came to see Cedric, all done up fit for a funeral. What's brewing, do you think, Molly darling?"

I said, with feeling, "I wish I knew, Aunt Janet," and carried the teapot and the jam up to the nursery.

Aunt Janet and the girls were talking about it five to the minute while we waited for Uncle Cedric. Noel was quiet, but I was the only one who noticed it. When Uncle Cedric came in, they were all about him, chattering like sparrows.

"What did she want? I say, Father, what did old Goody Godwin want of you?" And, "Cedric, whatever in the world did Mrs. Godwin come for in black gloves?"

Uncle Cedric sat down. He arranged the folds of his cassock and, lifting his knife, he smote the top from his egg.

"Don't you want to know, too, Noel?" he said. "Or you, Molly?"

He looked at me from his cool hazel eyes, his narrow lips pressed in a small, attentive smile.

He knows everything, I thought, frightened.

"Of course I do, Uncle Cedric," I said.

"What's up, Pater?" asked Noel.

To an innocent observer, his manner would have appeared perfect. I was startled by his effrontery.

Uncle Cedric salted his egg. "I shall have to disappoint you all. Mrs. Godwin is called away to the funeral of her sister in Northumberland. Mr. Godwin is sick abed—flu, I believe—and Anne will stay to nurse him. Mrs. Godwin wanted me to have a care for certain interests of hers that she and her sick husband will have to neglect for the next few days. They are, I regret to tell you, confidential, so you needs must continue to suffer, I hope silently."

"But why did she come to you, Cedric?" persisted Aunt Janet. "Why didn't she go to Mr. Redmond? She's a Methodist."

"Not many of the villagers are Methodists, my dear. I have wider connections than Mr. Redmond, and one in particular of which she wished to avail herself. I was

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glad that she 'made bold' to come to me. She's a very decent sort."

Aunt Janet and the girls were disappointed, but their good manners kept them from pressing the matter further. We tucked into our tea.

After a bit, I looked sidewise at Noel. His appetite was excellent, his color normal. Mrs. Godwin had just got to worrying, I thought, comforted. She didn't know that it was all over.

I caught Noel's eyes and smiled at him, and he smiled back at me. I warmed to the good feeling of a secret shared. It wasn't, I thought, that Mrs. Godwin was silly. She was a good, sensible woman. She just didn't know.

We had nearly finished our tea when Uncle Cedric said, "Well, my dears, now that your minds are at rest and you can give me your attention, I have a piece of news for you." He drew a letter from the deep pocket of his cassock and handed it to Aunt Janet. "The Mowbrays," he said. "Canon and Mrs. Mowbray. They would like to come to tea on Monday."

Aunt Janet took the letter from him, but she did not open it. She turned it around in her large, not quite immaculate hands, caressing it, her fingers gloating.

"Oh, Cedric," she said slowly. "Oh, Cedric!"

Her big, mobile eyes were brimming. I had never seen her look so completely happy before, in her life.

"There isn't a doubt of it, my dear," said Uncle Cedric. "Before next Christmas, we shall be in the rectory of St. James in Bristol."

"Eight hundred pounds a year," said Aunt Janet. "Oh, Cedric, I daren't believe it! And the shops and the pictures and all the new faces and a warm house and pretty dresses for the girls."

I HAD never heard her complain. I had never heard her speak of the narrowness and deprivation of her life, until now when she did it unconsciously, rejoicing in her promised freedom. Good for Aunt Janet, I thought. Uncle Cedric wasn't the only swell in the house, after all.

Now there was frantic excitement. As soon as the news was fully understood, fully appreciated, the nursery became a madhouse. Fran and Carol joined hands and spun around, shouting. Noel swung his mother off the floor.

I said, over and over, "Oh, I'm so glad for you all. I'm so glad."

"Of course, it all rests with the Mowbrays," said Uncle Cedric, trying to inject a note of caution into the hubbub, but his voice was lighthearted, unfamiliar.

"Oh, the Mowbrays!" said Aunt Janet. "We've always known that if the gift of the St. James rectorship ever passed into the hands of the Mowbrays, we'd be . . . what is it you say, Molly? . . . sitting pretty. Monday! Monday! Everything must be perfect!"

We talked at length about what we should wear. Aunt Janet, of course, had some new sixpenny earrings which she had saved for an occasion, long pearl drops to dangle down beneath her ill-dressed tawny hair. She pressed and mended the newest of her shabby old black chiffon dresses, and blacked the slippers with the least run-over heels, putting them away side by side in readiness.

That year she had cut up the big tartan shawl that was her grandmother's to make skirts for Carol and Franny, and as it was remarkably cool for August, we decided that these would be quite suitable. I offered to lend the girls my two plain white silk blouses.

For my own part, after experimenting with numerous highly American effects, I suddenly abandoned them all for the decision that I would wear my summer school uniform, and my hair in a braid wound around my head.

When Aunt Janet and Uncle Cedric heard this, they both looked thoroughly relieved.

More than any of us, Noel was vain and had a passion for luxury. His face grew moody as he listened to our planning, and suddenly he said that he'd wear whatever he happened to have on, and that he hoped he'd be jolly dirty. He said that doubtless the old man would be grand enough for six, and the rest of us needn't bother.

I was startled by the tone of his voice and I stared at him. He was seldom ill-natured, and besides, surely his own interests were also at stake. I decided that it was just talk.

We began to light fires in the drawing room to take off the chill of disuse. We polished the Georgian silver teapot and the hot-water urn; we brought out the big tree-of-life plate and washed it tenderly, and we swept the dirt well under the rugs.

On Wednesday, Uncle Cedric gave Aunt Janet some money and told her to see to it that we had a really decent tea. She could go to Mrs. Miggs, he said. Mrs. Miggs was a baking woman who lived in Chippenham and made famous Bath buns and Alfred's cakes. Her things were expensive, and we spoke of her with hopeless greed, even at Christmastime.

On Sunday evening, the whole house tingled with expectant rejoicing. After tea, Noel went up to his room. He was working on a crossword puzzle contest which was going to make us rich. He said that he was sleepy, and that as soon as he finished the day's puzzle, he expected he'd turn in. We bade him a casual good night and settled ourselves once more to the comfortable enjoyment of our great expectations. It was our custom to sit about, talking or reading every night until ten or so, when we had cocoa and sandwiches just before bed, for our supper.

I SLEPT in a small room opening off the larger one shared by Carol and Fran. We went to bed later than usual that night and talked for a long time before I began to drop off. I was wakened from my first sleep by Carol and Fran whispering again.

"Carol!"

"Yes?"

"It's so long since supper I'm hungry all over."

"I could eat something good myself."

"Go on down, Fran, and fetch us up some bread and marmalade. Molly, are you awake?"

I was sleepy and not hungry, and I knew that I could sleep through their picnicking, so I did not answer.

"She's asleep. Didn't I go the last time, Fran?"

"No, I did. And fell over the chair, remember? You'd better pinch Noel's torch. He leaves it on his chest of drawers."

I HEARD Fran's feet hit the floor and I had nearly slipped back to sleep when she came running back.

"Noel's gone," she said. "He's not been to bed at all."

"What?"

"He's gone. He's nowhere about. I went downstairs."

Now Carol's feet hit the floor.

"Carol, where are you going?"

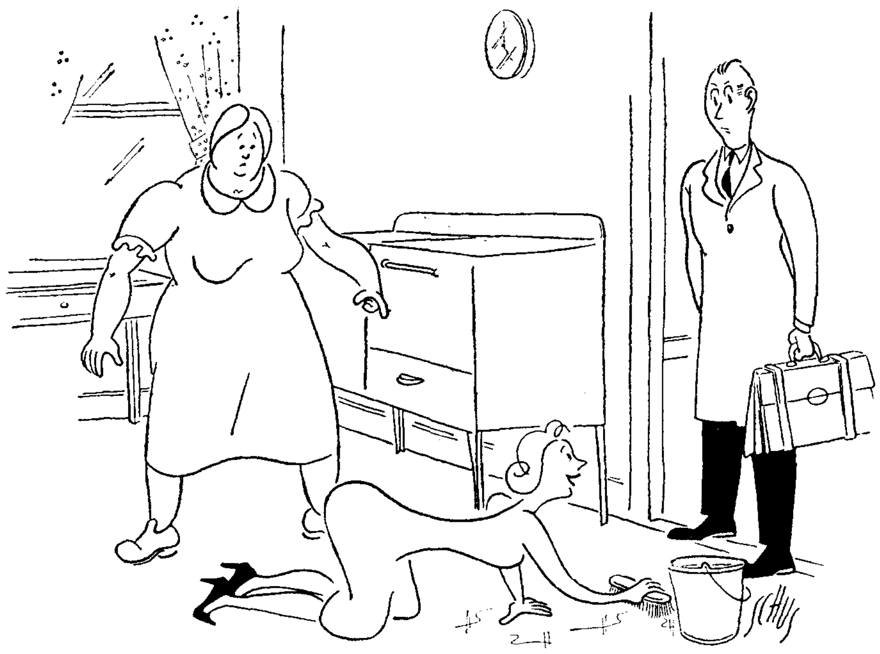
"I shall tell Father."

"Carol, are you mad? Of all the mad things to do!"

"No, it's not. Noel hasn't been like himself, Fran. Think of what he said about being jolly dirty. It's not just a prank. I tell you, I've been watching him and he's not happy, and Father should know at once."

She ran down the hall.

In my room I had begun, wildly, in the dark, to pull on shoes, a dress.



"Hilda's quitting, dear, but she's being kind enough to break me in on the job before she leaves"

COLLIER'S ADOLPH SCHUS

"Fran," I said. "Fran, I know where he is. Keep them talking in the corridor as long as you can. I've got to get there first!"

"You're mad, too," said Fran desperately. But I heard Uncle Cedric in the hall and I could only answer, "Too late now. Remember, I'm asleep!" And jumped, half dressed, back into bed.

"Don't wake your mother," Uncle Cedric was saying. "I am distressed about Noel but not anxious. I fear that I know where he is. Go back to bed at once and go to sleep. You will know everything in the morning." He appeared to be turning away when a thought struck him. "Where's Molly?"

"In bed," said Fran. "I think she's still asleep."

I heard him come to the door of my room, and I turned over heavily and made a thick, uneasy sound. In our school dormitory, I had observed that the only really quiet sleepers were the girls who were playing possum. Uncle Cedric was satisfied.

"Quiet now," he said again. "And do not disturb your mother."

He was gone from the room a very short time before I heard him coming back along the corridor, in his shoes, this time, and going down the stairs. I dared not stir from my bed until I heard the front door close behind him.

Then I jumped up, tied my shoelaces and started after him, saying only to the startled girls. "Do stay where you are and be quiet or you'll spoil everything—please. It's dreadfully important."

Then I ran.

Uncle Cedric had taken his bicycle, so I could not go by the road as I could not possibly overtake him without being seen. My only chance was to cut across the fields and head him off.

I am still surprised, looking back, at the simplicity and directness of my impulse. I knew that I had been betrayed. I knew now that Noel had been carrying on with Anne Godwin all along, but still my one impulse was to save him. Life in the vicarage without him would be unthinkable for all of them—as unthinkable as life in Canada would be for him. I did not think about it then, of course, or indeed for many years, but I did know instinctively that immature people are far more often destroyed than developed by being thrown into situations that call for responsible behavior.

I ran across the fields desperately, stumbling and falling in the dark, slashing my knees on stones, staggering up again and plunging on, the roots of my tongue aching and my chest constricted in sharp pain. And when I came out at the road before the Godwins' farm, when I thrust myself across the neat garden at the side of the house and came up to the doorway, Uncle Cedric was standing at the door, his finger on the bell. I was too late.

I stood in the shadow of a laurel, trying to force my sore lungs to breathe quietly.

THE door opened, and there stood Anne Godwin, her pretty dress and her pretty hair mussed and rumpled, her eyes like frightened stars.

She said, "Oh, Mr. Talbot-Slade!"

"Good evening, Miss Godwin," said Uncle Cedric. His voice was perfectly gentle, courteous and matter-of-fact, but it was sad, too—terribly sad. Listening to it, I wanted to cry. "Is Noel here?" said Uncle Cedric.

Noel came to the door and stood beside Anne. He looked scared and angry.

"Noel," said Uncle Cedric, "it is two o'clock. Your mother will be worried by your being away so late. Miss Godwin will excuse you, I know."

Anne Godwin sobbed. "Oh, sir," she said. "I don't know what to say. I never looked at the clock."

"Don't distress yourself, Miss Godwin. It was not your fault. And now you must get your own rest. Good night."

He walked quietly away, and Noel followed him without another word. They mounted their bicycles and went off.

I was so tired that I was very long getting back across the fields. When I reached the vicarage, I was locked out. I threw pebbles against the window of the girls' room, and Carol came down and let me in.

But I couldn't answer their questions. All I could say was, "Oh, I'll tell you in the morning. Everything. In the morning."

I expect they could see how dead-beat I was, for they were good to me. They stopped urging me very soon and let me crawl into my bed, where I lay with my face upon my arms and slowly cried myself to sleep.

That Monday stands isolated in my life like a curious nightmare, and like a nightmare, I cannot remember it in any detail, while its emotional content is still remarkably vivid. I had never felt so much so violently before in my life.

I woke to a dreadful sensation of sickness and inertia, as if I had had a severe beating—and, indeed, I had. I forced myself to get up and dress, but I could barely stand upright. I felt my shoulders pulling together, my head jutting forward, as if I were an old woman.

Aunt Janet and the girls were down ahead of me, and when I came into the dining room, I could see that they had

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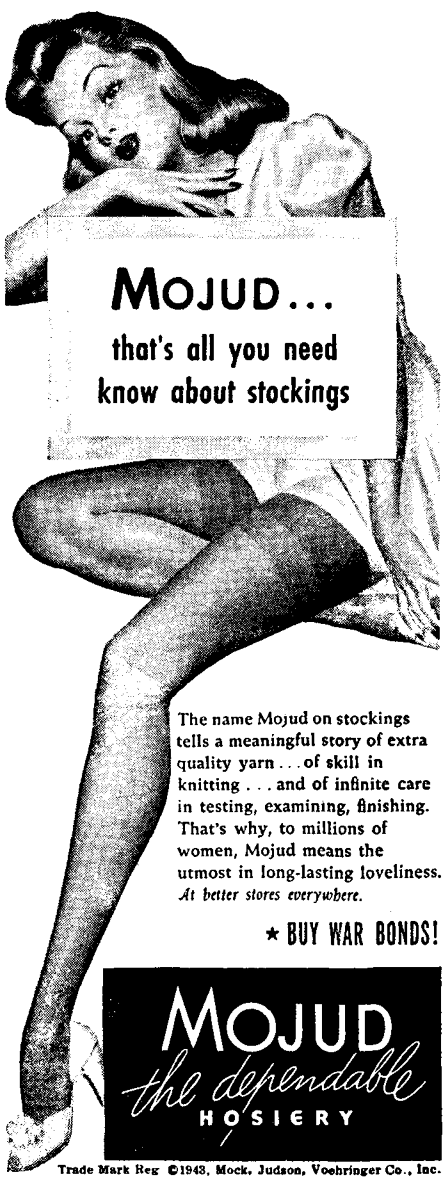

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been told. Aunt Janet's face was terrible with grief, and the faces of the girls were like masks, hardened against their father in rage and hatred. Noel was all bravado. He didn't give a damn. He'd always wanted to see the world, and if the Pater was set on making a silly-fool mountain out of a molehill, well then, let him.

He was, however, horribly, fundamentally frightened. As I looked at his eyes I felt a deep wonder that I had never seen before how much the youngest of us, really, Noel was. I felt sick with pity, but, at the same time, I felt a sense of release. I had been a little in love with Noel, I thought, since I came to live with them at the age of four. And now it was gone. He was just under age.

I did not want to look at Uncle Cedric at all. The feeling in the room was like a deadly wave lifted against him. It moved me, too. For a principle, for a hard little notion, I told myself—yes, for pride in a word too quickly spoken, he was destroying his son and his wife, bringing suffering to his daughters. I would not look at him. I moved close to Aunt Janet and took her big hand in mine. It was cold and heavy. She gripped my own hand once, hard, and then her fingers relaxed as if there were no further life left in them.

But we had always known that Uncle Cedric was the master. The years conditioned by that single egg at tea, by implicit obedience, by the assumption of authority unquestionable, asserted themselves now. It did not occur to us that we could pit our will against his, that we could change his purpose.

Somehow or other, we got through the morning, we made all the gestures, even to the gesture of our noonday dinner. And then it was time to get ready for the Mowbrays' tea.

WE DRESSED ourselves as we had planned, alas, even to Noel, who wore the sweatshirt and grease-stained whipcord breeches in which he had dressed himself that morning.

Sick at heart as I was for him and for us all, I was still able to protest. "What are you doing this for, Noel?" I said. "It only makes things harder for us."

He looked at me, and I suppose he saw the change in my eyes, for he made no effort to charm me as he replied:

"As a matter of fact, I didn't intend this yesterday. I was only thinking about those last new clothes of his, and seeing us, all but you, trying to make something decent out of our shabby-genteel rags. But now, by Jove, I mean to make things harder. Look, Molly, there's nothing he wants so much as the rectory of St. James. And he shan't have it."

"Noel," I said. "Think of Aunt Janet. Think of the girls."

"Oh, they've done well enough up to now," he replied carelessly. "It's the old man who's suffered in this little hole, make no mistake, Molly. It's the old man it will hurt."

"Oh, but, Noel." I looked at his face. It was clear with malice as the face of a child. "But, Noel," I said, "your father loves you."

"He's never loved any of us," said Noel shortly. "And I'll pay him if it's the last thing I do."

The doorbell rang and he pushed away from me and swaggered to the door.

I could hear his voice, dangerous with mock courtesy. "Mrs. Mowbray! Canon Mowbray! Come in, come in."

If a total stranger had been present, a stranger who knew absolutely nothing of our background or motives, he would have said that the tea, despite the odd clothes and manners of the vicar's son, passed off well enough. And indeed, nothing outrageous was said, there were no acts of offense or violence. For such an inexperienced boy, Noel effected the destruction of his father's hopes very quietly indeed.

It was hard to tell at just what point he contrived to let the Mowbrays know that he was leaving home, that it was not of his own desire, that it was necessary to cover a scandal in the neighborhood, etc.

We sat there, helpless. The little comments, the phrases through which he let these driblets of tragic information slip out began always so innocently, we had no way of knowing that we should stop him short until the damage was done.

And in the middle of it all, sick at heart, I turned and looked at Uncle Cedric. His eyes were upon his son, and I thought, suddenly, David looked like that the first time he realized the truth about Absalom. I had no further doubt that Uncle Cedric loved and would always love Noel.

The tea did not last unbearably long. The Mowbrays were people of breeding and decision, quick to evaluate an atmosphere, quick to know when they had had enough.

With the utmost cordiality, the warmest friendliness in their voices, they regretted that they must be getting on, they hoped to see Uncle Cedric and Aunt Janet soon in Bath, and they left, the known purpose of their visit unbroached and quite clearly never to be broached.

When they had gone, we all drifted back to the room where the tea table stood. Aunt Janet sat in the wing chair and wept, covering her disorganized face with her big, work-twisted hands. Noel comforted her, as if he had absolutely no part in the cause of her grief, and, irrationally, she accepted his comfort, leaning her head against his shoulder.

The girls stood close beside them, looking down, all love and pity, at their mother crying like a little girl, at their brother his face handsome and heavy with the charm of Absalom. He had destroyed their hopes, and yet, so utterly creatures of intuition they all were, so utterly lacking in reason, they stood together still; they leaned, all three women, close to the boy—their love, their martyr—shutting their hearts against Uncle Cedric, glad to buy his downfall at the price of their own defeat.

I stood and looked at them in wonder, and then I looked at Uncle Cedric. He had moved to the window, where he stood, his little fine-boned body still and erect, his face perfectly composed, his clear-cut narrow lips set close, yet not obviously compressed, and on his cheeks, tears.

And I saw his life, and the training, the breeding, the special faiths and the false, simple hopes that had molded it. I saw his vicarage, his village, so divorced from the world outside it, so divorced, even, as I had come to realize in school, from the modern industrial England that surrounded it. And I realized how little freedom he had ever enjoyed in the years devoted to the perfection of that life, its dictates as stylized as Egypt—and as dead.

I stood looking at Uncle Cedric and thinking, consciously, for the first time, about his life. Misguided it might be, vain, sterile beyond thought, but what self-discipline, what profound, what total self-immolation had gone into the creation of it! And the life was an anachronism; it existed no longer in the great world. The great male secret of power had passed out of his hands and had not gone into the hands of his son. Noel's life was as meaningless as his own and utterly lacking in its beauty, the holy beauty of discipline which, though meaningless, can never be ridiculous.

SUDDENLY my heart yearned over him, as it had once before, when I hid in the shrubbery and heard him talk to Noel about Anne Godwin. I felt for him the love that we feel for a dancer, fluent and bound at once in the unnatural and exquisite postures of the ballet. I loved him as one might love a political prisoner, seeing the delights and desires of his individual life all sacrificed to a belief, a hope, a perception of justice or injustice.

I was sorry for every rude word I had ever spoken to him, every cold glance that he had ever had from me. I wanted to kiss him, to warm his hands with my tears; but hopelessly, secretly, as we love the dancer, the prisoner, finding him so close to our understanding and still as remote as the dead.

He stood looking out into the garden, down the slope to the shrubbery and the brook Jordan.

I went up close to him. "Uncle Cedric," I said. "My roommate at school sent me a present, yesterday, a little folding chessboard."

"That was kind of her."

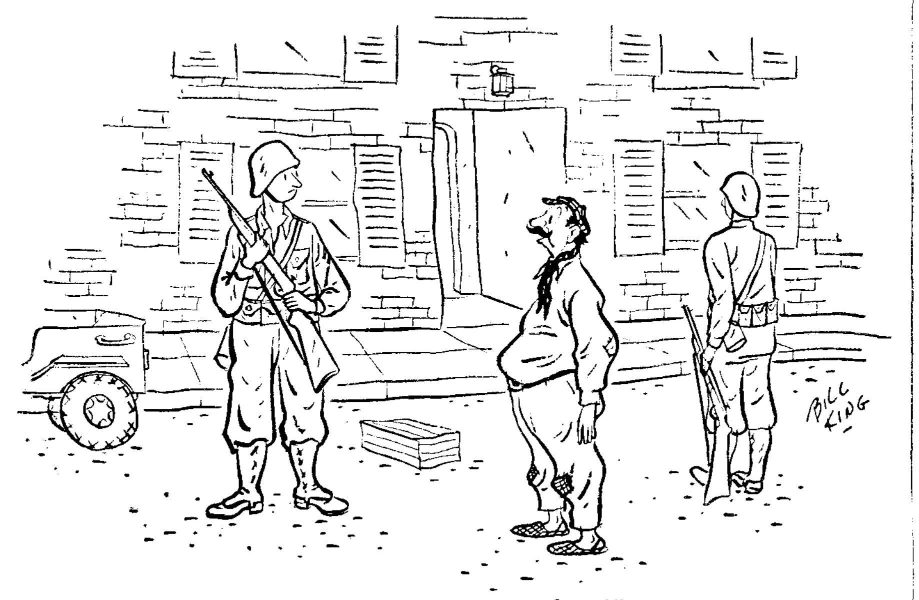
"I wondered, Uncle Cedric, if you—if you would explain the moves to me."

He looked at me. His cold gray eyes looked into mine, and his narrow, downcurving lips lifted into the straight line that was their smile. I do not want you to think that I am trying to say that we were close in spirit, then. By the terms of our lives, we could never have been that. But I saw, gladly, that I was understood, that my offering was accepted.

With a courtesy that ignored my youth, my great lack of means, with a sort of open and forgiving gratitude such as the dying must feel for the last futile ministrations of love, Uncle Cedric took my hand.

"I should enjoy it very much, my dear," he said.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Joe DiMaggio with you boys?" BILL KING

How to Treat Defeated Germany

Continued from page 19

way, as elected chief of the strongest party, he was nominated Chancellor by President Hindenburg, the same way as King George designated Mr. Churchill head of the British government.

Other modern dictators, Napoleon I, Napoleon III, Lenin, and Mussolini, got to power by breaking constitutions, menacing the legitimate government or crushing it with their soldiers. The French, Russian or Italian people could reasonably say, "We have been overrun." Only Hitler acquired power in a legal way, according to the constitution of Weimar. The Germans, in two free and secret elections of 1932, before Hitler rose to power, gave the Nazis more votes than any other party. They knew the program of the Nazis through Hitler's book, and elected them anyway. The Germans are the only people who were not overrun.

Inhumanity Unopposed

Of course, the later acts of barbarism were not approved by all Germans. There were some millions who were against them. But who actively opposed them? Only a few pastors and workingmen. We have thousands of eyewitnesses who saw that it was not the Nazis alone who were brutal. Fifteen million soldiers are responsible for numberless, nameless crimes against humanity.

The Junkers have always been traitors to their kings. As soon as a conqueror ceases to have great victories, they leave him. The same, I am sure, will happen with Hitler.

The thing to be feared is that Hitler may die too soon; for instance, before final defeat. If that happens, the Junkers, the generals, will come and say: "We love the Americans. We do not hate the Jews. We don't ask for colonies. Come, let us be friends again." I fear that certain elements in the United States will then say: "Now, let us make peace and let's finish up this business. They are good people, these Germans!"

That would be a grievous error.

After victory, the question is what to do with the German nation. The victorious Allies will be received as the successors of Hitler. Who wins the battle is always admired in Germany, even though he be the invader. But a man well acquainted with the German character can only give one admonition to the victorious troops entering Berlin:

Don't keep smiling!

Allied officers should not speak German in their offices. They should not offer a cigarette to any German calling on them, because the Nazi official who was in that chair before them did not do that. Any kind of cordiality would be interpreted by the defeated Germans as a weakness in the victors. The Allied officers would at once lose all authority if they acted in such a way as to be called "nice people" by the Germans after three months, as they were in 1919 at the Rhine. They should be regarded as unapproachable. Only by driving through the streets in their uniforms, by sitting in the finest restaurants and spending money, and by following their national customs, will they be feared, and secretly admired as the new bosses.

There is no danger that the Allied soldiers and officers will imitate Nazi methods. But they must be firm in knowing that the victory over Germany is only the beginning of their task. I know that the Americans will not like this role of ruling a defeated people. And yet it is the only way to attain our aim: a world at peace.

In America, two plans have been suggested: One of them is the proposal to destroy all German factories, to sterilize all German men, and to force them to raise potatoes in Germany or to send them to the Upper Nile. The other is: "Give back to the poor Germans all their freedom. They are innocent. They will make a better republic now!" Neither of these plans is acceptable, in my opinion. Of course, in the matter of the Nazi leaders, we all agree. They must be punished—not twenty of them, but scores of thousands.

In dealing with the rest of the population, though, we should remember the principles of our modern penal law. We do not like to kill a criminal. That is revenge. But still we want to protect society from a repetition of the crime. For that, a thorough beating and knockout is not enough. We have to take the criminal under custody and gradually educate him to the point where he agrees with us that the best thing is to abstain from crime. Then we can free him.

After having beaten the German nation, the Allies should take it into their custody. That means refusing it independence until it shows fitness for the society of nations. All weapons will have to be taken away, including the pistol in a German policeman's belt. A strong army of occupation should hold all important places.

There should be an Allied Military Government consisting of a commission composed of representatives of all the United Nations: a committee of conservators. Perhaps two dozen Niemoellers from the concentration camps, and possibly a radical emigrant or two, could be chosen to share in the government. But in no case could there be a new Congress or Reichstag, with new liberals ready to turn into savage nationalistic militarists.

A law should forbid any German to pass the frontiers of his country. Few exceptions should be made. After Versailles, the Germans used the money lent to them by the victors to furnish clever spies and agents in foreign countries with the means to prepare for world domination. This should not happen again.

Obliterate Nazi Legacy

Of course, all sources of public influence—press, theater, screen and radio—will be under the censorship of the Allies. They should be liberal in all things that do not hinder the principles of education. But they should be ruthless in destroying all symbols, pictures, busts, all books, weeklies, papers, pamphlets, that have been showered on Germany by the Nazis, preaching race hate, world conquest and nationalism. Monuments to old battles should be removed. None of the three Reichs' flags should be taken over, as they represent old political programs.

The Allied Nations should send several hundred intellectuals to all German universities and schools, to supervise the books and the lessons and to root out the perverted system of instruction that destroyed the character of the German youth by drumming in ideas of revenge, violence and aggression. The experiences of the Weimar Republic have shown us that an educational system without control will inevitably lead to new theories of war and revenge. The German universities must be reorganized. Three quarters of the professors who are teaching when the defeat comes must be discharged.

When all these measures have been taken, the Germans will at last feel that their fate is completely in the hands of the victors. By this power they can be shown that their ideas about superiority are wrong. After a while they will begin to see that peace-loving countries have a right to independence, while aggressors

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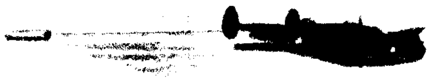
1. PV-1—That's the U. S. Navy's name for the Vega Ventura. It's a nautical version of the smashing new twin-engine bomber that is making a flaming Hell out of German industrial centers in almost daily R. A. F. raids. These deep-bellied Navy PV-1's strike at sea. They swoop in low from the sky with torpedoes for marauding surface craft or "ash can" depth charges for sub-busting.

2. Operating from land bases, the PV-1 is the first Navy bomber of its type to tackle the job of clearing Allied shipping lanes so that precious supplies may go through. Airfields on small island outposts are big enough for PV-1's, and droppable fuel tanks give the planes effective range to blast the enemy. They are proving to be one of the answers to the important problem of licking enemy submarines.

3. Like the Ventura it is versatile—capable of many jobs. Although designed primarily for bombing, its 4000 h.p. also can be useful for towing targets for fast fighter plane practice, or for hauling troop-laden gliders.



4. Bigger, faster, and able to carry a larger load than the Lockheed Hudson, which they closely resemble, the PV-1 and the Vega Ventura retain the same qualities of dependability. Single spar wing construction, 100% X-Ray of all stress parts and ruggedness of design are the qualities of stamina that permit these planes to go through so much—yet bring the crews home safely.

ALL FIRST CLASS MAIL

Lockheed P-38 Lightning Fighter

BY AIR—IT'S COMING!

Vega Ventura Medium Bomber

A subsidiary of Lockheed

Vega

Aircraft Corporation

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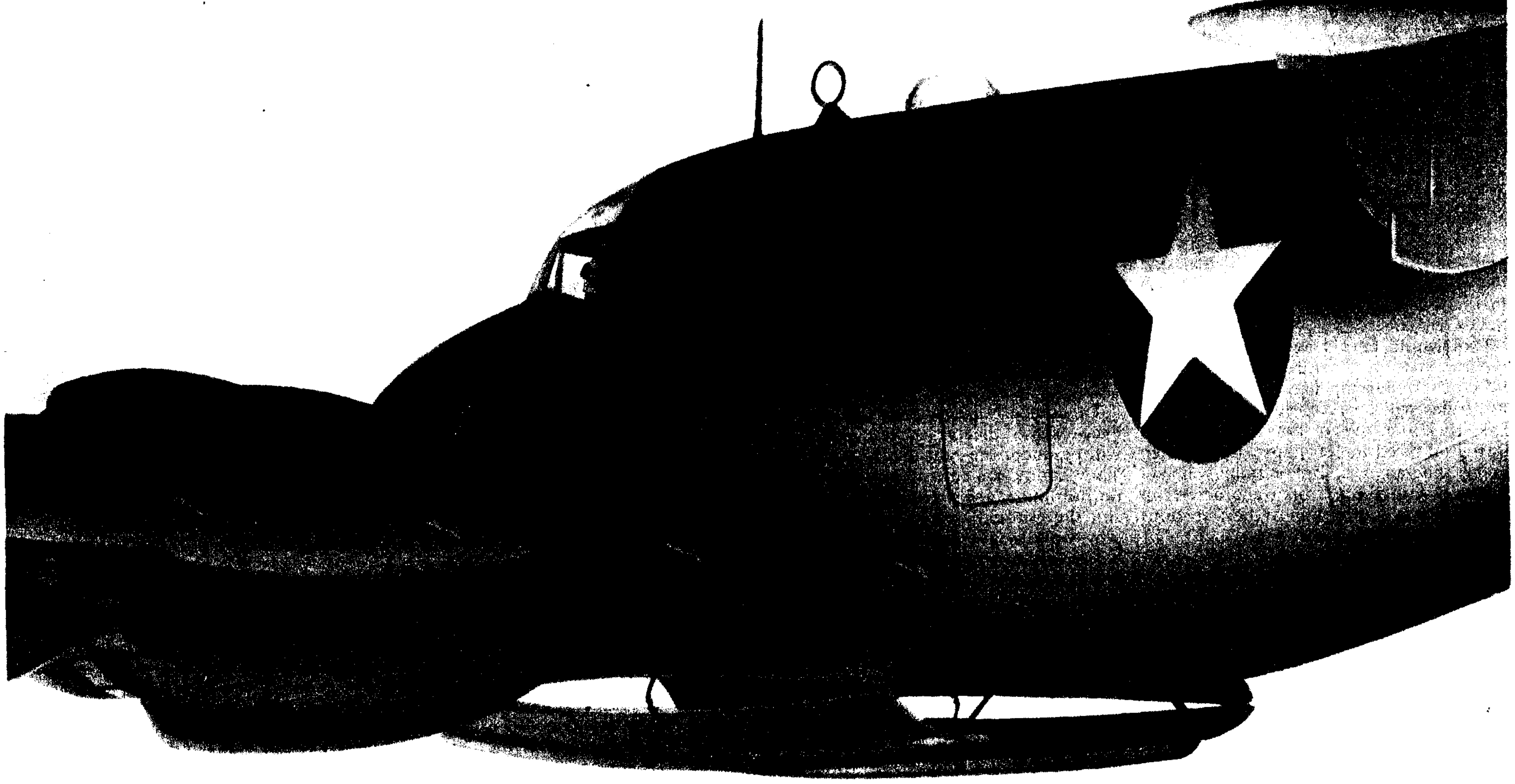

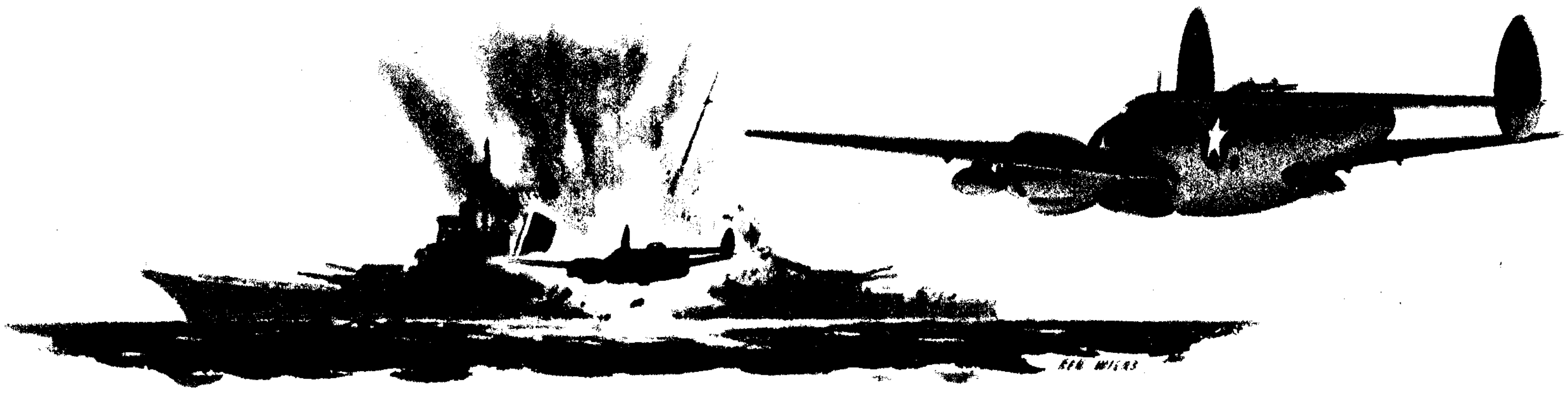

have not. In this way, the Allies can gradually educate the Germans to be a peace-loving nation themselves.

It is difficult to foresee how such a finally independent Germany would look. It is possible that there will be a separate Prussian Republic of 25,000,000 inhabitants, comprising the Northeast and the Prussian Junker territory. The rest of Germany, including Austria, could then be a Federation with a population of 50,000,000. Such a division follows the trends of our times more than the carving of Germany into 20 or 30 small states.

It is, however, of no use to make predictions about the aspect of a democratic Germany if one does not undertake to educate the people for it. The education will have to begin with the commanding attitude of the Allies. The German masses should be made to feel what they did not feel in 1919; that Poles and Czechs, completely despised by them, are now equal to them, have uniforms, and are even their bosses.

The imagination of the German people must be impressed with the sight of many foreign officers and soldiers, living and working in their country, present in every bus, theater, hotel—men who do not harm anybody, do not violate women, do not pillage shops and do not deny justice to anyone—but still men who live aloof, a class of masters.

The education of the children must be planned in a different way. It cannot be imparted to them by three or four thousand American teachers who speak to them with a colorful accent. Every boy and girl in Germany would laugh. Nevertheless, all instruction must be rigorously supervised by the alert minds of the United Nations. Here we shall want sympathy, patience—here we may smile. One important principle should be not so much to try to awaken their enthusiasm for the glories of foreign democracies, but to lead them back to the great minds of their own history. Good, sensible education in Germany can be attained by German books and teachings; all raw materials for this great work exist in the country, hidden in libraries and in the brains of silent thinkers.

Privilege for True Patriots

The right to vote, which must be taken away from the adults for some time, must nevertheless be explained to the children as the most important right a citizen can have, one that was denied their forefathers for many centuries and one which must be earned. The German child shall not any more have to learn that the first duty of the citizen is to die for his Fatherland. He shall learn that it is better to live and to think for his Fatherland.

One problem is what is to be done with the young men grown up in Nazi education, the two million soldiers between the ages of eighteen and twenty-five. They must be given a chance to show if they can co-operate. If they fail, progress must brush aside these two million men. The nation has a population of over seventy million, and ten million are children. The younger they are, the more hope we have to win them over.

I believe that the supervision of German schools and universities will be the most important duty of the Allied Nations. It will be the most productive field after control is gained over the nation. The German nation can be made a useful member of the European family. Leave it all that the other nations have, with the following restrictions: Take away all weapons, supervise all education, and maintain it under political guardianship, because its people have shown the world that they are not able to govern themselves. If you do not do that, if you continue to speak in a tolerant way of the "poor, misled German people," if you persist in trying to distinguish between Germans and Nazis, then, within twenty years, your sons will have to fight a third war against Germany.

The German character cannot be changed any more than that of an individual person. The ideal of educators has always been to develop a character, not to change it. It is our task today to destroy the evil in the Germans and to reawaken their healthy instincts.

A challenging task.

THE END

Nitrogen—the Miracle Worker

Continued from page 12

companies entered the field: Du Pont, Allied Chemical & Dye, American Cyanamid, Shell Chemical Co. When war again threatened, we set out on a vast expansion program.

One of these new plants—the Morgantown (W. Va.) Ordnance Works—went in production the day of Pearl Harbor. This $60,000,000 ammonia plant produces a substantial amount of nitrogen for the Army. Other plants are supplying the rest of our military needs, the needs of our allies and the needs of industry.

What are we going to do with these plants after the war? Shut them down? Not likely. Political pressure will be too great for that. Congressmen won't want to see job-making nitrogen plants in their districts close their doors. Export? Other countries, too, have built gigantic nitrogen industries.

The scientists alone hold the key to the situation. Give the chemist a stock pile of any unwanted stuff and he is pretty sure to convert it into something salable. Germany faced a similar situation after the last war. Her scientists found so many uses for the products of the derelict nitrogen industry that, within a few years, the industry had to be enlarged. What are our chances of duplicating this feat? A preview of possibilities shows on the horizon a number of new processes that will take big bites out of the nitrogen stock pile.

Bite No. 1: Fertilizer will almost certainly make the biggest dent in the pile. Seventy-five per cent of the Florida citrus crop depends on nitrogen fertilizer; and 65 per cent of all the tomatoes we eat derive from it.

One of our war aims is a better-fed world. There are about 2,000,000,000 people on the earth and about 4,000,000,000 tillable acres. This means that every person on the earth has two acres to provide him with food and clothing. If the man in the post-war world is the well-fed creature we are picturing today, land will have to be cultivated more intensively. This means more fertilizer, more nitrogen. Millions of acres in our Eastern coastal plains can be reclaimed with nitrogen.

One piece of recent scientific work holds great promise. Men working with the Shell Chemical Co. in California made an important contribution to the picture of plant nutrition. In the soil, commercial nitrogen fertilizers break down into ammonia. Ammonia is the form of nitrogen which is taken up by plant roots.

Why not, the chemists asked, put ammonia directly into irrigation ditches? This would save time and money. Just before the war they tried this system with striking results.

They worked out a plan whereby cheap ammonia is bubbled into irrigation ditches or fed into the soil as a gas—metered as it is released from steel cylinders. In one test, celery-field production shot up from 565 to 736 crates; in a carrot field, from 120 to 209 crates. Similar results were encountered with other truck crops, and with wheat, cotton and berries.

Ammonia is Cheaper

This system has several advantages. Ammonia is a cheaper form of nitrogen than commercial fertilizers, and the flow of fertilizer to plants is regulated at will. If the market for a particular crop is strong, fertilizer can be hurried to the roots so they will mature rapidly. If the market is slow, growth can be retarded.

This idea promises to revolutionize agriculture in sections of the country where land is irrigated—California, Arizona, the Texas Panhandle, the Rio Grande Valley.

Bite No. 2: The nitrogen industry can produce a pure chemical to be used as animal feed! It can be used to produce cheaper beef, milk and wool.

Work which indicates this was conducted by Dr. E. B. Hart of the world-famous Agricultural Experiment Station at the University of Wisconsin. Dr. Hart traced the picture of animal nutrition. Cattle require large amounts of protein in their diets—supplied largely by linseed, cotton, soybean, and other oil-seed cakes. Mightn't it be possible to substitute urea for a part of this diet?

Urea is a white, crystalline stuff, a form of fixed atmospheric nitrogen. It is made by combining ammonia and carbon dioxide. This wonder chemical was first extracted from urine—hence its name. It is the chief product of protein metabolism—in other words it is what is left after you have digested a steak. Urea's chief prewar use was as a fertilizer. It has other uses as well—as we shall see presently.

Hart wondered why this form of nitrogen couldn't be used as a food for cattle and other ruminants. Wasn't it possible that animals might be able to synthesize their own proteins—thereby saving farmers millions of dollars a year?

Using a cow equipped with windows leading to her stomachs, he started the urea-feeding program. Every few hours he would take samplings from the cow's stomachs. His hunch had been right. The cow could change urea into utilizable protein!

Dr. Hart started feeding this chemical to a large number of animals and found that urea could replace over a third of the protein in their diet. Cows produced just as good beef and milk. Scientists at Cornell did similar work with sheep with equally encouraging results. Both these jobs are still in progress. But at this point it seems perfectly clear that a large part of our wartime nitrogen-fixing industry will be converted to a stock-feed industry. It's an engaging picture—that of cows subsisting largely on a diet of hay, air and coal.

Bite No. 3: The lumber industry promises to make heavy demands on the stock pile. When lumber is kiln-dried it checks—and cracks. Reason: In a kiln, timber dries from the outside layers toward the inside. This sets up stresses within the timber, and cracks result. Because of this, nearly half of all kiln-dried lumber must be graded downward—where it brings a lower price.

Scientists found that nitrogen in the form of urea—applied dry or as a spray or dip—prevents checking. The outside layers of the timber are kept moist, and it dries from the inside out. Using this method there is only 3 per cent spoilage!

This discovery came just in time to aid

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Zenith

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of a letter from home

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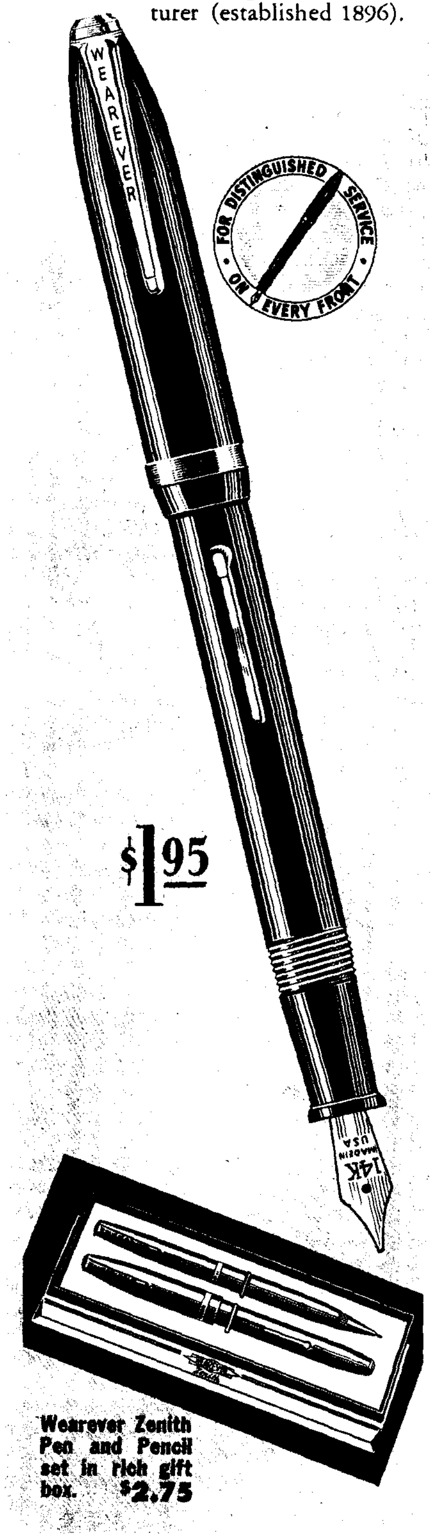

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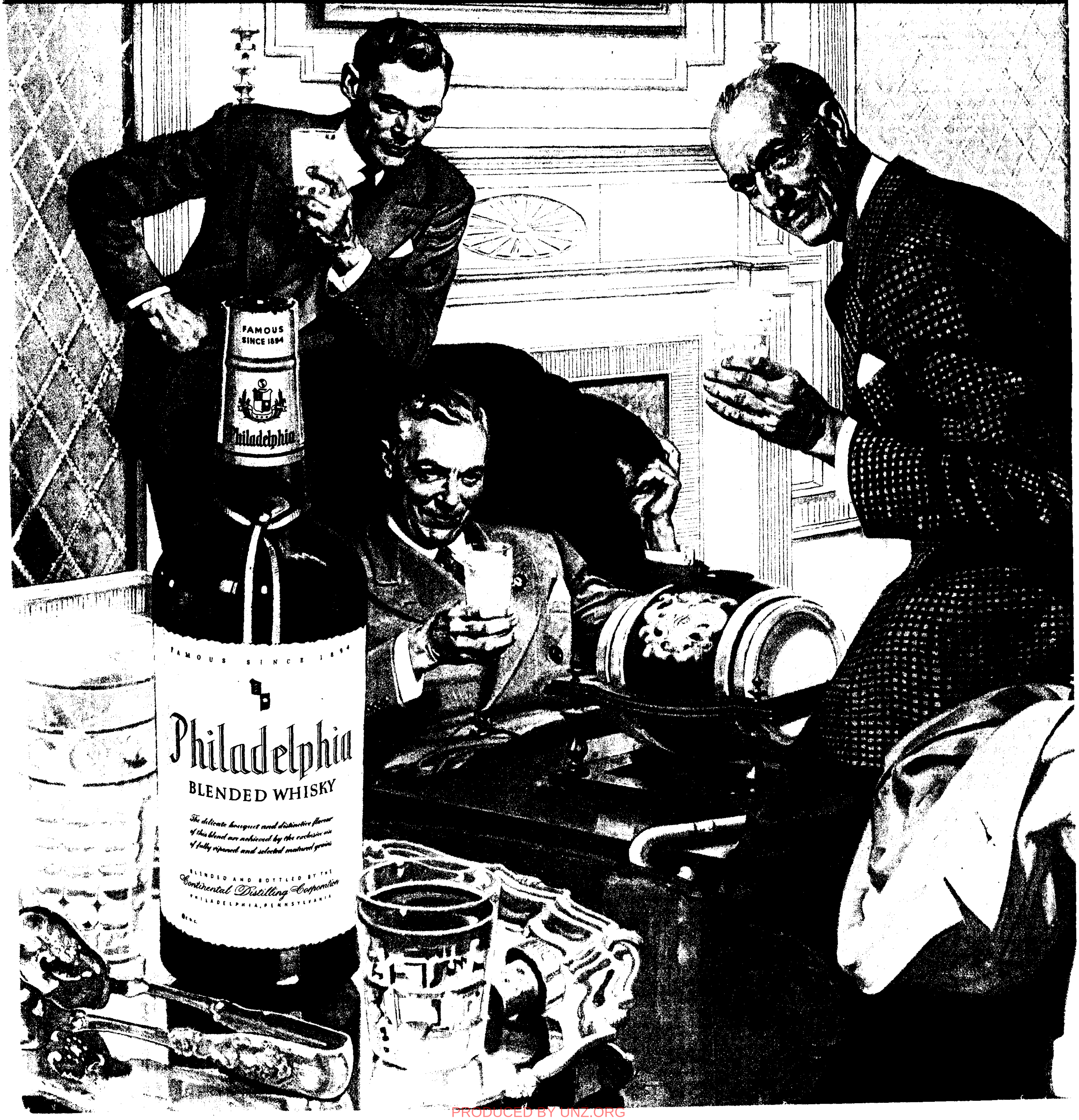
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the war effort. The Army needs high-grade lumber for pontoons and other uses, and the Navy needs it for decks, ribs and frames for boats. Without this new chemical treatment of wood, it's doubtful if the demand for certain prime timbers could have been filled.

While chemists were working on this problem they hit upon another significant discovery. A large log, soaked with urea, was in a kiln at the Forest Products Research Laboratory at Madison, Wis. There was a crash. When the kiln door was opened the researchers found the timber had sagged. They investigated, discovered that urea would soften wood so that it could be bent and twisted like taffy. On drying, it kept its new shape.

This discovery is being utilized to make wood bend—for boat ribs and such—more quickly and more easily than ever before possible. Urea is likewise being mixed with sawdust to produce a plastic material so hard and brittle that it is difficult to nail.

Bite No. 4: In the postwar years the chemical industry will make a heavy demand on the nitrogen pile. You have already seen some of the things they plan to make. You are familiar with the nitrogen plastics—made of urea and formaldehyde. These are the colorful, high-grade plastics used in radio cabinets, bathroom tumblers, cutlery handles, costume jewelry.

And you have seen nitrogen fibers—nylon being an example. This versatile stuff is being used in toothbrushes, paintbrushes, parachutes, and other new fields are opening up. Du Pont has a nylon window screening, ready for postwar use, which has some surprising virtues. It can be jabbed full of holes, yet the "wire" springs back into shape, so elastic is the fiber.

A urea resin has been developed that can be whipped into a foam. In this form, it makes an excellent soundproofing and insulating material which will be valuable in postwar homes.

Glue made from urea is finding wide uses today and will find wider ones tomorrow. It is waterproof, fungusproof, and insectproof. It is stronger and more permanent than the wood itself. It doesn't dry out and allow the layers of wood to separate. This type of plywood will find wide uses in homes, boats, furniture.

This glue may also be used to laminate paper. Weight for weight, this paper is stronger than steel. A paper airplane is by no means an impossibility.

Nibbles: Thus, the big bites in the nitrogen stock pile will be taken by agriculture and the lumber and chemical industries. Other uses will nibble at the mountainous pile. Medicine, for example.

Miracle Healing Maggots

One of the most romantic medical stories of the last war concerned the observations of a physician. He noted that an occasional casualty would come up with a horrible, maggot-infested wound. He also noted that when maggots were present wounds healed faster. This was a baffling observation until research men got busy.

They discovered that maggots excreted a chemical called allantoin and that this stuff had miraculous healing qualities. It seemed to dissolve the dead tissue on which bacteria thrived. Subsequent work showed that allantoin broke down into urea in the wound—and that urea performed even greater miracles of healing.

This discovery tied in nicely with a fact observed by explorers. Primitive people often use urine—from camels, donkeys or other animals, as a healing agent for wounds. Urea, which constitutes about 2 per cent of urine, is apparently the active agent.

Urea has been used to clean up old wounds and ulcers that resisted other treatment, to suppress infection in tooth sockets—and even as a wart remover! This discovery has been of immense value to physicians in treating war wounds. Within the past few months still another striking fact has been turned up. When used in conjunction with the sulfa drugs, urea seems to have a double-barreled effect. The urea cleans up a wound, and the sulfa drugs prevent subsequent infection. Urea also seems, from preliminary evidence, to be of value in sulfa-resistant cases—where sulfa drugs fail to work.

These are but a few of the methods visible at the moment, by which industry will attack the great postwar surplus of nitrogen. This miracle stuff, plucked from the air, can change our lives in a thousand subtle ways. It can bring worn-out farms into abundant production. It can serve as the basis for new textile and new plastic industries. It can be converted into a plentiful stock feed which will mean cheaper beef and milk, or it can be used to produce better lumber for better houses. Nitrogen can be made into paints, lacquers, dyes, inks. Its possibilities are as unlimited as the mind of man.

Nitrogen, the great nourisher of the soil, can be an equally great nourisher of our economy. It can create millions of new jobs, billions of dollars of new industry.

THE END

By Tellygraft

Continued from page 15

"I have heard," Mr. Challoner went on, after a long pull at his port, "that the prince has determined to extend his tellygraft along the road to Annapolis Royal. Stations every ten or fifteen miles. We shall see messages passed from Halifax to Fort Anne in five or six hours, maybe less."

"Stuff!" said Mrs. Challoner casually.

"We live in an age of marvels and stand upon the threshold of a new century. Who are you, madam, to say what is or is not to come?"

TO JENNIFER the most marvelous thing about the age occurred in the following twelve months. The tellygraft brought her a sweetheart. After that, nothing mattered. In two years the tellygraft was a commonplace, the country folk stopped talking about it, the chain of wooden towers and their bunting and black balls and drums going up and down had been part of the landscape; you might say the soldiers were old inhabitants.

Jennifer had been an early and eager visitor to the tower behind the farm. From its top, she explained naïvely to the Challoners, she could see the roof of her home on Sickles' hill, and she did not feel so lonesome. Mrs. Challoner grumbled about her gadding up the hill so much, and Miss Celia said something tart about showing her legs to those good-for-nothing soldiers—climbing that steep ladder inside the tower almost every afternoon. Mr. Challoner had added, with a twinkle, that she must be careful, for she was a big girl now.

Jennifer, seventeen, accepted these comments meekly, though her cheeks burned. There had been a little difficulty at first with the corporal, who had sly eyes and a bold tongue and wandering hands; but he had let her alone after she first looked into the eyes of Private Harry Beckitt and Harry Beckitt looked into hers. It was love at first sight with Jennifer and probably with Harry, too, though he would not have called it that. There was something wild and shy about him, like a buck in the woods. He was a lean young man, not handsome, with lank brown hair and dark blue eyes that looked at you very straight. He had been raised on a small farm in the backwoods, like Jennifer's own home, and had a plowboy's hands and a free, striding gait that four years of yelling drill sergeants had not mended very much. But he was a good soldier, Corporal Sleed admitted.

Harry had the countryman's knack of remembering hard-learned things; he could read off whole messages without consulting the signal book, and his steady blue eyes could pick out distant flags and pennants when the wind was wrong or—what was worse—when there was little or no wind and the bunting on distant Crompton's mill or Sickles' hill hung listless in the halyards.

Now, this bright fall afternoon, Jennifer was in luck. The corporal and two of his men had taken their muskets and gone through the woods toward Pockwock for a day's moose hunting with the Indians. Jennifer, the apple pie still carefully hidden under her apron, opened the door of the signal station and entered the big lower room, a bare place with a chimney and stove in the middle where the soldiers took turns at cooking, and a pine mess table stained with hot dishes and kettles and the round marks of wet bottles. Against the north and south walls were the narrow wooden berths of the soldiers. In one of them lay Private Sawyer snoring mightily. At sundown he would relieve Harry Beckitt and begin the long and empty night watch.

She tiptoed over the worn plank floor to the ladder and went up. It was a little awkward with the pie but she had done it a good many times now. She emerged in the signal room, lit by windows of many small square panes on the north and the south. In winter weather the men kept watch inside, rubbing the frosty panes and staring and shivering. It was hot now and full of buzzing flies.

SHE opened the door and stepped out upon the flat roof of the lower room. Harry Beckitt was sitting in the shade cast by the signal cabin, staring toward the south. He scrambled up and smiled.

"Guess what I've got!" Jennifer said archly.

He scratched his brown head dutifully. She played this game every time she came up. He was twenty-four, and she seemed a child, but a charming child with her eyes shining like that, and the flush in her cheeks.

"Somethin' to eat?"

"Pooh, you saw!" She whisked the pie into view.

"You," said Harry in his slow way, "look good enough to eat, yourself." He took the pie nevertheless and slipped an arm about her waist. He had been awkward about that, at first. Jennifer had placed her inviting person very close to him a number of times before he touched her at all. But he had learned. He had learned to kiss, too. He kissed her now, a nice long kiss that set her tingling all over deliciously, much better than the hasty pecks she had to be content with when Corporal Sleed and the others were near by.

She leaned against the locker where the flags were kept. The signal slate and pencil lay on the top of it beside the worn brass spyglass and the well-thumbed signal

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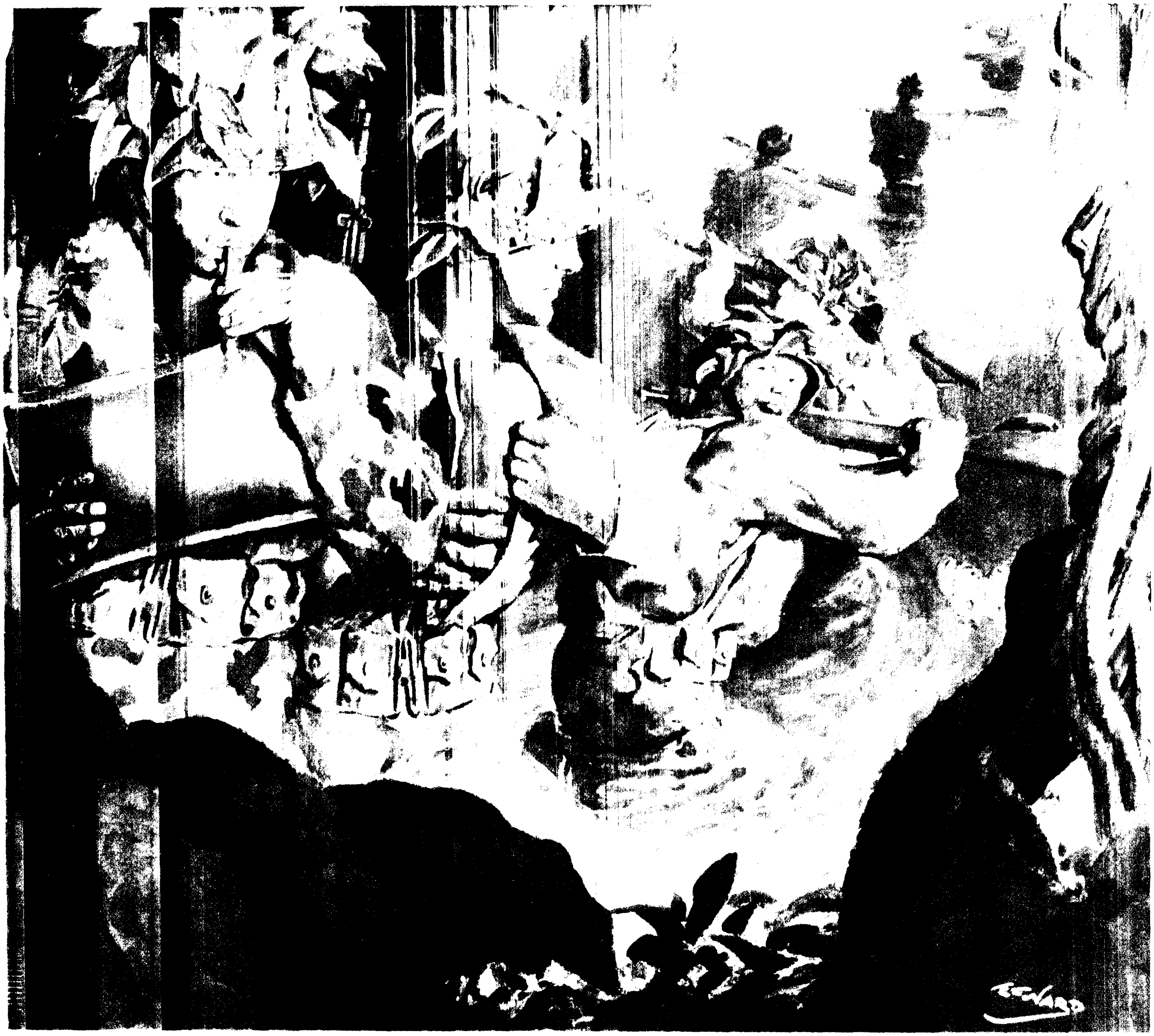

SAFE PASSAGE

Jungle swamps are as tricky as Japs. Knee deep here—bottomless a step beyond. And you can't swim with an eighty-pound pack on your back and a rifle in your hand.

So our jungle fighters are provided with life preservers of special rubberized fabric to help them pass safely through treacherous swamps and streams. Blown up and tucked under the roomy camouflaged battle tunic, they keep a man's head above water until he gets firm footing again.

It is one of Seiberling's war jobs to supply tens of thousands of these important articles to give our soldiers safe passage through jungle swamps. It is also Seiberling's war task to supply military tires, rubber life boats and pontons, bullet-sealing gas tanks, and much other war materiel.

Seiberling men and women know that now—even more than in peacetime—lives depend on their workmanship. In their many war jobs, they are employing all the skill and ingenuity that has made the Seiberling name on rubber like Sterling on silver. These *Experts in Rubber* are working with an intensity and interest that promises sharpened skills for the building of safer, more economical tires and other Seiberling post-war products for *you.*

But first, the war must be *won.* You can help by taking care of your tires. Keep them properly inflated. Drive slowly. See your Seiberling Dealer often. He can give you expert tire-saving service.

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ARMY E NAVY

Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods.

book. The lanthorns for night signaling were kept in a chest in the signal room. Harry turned his restless eyes toward the south again, and she saw that his face was grim. There was a queer set to his jaw.

"You expecting a message from Hal'fax?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Important?"

"Yes."

"What's the matter? You sound kind of queer."

Without shifting his gaze from the distant speck of Crompton's mill he said dully, "They're movin' some of us right soon. A man from each station. I've been recommended."

"Who 'commended you?" She was bewildered.

"Corporal Sleed. The prince wants a line o' tellygrafts around the Bay o' Fundy and up to Fredericton—all the way to Quebec, some say. That'll take dozens o' stations and hundreds o' men. He wants an old hand on each station to teach the rest. The corporal said he was doin' me a favor."

The pink had fled from her cheeks and her lower lip came out, trembling, like a child about to cry. She looked stunned and so she was. Pitifully she said, "When?" in a voice no more than a whisper.

"That's what I'm waitin' to find out."

SILENCE: Jennifer thinking dismally of the dull round at Challoner's and the emptiness with Harry gone, the soldier seeing himself marooned on some lonely perch about the Bay of Fundy shore, with gulls for company.

He said, biting off the words, "I ain't a-goin'. I 'listed to fight agin the French, not to sit and stare in some li'l ol' wooden tower in the backwoods like a fool owl that's got nothin' better to do. When this message comes I'll pack my knapsack and shoulder my musket and leave here all properlike—but they'll never see me in Windsor, nor Cape Chignecto nor the Wolf Rocks nor none o' those places the engineers got picked around Fundy Bay."

"But you can't!" cried Jennifer, a little wildly. "You mustn't! 'Cause they'll catch you sure as sure, and the prince'll have you shot or prob'ly hung on Hal'fax Common, in front of the people, like he does with all deserters."

"Huh! Got to catch deserters first. And they won't catch me! Soon as I'm out o' sight o' Challoner's, off comes my regimentals and on goes an ol' suit o' homespun and a leather cap I got in my knapsack. I'll circle through the woods and hit the road agin below Crompton's. Then for Hal'fax and a chance down the shore in a coaster."

"You goin' to run away to the States?" Jennifer asked in the small voice.

"Not that far. There's places in Nova Scotia. There's a place called Liverpool down the south shore, and a horse path lately cut through the woods to the head o' the river—the middle o' nowhere. They'll never look for me there."

"How do you know?" doubtfully.

"'Cause I know two-three men o' my regiment that's gone there a'ready. They've cut out farms for 'emselves and married girls from downriver and they're all right. The squads that hunt deserters always foller along the coast."

"Won't you be awful lonesome?" she said wistfully.

He looked at her swiftly and turned his gaze to the south again. "That's what I want to talk to you about. I . . . I ain't much hand to beat about the bush. Can't talk fancy talk like I want. D'ye like me, Jennie? A lot, I mean—an awful lot?"

Her breast leaped in the too-small bodice—she was still growing out of her clothes. "Oh, Harry! I'm crazy about you. I don't know what I'd do without you. Really I wouldn't. I never had a sweetheart before."

She watched his gaunt profile with eager eyes and saw a softening of the hard twist of his lips.

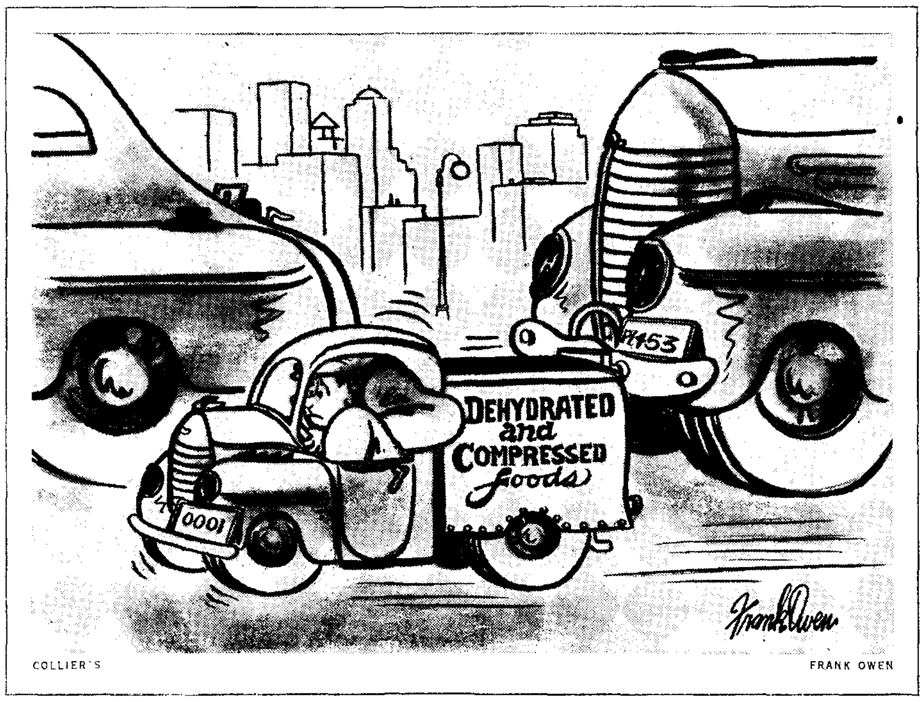
"D'ye love me enough to go to the wild country with me—to the backwoods o' Queens County, say?"

"Anywhere! Anywhere!" Her arms flew about his neck. "Oh, Harry!"

He reddened with pleasure but his big hands put aside these soft entanglements. He gripped her shoulders. "Listen then, Jennie. Here's what ye must do. Wait till I'm gone a month or a bit more, see? That'll give me time to get there and get fixed a bit, and by that time I reckon the Challoners won't suspicion if ye want to go home and see your father and mother a few days. Then ye must pack a few things and make your way down the coast, to my sister that married a Coopley at Liverpool. I'll look for ye there."

"But how?" she cried, distressed. "I've never been anywhere, not even to Hal'fax, and I've no money for lodgings nor packet fare nor anything."

"I was comin' to that." He drew a worn buckskin purse from his breeches pocket. "Here's thirty-five shillin's I saved out o' my pay."



"But you—how will you get to Liv'pool without money?"

He shook his head a short fierce shake as if her doubts and fears were flies. "I'll make my way, don't worry. Will ye do it, Jennie? Will ye come?"

She kissed him, long and long, clutching the thin purse in one small hot hand.

THE departure of Private Beckitt for Windsor fort and his failure to arrive there, avowed by an indignant flutter of signals from the north, created a small sensation at Challoner's farm, increased by the discovery of his regimentals behind a rock a mile or two up the road. Miss Celia, whose eyes were as sharp as her tongue, watched Jennifer for some sign of dismay, and saw nothing but a rapt look that puzzled her.

Miss Celia had been brought up in a manner befitting the daughter of an English officer and gentleman, a feat when you stopped to think of it, for the farm was miles from anywhere in the woods between Halifax and Windsor. The only neighbors—the Sickles did not count—were the Cromptons, six miles down the road.

Major Crompton had chosen better land, and he was an old Royal Engineer and had put in all sorts of ingenious improvements like the windmill which ground his grain. The Challoners had hoped to see Celia make a match with young Dick Crompton, and Celia had been more than willing; but Dick had tired of the country life and gone off to Halifax and married a merchant's daughter with plenty of money. That was ten years ago. There had been a noticeable frost in Miss Celia ever since. . . .

Her voice was very frosty indeed on the November morning, five weeks after the disappearance of Private Harry Beckitt, when she found the girl Jennifer weeping bitterly in a corner of the kitchen.

"She's undone," thought Celia; she had expected something like this. Aloud she said, "It's that runaway soldier, I suppose?"

JENNIFER looked up, startled. She was a woebegone object, her eyes all red and swollen and the corners of her small mouth drawn. "Yes, ma'am. They've caught him. In Hal'fax."

"How do you know?"

"Corporal Sleed. He was waiting at the well to tell me. It came up the tellygraft. The prince is in Annapolis Royal and they have to notify him about court-martials and such things and he sends back what the punishment's to be."

"The prince will have him hanged," said Miss Celia cruelly. "You're rid of a scamp."

Jennifer wept afresh. Her world was in pieces and she sobbed out the poor little pieces, sparing nothing.

Miss Celia was aghast. "You mean to say, you foolish girl, that you were going to run away from a comfortable home to join that scapegrace soldier in some wild place in the woods? Have you any idea what sort of life you'd lead?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jennifer said.

Miss Celia thought of Jennifer's shiftless father and hopeless mother and the ragged and barefoot Sickles children. "But why?" she cried. "Why?"

"Because I love him, ma'am."

"Love!" Miss Celia walked to the window and looked up the hill. "When does Corporal Sleed expect the reply from Fort Anne?"

"In two or three hours, ma'am, maybe less. The prince is usually very prompt with the punishment orders."

"What else did Sleed say?"

"He said," Jennifer choked, "he said I'd better take up with him, now. He wants me to come up to the tower and bring something to drink. He's let all the men go hunting."

"Indeed!" Miss Celia's eyes were twin blue fires. She hesitated, biting her lip. There was a red spot high in each of her pale cheeks. "Fetch me a jug of rum from the cellar, girl. Quick!"

"What for?" gasped Jennifer.

"Never you mind! You're to wait and watch. When you see my apron wave from the signal tower, come quickly—run, mind! I may need your help."

Jennifer caught up a jug. . . .

No one ever knew what transpired in the signal tower when Miss Celia went up the hill with the jug on that bleak November morning. If Corporal Sleed ever told, it was far away and to unsympathetic ears. When Jennifer ran breathless into the tower in response to the fluttered apron she found the corporal sprawled half in and half out of his berth, mouth open and snoring loudly, and Miss Celia standing in the middle of the floor scrubbing her lips with a handkerchief. The jug sat nearly empty on the mess table and the reek of rum hung in the room like a fog. The fire in the stove had gone out and the iron made little cracking sounds as it cooled.

Jennifer surveyed all this with wide round eyes. Miss Celia forestalled her question with a sharp, "Upstairs, Jennifer! Quickly!"

She followed the girl's worn heels up the rungs. Outside the signal cabin a keen westerly wind whipped their skirts and blew coldly up their legs.

"Now," said Miss Celia in a matter-of-fact voice, as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world. "We're going to send a message to Halifax. How do they start?"

"'Commander in chief to Headquarters,'" Jennifer said mechanically.

"Yes, yes, but how do we get the attention of those men at Crompton's mill?"

Jennifer ran to one of the great black wicker balls. "You have to hoist this to the west yardarm." She fastened it in the halyards and Miss Celia helped her hoist it up. Jennifer rested the spyglass in the worn niche on the rail and stared toward Crompton's mill.

"YOU seem to know a lot about this," Miss Celia said, a little grimly.

"I've watched my Harry do it so many times," said guileless Jennifer. "They're hoisting a ball now. That means 'Go ahead.'"

"Good! 'Commander in chief to Headquarters', you say? C! What's C?"

Jennifer flicked open the signal book. "It's—um!—it's a square flag on top and then two balls."

"Quickly, then!" They were awkward and the things went up slowly.

"What now?"

"You count twelve and haul 'em down and run up the next letter."

"That's O. What's O?"

Jennifer put her finger on it in the book. "A ball above, then a pennant, and then the square flag." Miss Celia hauled the signal down while Jennifer rummaged the flag locker for a pennant. Up went O. They counted twelve aloud, an odd little duet, Miss Celia's rather deep voice and Jennifer's treble, all whisked away on the wind.

"M's next."

"Um! A ball first, then another, and a pennant."

Below the cleared crest of the hill the pinetops were bending and hissing like a sea in storm; the squalls went ruffling over them like the shadows of summer clouds, and a few hard specks of snow stung their faces.

They were numb with cold. Their fingers fumbled over the halyard fastenings. The flags and pennants went up easily, but the balls and drums—the drums were shaped like a barrel and as big—were unwieldy in the wind and seemed to grow larger and heavier with every letter.

At the end of each word they waited, shivering, with Jennifer at the spyglass, until the answering ball went up on Crompton's mill. A slow business and Miss Celia said, "Pshaw! I could mount the mare and carry the message quicker than this!"

"The men do it faster," murmured Jennifer loyally.

Painfully, with frozen fingers and ach-

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ing arms and the raw wind tearing at their skirts and hair, with eyes streaming and hearts thumping—Jennifer's, anyhow—they spelled out Miss Celia's message: PRIVATE HARRY BECKITT TO FORFEIT ALL PAY AND BE DISCHARGED HIS MAJESTYS SERVICE AT ONCE REPEAT AT ONCE SIGNATURE EDWARD

It was done, each word acknowledged, and already the men at Crompton's mill were passing the message to the next station, running balls and drums and flags and pennants up and down in a very brisk fashion indeed, as if to show those clumsy fools at Number Five the way a tellygraft should be run.

Jennifer turned, awed, to Miss Celia. It was beginning to dawn upon her what an outrageous thing they had done to His Majesty's Service. But Miss Celia was looking toward the north. She snatched up the spyglass.

"Ah! They've got a ball up on Sickles' hill."

"Oh, lor'," moaned Jennifer. "That must be the real message from the prince. What'll we do now?"

MISS CELIA put the spyglass away carefully. "Ignore it," she said calmly.

"But what'll they think—those men at Number Six?"

"They'll think Sleed's drunk. Well—he is! His men will be able to testify to that when they find him tonight. Don't you see?"

"Suppose they send a man to find out what's wrong?"

"From Number Six? Pooh! It's sixteen miles by road—and I know soldiers; I wasn't born and brought up a captain's daughter for nothing. They'll make a note in their record to clear themselves and wait for this station to sober up and take the consequences. But you're wasting time, girl! Go on down to the house and pack your things and tell Ambrose I said to drive you over to Crompton's. Mamma's abed with one of her megrims and Father's off grouse shooting with the dogs, so there'll be no one to ask questions. The major's starting for Halifax at noon in his gig with the pig-yoke spring, so you'll have a good quick journey. Tell him you've got a sister sick in Halifax—anything you like. He'll take you. Have you any money?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am, thank you, ma'am. Oh, Miss Celia, I don't know what to say, to thank you. You're so clever—and so kind."

"Fiddlesticks!"

With her feet on the ladder Jennifer paused. "Won't there be trouble over this?"

Miss Celia's laughter was high and a little shrill. "Trouble? Oh, yes! But not for me, if that's what's on your mind, nor for you nor that precious Harry of yours—if you hurry. Hurry!"

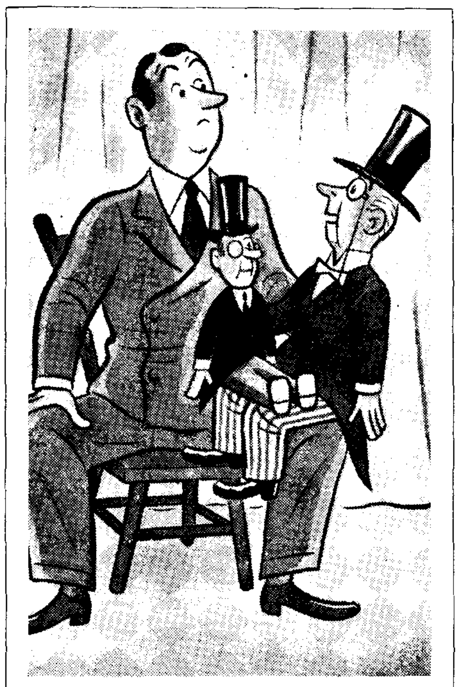
Jennifer vanished. Miss Celia put the flags away neatly with her chilled blue fingers, took a last sardonic look through the spyglass at the black ball going up and down indignantly on Sickles Hill, and climbed down the ladder. Corporal Sleed lay where she had left him, making sawmill noises. She caught up the jug and spilled what was left of the rum in judicious spurts over his green jacket and the bed, and closed the door quietly and triumphantly on the queer little tableau. She walked down the hill jauntily, swinging the empty jug by the handle. There was a light in her cold blue eyes.

SHE had done a good deed in a naughty world, but it was not that. She was not thinking of Jennifer and that good-for-nothing Beckitt. She was calling up a scene from childhood: a barrack square with the triangle rigged but with a sheepskin stretched where the defaulter should have been; and the drummers with their jackets off, practicing with the nine-tailed whips, first in the right hand, then in the left, so that the lashes could be laid on with equal skill from either side; and the drum major standing by with his cane, ready to dust their shoulders if they failed to whip the fleece off the skin.

She had saved Harry Beckitt that, but she was thinking of Sleed and his sly eyes and wet mouth, and the soiled paw about her waist; and she was thinking of the hot-tempered prince and his passion for discipline and the smart working of his telegraph.

She came down the hill with long strides, whistling Would You Know My Celia's Charms, and looking like Boadicea.

THE END



"I've been studying ventriloquism myself!"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN

The Light-Duty Marine

Continued from page 16

third plane came over, and he could hear the bullets hitting. They made a slapping sound, like someone throwing mud. Then the last plane passed over and went humming out to sea, and the colonel, puffing hard, got into the jeep and took a chew of tobacco and passed the plug over to Ringwood.

Peepsight said, "Colonel, sir, you didn't hear me a while ago. I was wondering when my transfer to the Raiders is going to come through. I like working—"

Ringwood didn't finish the sentence because a mortar shell landed in a coconut tree forty yards from them.

"We'd better get down the beach," said the colonel.

LATE that afternoon, Peepsight said to Survey, the mess sergeant, "I think I will get a little sack drill. Will you give me a call around sundown?"

Ringwood slept in a foxhole by the CP. It was midnight before Survey awakened him.

"The colonel wants to see you—on the double," said Survey. Peepsight started to light a cigarette, but the mess sergeant stopped him and said, "The smoking lamp is out, even down here. The Japs are infiltrating and there are some snipers around the CP."

Survey, carrying a big coffeepot and a Reising submachine gun, walked off toward the ammunition dump. Peepsight reported to the colonel.

The first thing Peepsight said was, "Colonel, sir, this looks like a good time to transfer me into the Raiders—"

"Knock it off, Ringwood," said the colonel shortly. A wiry young lieutenant came in and said, "The telephone is still out, sir, and it'll stay that way until morning, but we've contacted Colonel Robertson by short wave. They're low on ammunition and almost surrounded by Japs. Colonel Robertson says he needs grenades most of all to cool off the Shambos."

"Thanks, Lieutenant," said the colonel.

"Ringwood," said the officer, "I understand that almost every evening when you're not on duty, you fetch some Jap beer up to Colonel Robertson and bang ears with him until he lets you go on night patrols with the Raiders."

"Aw," replied Corporal Ringwood, "I just skylark around with 'em sometimes of nights. I figured since, maybe, you was going to give me my transfer to the Raiders, I ought—"

"You think you could take some beer up to Colonel Robertson tonight?"

Ringwood almost swallowed his tobacco when the colonel said this, and his dirty face beamed under the flaming beard.

"I'm just spoiling to get up on the hill with the Raiders, sir. And could I see the sergeant major about my transfer—"

"You will pay attention to me, Ringwood," interrupted Colonel Dorman. "You can take some beer to Colonel Robertson, if you wish. But the main thing I want you to get up there is an ammunition truck. We've tried to send two already tonight, and Robertson says that neither has arrived. If the Raiders don't get ammunition the Shambos will own the airfield and this command post by daybreak."

"You mean, sir, I got to do another driving job on my liberty time? Ain't there nothing but chauffeuring and other light duty for me in this Marine Corps?"

"You will not drive the truck unless you want to. The truck and the driver are waiting outside. You will be the driver's eyes. We heard two series of big explosions south of the airfield tonight—probably those ammunition trucks being blown up by Jap fire. If you don't want to try this, I can get someone else."

"Sir," said Ringwood, very formal and distant, "I'm ready to shove off." And he did an about face and walked out.

AT THE river, Ringwood fished out six bottles of beer. He met Survey, the mess sergeant, when he was walking back to the CP compound. Off in the night they could hear the bellowing of the artillery officer: "Rest one and fire three. . . . Load and lock. . . . Ready. . . . Fire!"

In the compound, a 1½-ton truck was parked. A short youth with powerful shoulders was sitting on the running board, staring at some papers in his hands and mumbling to himself.

"Well, change my skivvies!" said Survey. "That guy is even more owl-eyed than you, Peepsight. Or else he has the bulkhead stare. Here it is slap dark and he is trying to read."

"I am reading my gal's letter," said the Marine on the running board. "Even when it is too dark to see, it don't make no difference, for I have memorized the letter. I know it as well as I do my general orders. It is the only letter I have received from Marjorie since when I got on Gawgi."

"Are you the driver of this here truck, Mac?" asked Peepsight.

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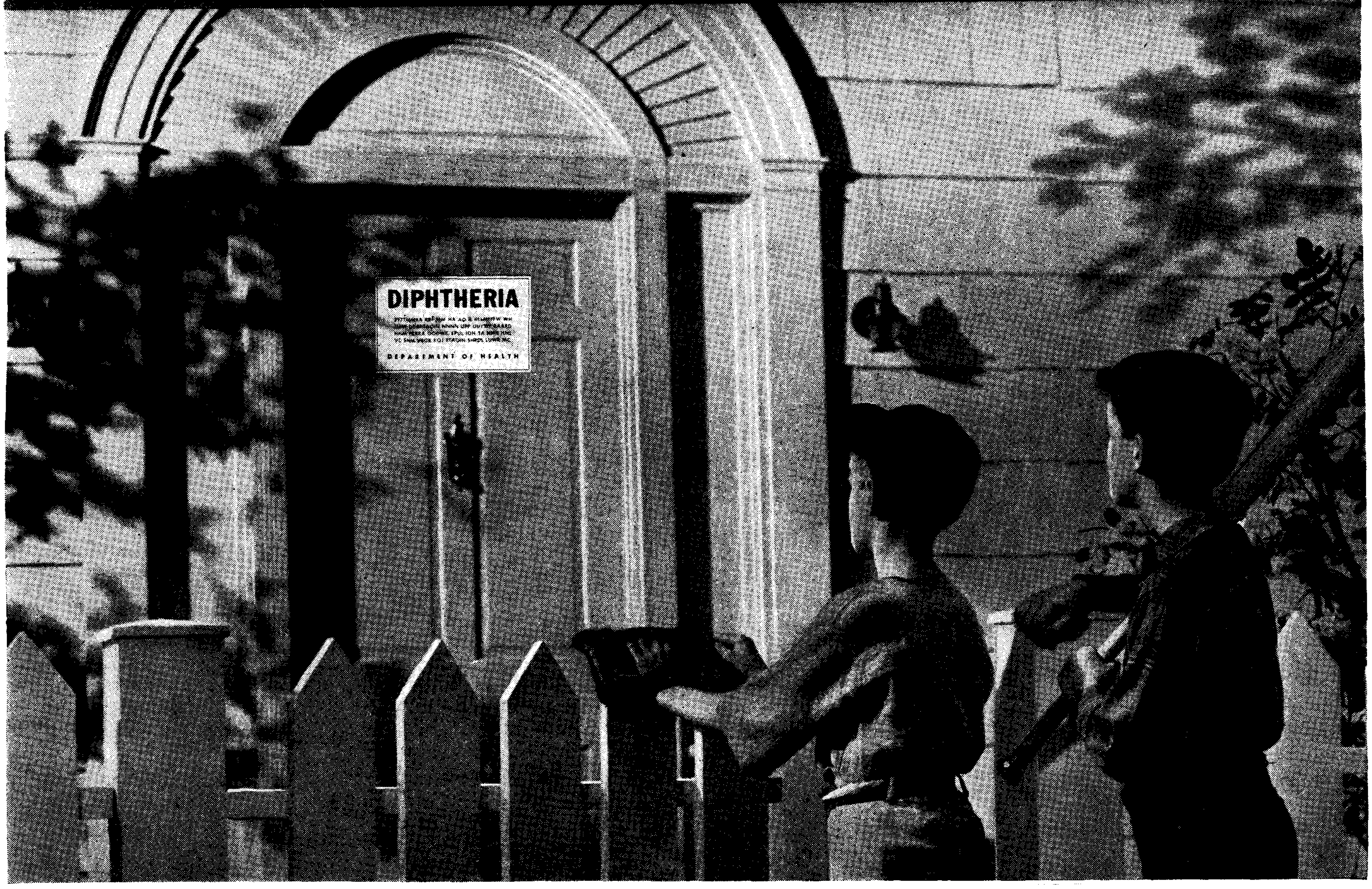

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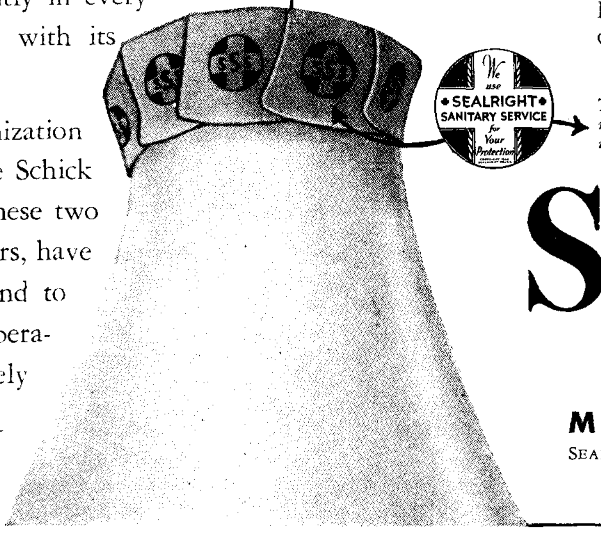

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"Yes," replied the other boy. "I don't like the way this letter sounds, the more I read it over. Marjorie says—"

"That ain't here nor there what she says," said Corporal Ringwood. "Let's get going. There's lots of Raiders going to be killed up there on the hill tonight if we don't tear the bone out getting these grenades and belts of ammunition to them."

Peepsight secured the beer among some waste under the seat of the truck's cab. Tenderly, he laid two tommy guns and a carbine on the seat. He dropped two bayonets, a hunting knife and a coil of lariat rope on the floor board of the cab.

"When we was training at Lejeune and at Dago, my gal always started off the letters, 'Dear Lefty,' " said the driver, "but in this last letter, she says, 'Dear Wilburn.' It sounds kind of cold, the more I think about it."

"Well, Wilburn, or whatever your name is, make a move," said Peepsight. "I'll ride up here in the cab with you until we get over in the groves going up the hill, on the other side of the airfield. After that—we'll see."

It was about a hundred and fifty yards from the CP to the airfield. It was forty yards across the little airfield, and on the other side the jungle started its half-mile climb to the top of the hill where the Raiders had their lines.

Now the hill was lit up like a theater marquee with mortar bursts and tracer bullets, and the Marine 105-millimeter artillery was firing somewhere off in the groves.

PEEPSIGHT was watching the hill closely to distinguish the Japs' .25-caliber rifle fire from the .30-caliber fire of the Marines. There were two roads, both in fair condition, up the hillside, and he picked the one nearest the beach.

"Lieutenant Foley is supposed to meet us at a place on top of the hill that we call the crossroads," he said. "But even if he's not there, it won't make no nevermind. For the Japs aren't supposed to have any trucks on this side of the hill, and the Raiders aren't likely to open up on us."

"Marjorie is almost as tall as me," said the driver. "Do you think that makes any difference? She's built awfully nice."

"Shut up," said Peepsight. "There is a little old Jap laying in the bushes over yonder. I can see his teeth shining. He hasn't seen us yet, but he has heard us, plenty. He's probably waiting there to get a shot at the fliers when they come out of their dugouts in the morning. Stop and turn off the motor. I'll be back in a minute."

"I don't see a thing," said Wilburn. He felt the letter in his dungarees pocket once, but the rest of the time he waited in the cab, peering into the darkness, with one of the tommy guns ready. Peepsight had gone, taking only the knife and the coil of rope and one of the bayonets.

He returned in a few minutes, carrying a trussed-up bundle in his arms. He threw the bundle on a fender, and the driver saw that it was a Japanese private, unconscious and securely hog-tied.

"We'll take him home for Lieutenant Balyne, the interpreter," said Peepsight. "The lieutenant needs another live Shambo to shoot the breeze with."

Wilburn turned the ignition key, but Peepsight said, "Turn it off. I got to think for a minute. Them first two ammunition trucks was blown up—probably by the Japs' mortar fire. And about all they could get through the lines now would be knee mortars."

"This is a pretty night," said Wilburn. "I hope Marjorie is not out dancing with some dogface."

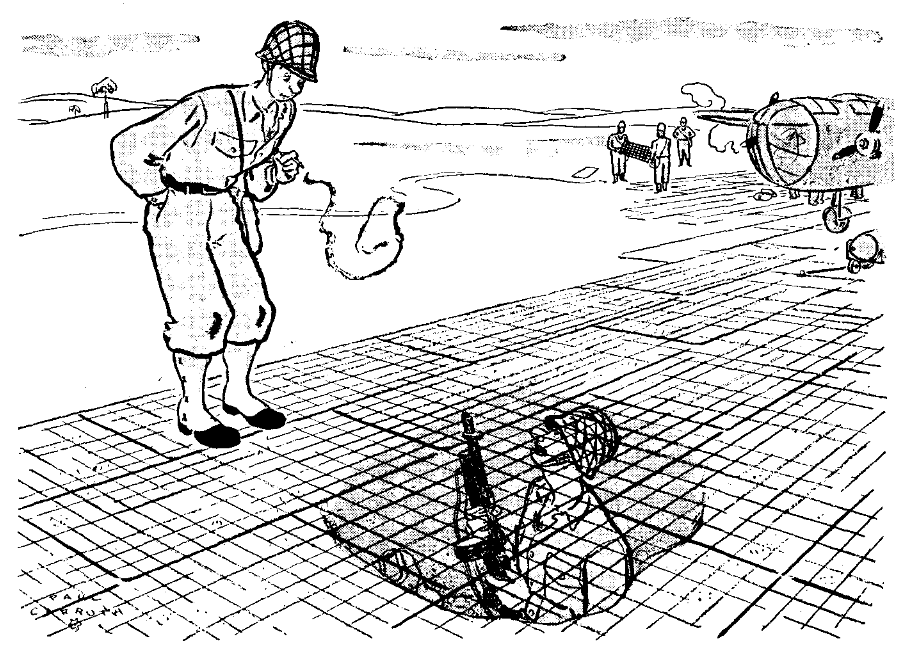
"You'd better wait here for a while, Mac," said Peepsight. "I'll go up ahead and scan out the shinnery on both sides of the road for mortar squads and snipers. You just lay quiet here."

Peepsight walked off down the road, and this time he took one of the tommy guns and a bayonet and the knife.

Wilburn drove the truck into some brush. He got out and tested the bonds of the Jap on the fender. The little man was regaining consciousness and mumbling a little. Wilburn tapped him on the head lightly with a wrench. Wilburn heard the chatter of a submachine gun three times, twice to the right of the road and once to the left. And once there was a burst of .25-caliber from up the road. One bullet went through the dashboard and into the upholstering of the seat. Another bullet hit the radiator.

About a half hour passed before Peepsight returned. He called out softly, and then he was beside the truck. He had three knee mortars and he stowed these in the space behind the seat.

He was breathing hard as he said, "I'd better drive from here on, Mac. We're really going to have to run the gantlet, and I can see the bomb craters in the road better than you, maybe. There's a whole mess of Japs all over the hillside. They must be about ready to break through the Raiders in force. Anything happen while I was gone?"



COLLIER'S Wise guys, eh? Me and my foxhole was here first" PAUL CARRUTH

"Naw, nothing much," said Wilburn, "except a shot went through the dashboard and into your beer under the seat, maybe, and another bullet hit the radiator, and it's leaking. It's a shame that bullet couldn't have hit that guy on the fender, instead of the radiator. But they was just wild shots, I think. I remember once back in Springfield—"

"Get your mind out of Arkansas," said Peepsight. "You better take Hashimoto there off the fender and throw him on the load. We're going to get a rough ride up the hill, from now on."

THE driver lifted the Japanese off the fender and tossed the little fellow among the cases of ammunition in the truck bed. The motor came to life. A mortar shell hit twenty-five yards to their right.

Peepsight said, "I must have corked off and missed some of them knee-mortar boys. But I haven't got time to hold an Easter-egg hunt for them all night. We got to get up that hill."

Another mortar shell exploded in the road behind them. The truck was in second gear now. The firing was heavy ahead, and the crest of the hill shone like a halo.

The truck was roaring along in second when Peepsight suddenly put one of his big field shoes on the brake and they stopped beside a little bomb crater.

"There are three or four little guys waiting for us twenty yards or so up ahead," he whispered to Wilburn. "I can see 'em good." He jerked on the hand brake, pulled the throttle out. The motor was racing when the two boys grabbed the tommy guns and slid out of the left-side door into the bomb crater.

THE firing had almost stopped on the hilltop. It was very dark and almost quiet. There was a movement in the bushes to the right of the road, and a burst of .25-caliber shattered the windshield of the truck's cab. When the firing stopped, the motor was still racing sweetly. There was another movement in the bushes.

Peepsight whispered to Wilburn, "You shoot at three o'clock and work up toward twelve o'clock. I'll start at nine o'clock and bring my pattern around to six."

They poked the muzzles of their submachine guns out of the crater and sprayed the bushes with bullets.

When they'd stopped firing, Wilburn said, "Maybe we ought to take a look in the bushes and check if we got them all."

"Naw, I can see from here," Peepsight told him. "They won't bother us no more. But we'd better get going. Them little guys probably have got a lot of friends hereabouts. Have you got any chewing tobacco on you, Wilburn?"

As they drove away, some .25-caliber, possibly stray, spent shots, hit the sideboards of the truck. For a few minutes, Peepsight had the foot pedal floorboarded, and the little truck rocked and swayed as they tore over the rough road. It was strangely quiet as they neared the hill's crest.

"We're almost to the crossroads," said Peepsight, "it's right up there, but I don't see nobody at all. I hope all this quiet don't mean nothing bad."

"It's just about as quiet as the night Marjorie drove me to the station in her car, the night I left for Boot Camp," said Wilburn. Then he saw that Peepsight had stopped the truck by the side of a big, square-fixed foxhole. There were more foxholes, near by. This was the crossroads.

A Marine arose from one of the foxholes, and Peepsight said, "Hey, Mac, give us a hand with this ammunition."

"I'll be very glad to," said the Marine in the foxhole.

"My gosh, Colonel Robertson, your face was so dirty I didn't recognize you," said Peepsight. "What are you doing here, sir? Is anything wrong? Why's it so quiet up here now?"

"Colonel Dorman said you were coming, Ringwood. And I knew that you'd make it here, if anyone could. It's quieted down here the last few minutes because the Shambos are getting ready to throw everything they've got at us. They know we were low on ammunition. But now we can put plenty of heat on them, thanks to you boys. The hunting's going to be the best since the Tenaru River on Guadalcanal."

Colonel Robertson whistled softly. A dozen or so Marines appeared through the brush and started unloading the truck. The trussed-up Jap on top of the load was dead.

"Those little guys who shot in our windshield must have got him," said Peepsight, "and I was counting on bringing him back alive to Lieutenant Balyne. Maybe, I can catch another one tonight." He turned to Colonel Robertson. "Sir, I brought you up some more beer. I'll get it for you in a minute, though one or two of the bottles may be busted. Wilburn, here, and I can stay up here until morning. We'd like to get in on the fun."

"I'm sorry, Ringwood, but you can't stay," said Colonel Robertson. "I've got a job for you."

"Not some more driving, I hope, sir?"

"Yes. We've got a dozen boys up here that are really shot up badly. I'm going to ask you to take them back in the truck, right now. There'll be an amphibian tractor down on the beach, waiting to carry the wounded to the destroyer offshore. You've got to go back faster than you came up here. One of the men got both his feet shot off at the ankles, and the Corps men can't stop the bleeding."

Peepsight's red beard was pressed against his chest when he answered, "Yes, sir."

When the truck was rocking and swaying with a scream of gears down the hill, Peepsight was at the wheel, and Wilburn was holding the wounded man in his arms. The truck was loaded with other wounded men.

Wilburn said, "Peepsight, you forgot to give the colonel his beer."

Corporal Ringwood replied, "I'd like to give him a bottle of beer—and you know where."

SURVEY, the mess sergeant, was waiting in the CP compound when they drove up a little after daylight. He poured them some coffee and said, "That truck is a wreck. How was it? It must have been rougher than the back end of a shooting gallery up on that hill. Colonel Dorman just got word that the Japs are running for the Kamo hills. They had over five hundred casualties when they tried that last big break-through after you guys got up there with the ammunition."

"I wouldn't know nothing about all that," said Peepsight crossly. "I've been a combination truck driver and Hospital Corps man all night."

"Has any mail come in, Survey?" asked Wilburn.

"Naw," replied the mess sergeant. "You people better police up a little and go see the colonel. He wants to see you both. And you better gas up the jeep, Peepsight. I think the colonel wants to go down to the beach and hold another powwow with them Navy birds."

When the two boys stood before Colonel Dorman, Peepsight's heart sank, for the colonel offered him a chew of tobacco. That was a bad sign. Also, the colonel said, "Stand at ease, kids. I'm recommending you both for Silver Stars for all this."

Corporal Ringwood's flaming beard fluttered as he swallowed hard, and then he said: "We sure do thank you, sir. But what I want to know is, when is my transfer to the Raiders coming through? If they ever get the word back in Dago that I'm on this here light duty—"

THE END

BOTANY

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that the fabric
is the
soul of the suit

BOTANY
"500" SUIT

TAILORED BY DAROFF

For half-a-century...Botany has been famed for fine worsted fabrics...and Daroff has been noted for excellence of tailoring. Now these two great firms have collaborated...to produce a combination masterpiece—the Botany "500" Suit, tailored by Daroff...and featured by leading retailers...at $45. You'll find this a new conception of fashion, quality and value in men's apparel. If you can't locate a dealer...write Daroff.

BUY BONDS
...KEEP ON
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BOTANY WORSTED MILLS · PASSAIC · N · J

TAILORED BY
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SMART AS A FOX
every time he lights his pipe!

He knows his smoke meets the
INDOOR TEST

Listen, fella! The man smoking BOND STREET is smart in two ways.

First, he gets the cool, bite-free, mellow flavor usually found in expensive custom blends. Second, his pipe pleases everybody. Even the ladies like BOND STREET's delightful aroma. It leaves no stale pipe odors in the room.

BOND STREET contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced blend.

It's genuinely aromatic. Doesn't lose its flavor. Try BOND STREET. Buy a package—today.

15¢
POCKET PACKAGE
Convenient folding
Pocket Pouch—10c

BOND
STREET
PIPE TOBACCO
A product of PHILIP MORRIS

This is Sicily

Continued from page 14

have been shipped to the mainland.

Now there are two kinds of wheat—the kind you make bread from and the kind you make spaghetti and macaroni from. Sicily has always specialized in the latter type. In exchange for this six hundred thousand tons per year, Rome paid Sicily partly in lire (at what was virtually a confiscatory rate) and partly in the kind of wheat used in making bread. This type of wheat was sadly lacking when we marched into such cities as Syracuse, Ragusa, Vittoria, Caltagirone and, of course, Palermo. People cried out piteously for bread.

Our AMG leaders felt that wheat was hidden in the country, in mills and granaries and farmhouses. They issued a proclamation ordering the wheat hoarders to disgorge. When this didn't work, they sent men out searching. They found plenty of wheat which the canny Sicilian farmers had hidden and were holding until the shortage would result in higher prices. When it comes to finance, the Sicilians are not exactly starry-eyed visionaries. Our AMG leaders, who have the status, the power and incidentally the guns of our Army behind them, wasted no time in grabbing the wheat, paying a fair price for it and distributing it where it would do the most good.

In Palermo each morning, long lines of citizens form in front of the office building which serves as AMG headquarters. Each citizen has a different problem. A twenty-year-old youngster from Brooklyn, Corporal Caesar Catti, was borrowed from the Army by AMG. He acts as the initial buffer. He hears the stories they have to tell and then he sends them on to the man in charge of that particular problem. I sat with him one morning, listening to the complaints and admiring the common sense used in handling them.

One quite attractive Sicilian girl with dark, flashing eyes sat down to tell her story. She told Corporal Catti that she was very pregnant indeed. The corporal showed interest but no embarrassment. The man who had been her lover was now one of our prisoners of war; he was a Sicilian who had been drafted by the Italian army. Her hostage to fortune was due to make its appearance within three months, and she thought it would be very nice if the United States Army would release her dream prince, so he could legalize their union. He was, she added, quite willing to marry her; they just never got around to it, what with the bombings and the war and everything. If he were released and they were married, they could live on her father's farm, and her husband could help with the harvest.

An Egyptian War Correspondent

Corporal Catti wrote a note explaining her story and sent her along to the boss man, whose name we cannot mention.

"Hell, get the guy out of the clink and get them married!" ordered the boss.

The corporal said, "The boss don't want to punish anyone. He's a very fair man and he uses a lot of common sense."

The next customer was a dark-looking gent in khaki without insignia, who explained that he was a war correspondent. He was good-looking in an unwholesome sort of way. He explained that he had an automobile but wanted a license to run it. Here in Sicily, people can only use automobiles on official or necessary business. The corporal looked at me. There are many things about this theater of war I don't know, but I do know every war correspondent here.

I asked the man for whom he worked, and he answered glibly that he was an Egyptian war correspondent. I rolled my head with that punch because being an Egyptian war correspondent is like being a Swiss sailor. There just isn't such a thing. Then the gentleman in khaki made a bad mistake. He lowered his voice to a confidential tone and told the corporal there'd be fifteen dollars in it for him if he could arrange the necessary permit.

Being from Brooklyn myself, I know how Brooklyn characters react and I was immensely surprised when Corporal Catti did not put the slug on the jerk, as we would say around Ebbets Field. Instead, he merely asked him his name and address and said that he would hear from him later.

"We are not allowed to slug anybody in this Army," the corporal said apologetically to me. "Instead, we report him. So I will report that phony bum, and he will get into plenty of trouble. I would like to have had my pal Terry here. Terry," he added wistfully, "was a prize fighter in civilian life and he can hit very good, too."

Display No Resentment

To say that the Sicilians are head over heels in love with America and our American troops is to put it mildly. I have been all over the island since the occupation and have never seen an unfriendly act or even an unfriendly glance on the part of the local citizenry. This is true even in heavily bombed cities like Trapani. Trapani, on the northwest coast, became fairly wealthy because of its extensive salt beds, but after two days of bombing by "Tooey" Spaatz and his Air Force, Trapani went out of circulation. Yet when the people returned to their ruined homes, they showed no resentment. They showed nothing but hatred of Germany, Italy and Fascism.

I met an old friend from London in Trapani. He was a chief inspector of Scotland Yard, now in charge of policing Trapani. I went with him and the head of the local *carabinieri* to look over the police force. As we met a policeman, he would salute in our style. One unfortunate *carabiniere* forgot and absent-mindedly snapped to attention with his right hand upraised in the Fascist salute. The huge, mustached chief of the *carabinieri* let out a howl of rage and tossed as pretty a left hook as I ever did see right to the point of the unhappy copper's jaw.

"We've had enough of that nonsense," the chief of the *carabinieri* roared, while my friend and I just stared. "There'll be no more of that on this island—ever!"

The genuineness of the Sicilians' hatred is too apparent to be an act. They have always been the goats. They had to accept the responsibility of being citizens of Rome without receiving any of the benefits. Each of the nine provinces was ruled over by a Rome appointee who received a very small salary. But he was allowed to feather his own nest—and he did. He had the power of appointment, and any office could be bought from him. He fixed the prices of everything from watermelons to brothels and he took a cut on everything.

Mussolini thought so little of Sicily that he never even visited it until 1938, when he arrived and made a lovely speech, promising Sicily everything. When he returned to Rome, he did nothing but decrease the prices which Rome paid for Sicilian wheat. The intelligent supervision exercised by AMG is increasing Sicily's love for America.

There is an island off Trapani called Favignano. While I was in Trapani, my friend the inspector went to visit the island. I was in the AMG office when he reported, on his return.

"There are six thousand people on that

island," he said; "and about a third of them have typhus. They have nothing to eat except the fruit that grows on the island and the fish they catch. The Eyeties used the island as a naval base, and we bombed it pretty heavily. We ruined the mills that ground their grain. These must be repaired and petrol sent over to run their machinery. They need doctors and medical supplies."

Within eight hours, a gang was on its way to repair the machinery; doctors and drugs were en route; grain and wheat taken from inland farms was being hurried to the stricken people. Those six thousand people can hardly be blamed for loving America. Nor are these Sicilians backward about showing their appreciation. Our hospital at Palermo was woefully understaffed, so an appeal was issued for voluntary workers. The next morning, a crowd gathered in front of the hospital, asking to help. Today the orderlies, mess attendants and laborers at the hospital are all Italian volunteers.

Driving through Sicily these days is an amazing experience. There are towns here of two thousand population which will boast ten or twelve *saloni* or barbershops. The Sicilians were quick to learn the English word, and today, all over the island, you see English signs, hastily penciled on cardboard, over their barbershop doors.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

a new serial
in four long parts by

W. R. BURNETT

The taut and moving story
of a gang of chiselers
who lived off one man,
who, in his turn, set out to
live off a woman—
with the ominous title:

NOBODY
LIVES FOREVER

You drive through remote towns like Carina, perched high on a mountain peak two miles inland from the northwest coast, and you'll find that the American spirit has even infiltrated here. You have to drive slowly in your jeep through the narrow, winding streets, and a thousand children run after you, yelling joyously "Goodby"—the only English they know. Whenever a jeep stops, kids swarm all over it asking the driver for *"una caramella,"* which means the kids want candy. The soldiers oblige if they have any. The kids too have learned the "V" sign and they never miss a chance to display it. Our troops have no defense against the warm, eager welcome these youngsters give them, and in towns which have opened up to the extent of having ice-cream stores, you'll always find a dozen kids chaperoned by a few soldiers who are buying them *gelati.* This genuine, honest friendship of the children is merely a reflection of how their elders feel.

The old Fascist signs are still up all over, and our civil and military leaders are smart enough not to take them down. Let the people take them down or paint over them if they wish. In so far as is consistent with public health and security, no discipline beyond an eight-o'clock curfew is imposed on the island's people.

The most surprising aspect of it all is the lack of resentment felt by the people of even the most badly bombed cities. I visited Marsala recently. This is the worst beaten-up city in Sicily; only in Russia have I ever seen such destruction. Marsala was a peaceful city on the west coast which did nothing but make Marsala wine. Unfortunately, the Germans used it to base their E-Boats and, after Tunis fell, Rommel used it as his headquarters.

Marsala is proud of one date—May 11, 1860—when the great Garibaldi landed on the shore at Marsala to liberate Sicily. They do say Marsala was really born that day. But it died on May 11, 1943, when Spaatz and Tedder sent their Liberators and "Forts" over the town. Within two hours, Marsala was a shambles; Rommel's aide was killed and Rommel himself was wounded. All the shipping in the harbor was destroyed, and more than a thousand Germans were killed.

Marsala can never be rebuilt. Today it is a ghost city and, walking through it (you can't drive for the debris), you unconsciously lower your voice. The people fled from Marsala and have not returned. I talked to the venerable mayor—*podestá* in Italian. His name is Antonio Spano Grignano. He talked of his city with sadness, yet without resentment.

"The Americans were right in bombing our city," he said. "It was filled with Germans, and they were using it as a naval base. But that was a pitiful day, May eleventh. The people were frantic, of course, and they cried up to the American planes, 'He isn't here—he is in Rome. Go and bomb him in Rome!' They thought the Americans were after Mussolini."

Germans Are Not Generous

Perhaps the attitude of the Sicilians toward the Germans can best be summed up by what the maître d'hôtel of the Excelsior in Palermo has to say. This is the only good hotel now functioning in Palermo. I asked white-haired Alfredo Ferrari how his waiters and himself liked the Germans.

"No good," he said, rolling eloquent eyes ceilingward; "we did not like them. You know what they tip? They tip one lira, two liras, never more."

Our Army boys are having some strange experiences here and getting a lot of laughs. I think the strangest experience of all fell to the lot of Captain Charles Rosenbaum of the 82d Airborne Division. When he and his mates were dropped by air, they found themselves in a peaceful part of the island. Rosenbaum found an Eyetie colonel sleeping blissfully underneath an olive tree. He woke him gently and told him that he was a prisoner. He demanded the colonel's gun. The colonel handed over his Baretti. Now the Baretti is a beautiful weapon, much prized by our troops. Rosenbaum, a lover of fine weapons, was horrified that the colonel's gun was filthy.

"You don't deserve a lovely gun like that," the young American raged. "Look into that barrel. It's dirty."

"My orderly was killed last week," the colonel said. "That's why the gun was dirty. I had no one to clean it."

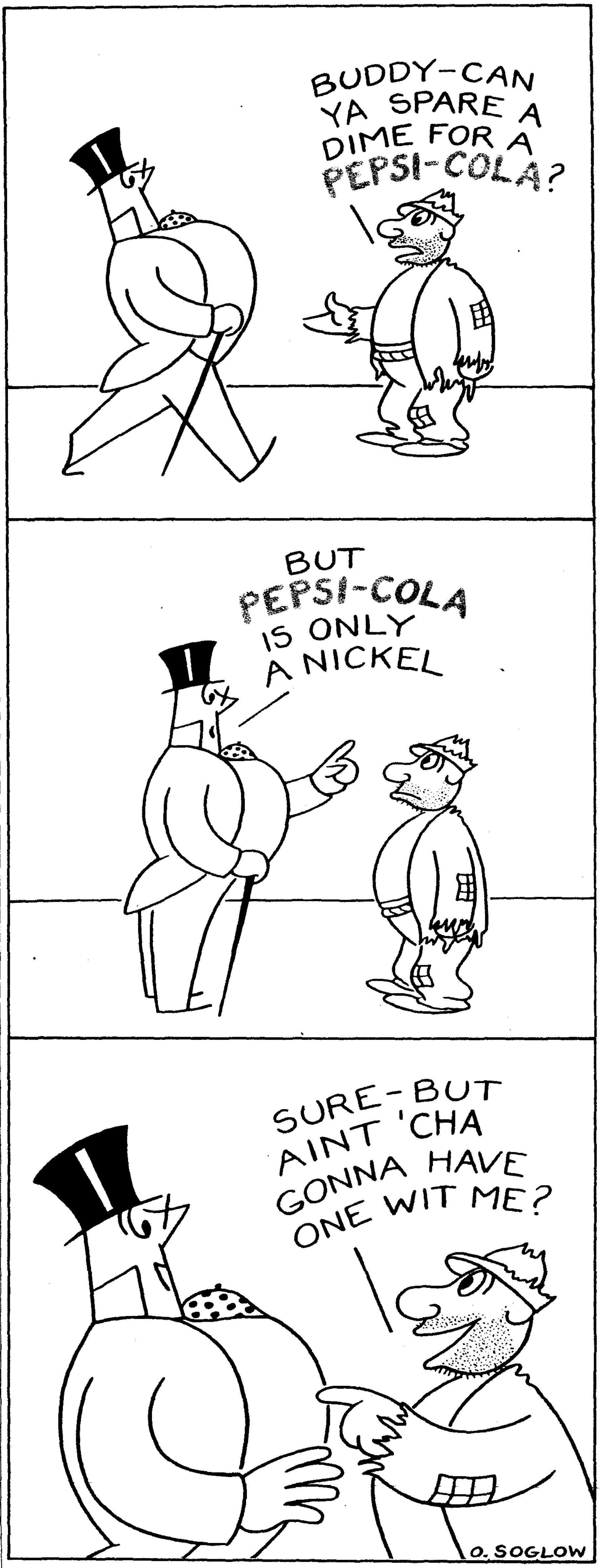
As Rosenbaum marched his prisoner off, he kept telling the colonel how ashamed he should be to have a dirty gun. Two days later, a message came to Rosenbaum. The Italian colonel, after thinking it over, had come to the conclusion that he had been insulted by the American officer and he demanded satisfaction on the field of honor.

I asked Rosenbaum if he would accept the challenge.

"But the guy is in the hoosegow," Captain Rosenbaum said plaintively. "How can you fight a duel with a man who is in jail?"

Well, that's Sicily. It's hot as the devil and it's full of fleas, flies and filth, but at the moment it's just about the most interesting place in the world, and none of us here would be anywhere else, unless, of course, it was home.

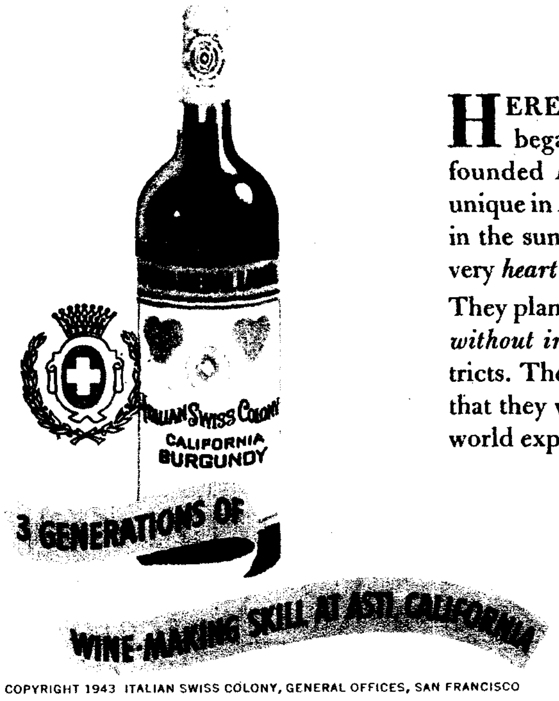
THE END


BUDDY—CAN YA SPARE A DIME FOR A PEPSI-COLA?
BUT PEPSI-COLA IS ONLY A NICKEL
SURE—BUT AIN'T 'CHA GONNA HAVE ONE WIT ME?
O. SOGLOW

Wines

Wines with a past

...for your pleasure today



HERE'S an extraordinary story of wine-making that began over 60 years ago. In 1881, a group of men founded *Italian Swiss Agricultural Colony*... a Colony unique in America. They built their homes and their winery in the sunny hills of historic Sonoma County—today the very *heart* of California's fine-wine country.

They planted Europe's prized vine cuttings, which thrived *without irrigation,* as in the famous European wine districts. Then, from the grapes, they made wines so superb that they won many gold medals and other high awards at world expositions.

To know the rest of this romantic story, simply open a bottle of table wine from the quaint Colony village of Asti... perhaps Tipo Red or White, or Gold Medal Label California Burgundy or Sauterne. Serve it with dinner. Notice its brilliant, jewel-like color. Catch its enchanting bouquet. Then, *taste its glorious flavor!* You'll agree that these wines—made by skill handed down through three generations—are as remarkable as the Colony which gives them their name.

Equally fine and equally famous are Italian Swiss Colony's sweet dessert wines... such as Gold Medal Label California Port, Sherry and Muscatel. Try them soon.

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY

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BORDER TO BORDER ON BOOTLEG GAS

BY MARK MILLER

DRAWING BY CARL ROSE

Our mischievous reporter wanted to know if gas rationing works. You'd be amazed at what he found out

GAS rationing is a joke," I said. "Bootlegging of gasoline is nation-wide, and chiseling is common. Coupons or no coupons, you can drive anywhere you want to in this country and buy all the gas you can burn."

"If you can prove that," said Collier's editors, "if you can drive border-to-border on an A card, it's a story."

"Done!" I said.

I have just completed a 2,000-mile trip from the Mexican border at Brownsville, Texas, to the Canadian boundary at International Falls, Minnesota, without giving up a single gas ration coupon.

The start was made with one gallon of legitimate gas and no coupons of any kind. The trip required 123 gallons, and when the Canadian line was reached, I had extra coupons for 190 gallons.

Oil-rich Texas hates gasoline rationing to the last man, and within ten blocks of the starting point, I got my first tank of bootleg at usual prices. Not at any point on the trip was a higher price asked for gas without coupons.

Out of the palm-lined citrus belt, across the fabulous King Ranch and into the oil country, the gas indicator sagged until it wagged a warning finger at the "empty" sign.

At Victoria, Texas, I chose a roadside station that didn't look too prosperous.

"Look, mister, I'm going to Minnesota," I told the attendant, "and I'm plumb out of ration coupons. How about filling her up?"

"Sorry, fella, haven't any extra tickets right now. Fact is I'm short myself. And, anyway, you might be one of those OPA inspectors."

After five similar refusals, I decided the sales talk was wrong. For the sixth, it was changed to: "Mister, I want to buy fourteen gallons of gas and some oil, but I need a little help on the ration coupons."

That worked, and it became standard for the trip.

Two Lessons on How to Finagle

Then over rolling fields of cotton and corn to the state capital. Austin was tougher, but it taught two valuable lessons. The swanky superservice stations say no quickly and emphatically. They have too much money invested to take chances with that kind of business. The other negative lesson was that an operator won't consent if propositioned within the hearing of other motorists or employees.

But out in the suburbs, it was a different story. I drove into a roadside station where the owner was sitting on a stool, watching the cars go by. I gave him the standard spiel.

He looked me over briefly and put the nozzle into the tank.

"Reckon I might just as well. If I don't, the next station will."

That tank lasted to Dallas, with some to spare. At Dallas, things got really tough. For several weeks, the OPA had concentrated its efforts in that area, and station operators were gun-shy. Eight refusals came in rapid succession.

At one station, feeling ran high. I could see anger in the man's eyes when I gave him the usual line. He told me that if I didn't get out of there pronto, he'd call a cop. He reached for a broom, and I made a hasty exit. Through the rear-view mirror, I caught a glimpse of a service flag with three stars.

Just out of Dallas, a little, old white-haired lady in a sunbonnet summed up the Texas attitude. She was filling a farm truck as I drove in. When the truck left, I gave her the sales talk.

"Dad gummit, man," she said, "why didn't you speak up when that truck was here? He's got more coupons than he knows what to do with. This danged rationing don't make sense. Some have too much and some have nothing."

But it was a small-town operator near Dallas who provided a classic example of the regard in which OPA is held in Texas. Without a word of comment, he filled the tank and waved me on my way. At the curb in front of his place, he flew an American flag.

Source of the Extra Coupons

But where did all the "extra" coupons come from to provide me with all this ration-free gas? Muskogee, Oklahoma, gave the answer.

Entering Muskogee, I was turned down twice before pulling up at a station that appeared to cater largely to trucks. I gave the usual talk. The man in charge hesitated.

"How much you need?" he asked.

"All I can get."

"Let me see your identification papers. Can't be too careful these days, you know."

I showed him everything, registration card, Social Security card and car owner's certificate, which he checked with the license plates. He filled the tank. Then:

"You got a long drive ahead of you. Why don't you pick up some truck tickets?"

"How?"

"That ain't hard. For five bucks a hundred gallons, 'most any of these truck drivers will help you along. I don't peddle them myself, but I know a lot of the boys who do. Why don't you come back after supper when business eases off? Maybe I can get some of the boys to fix you up with all you need—anything up to a thousand gallons."

I told him I would be back. It looked as if I had hit the jack pot. Fifteen minutes in Muskogee had produced ten gallons of bootleg gas and a wholesale proposition.

The night was hot and dry, and I spent the next hour downtown, trying in vain to buy a perfectly legitimate pint bottle of beer.

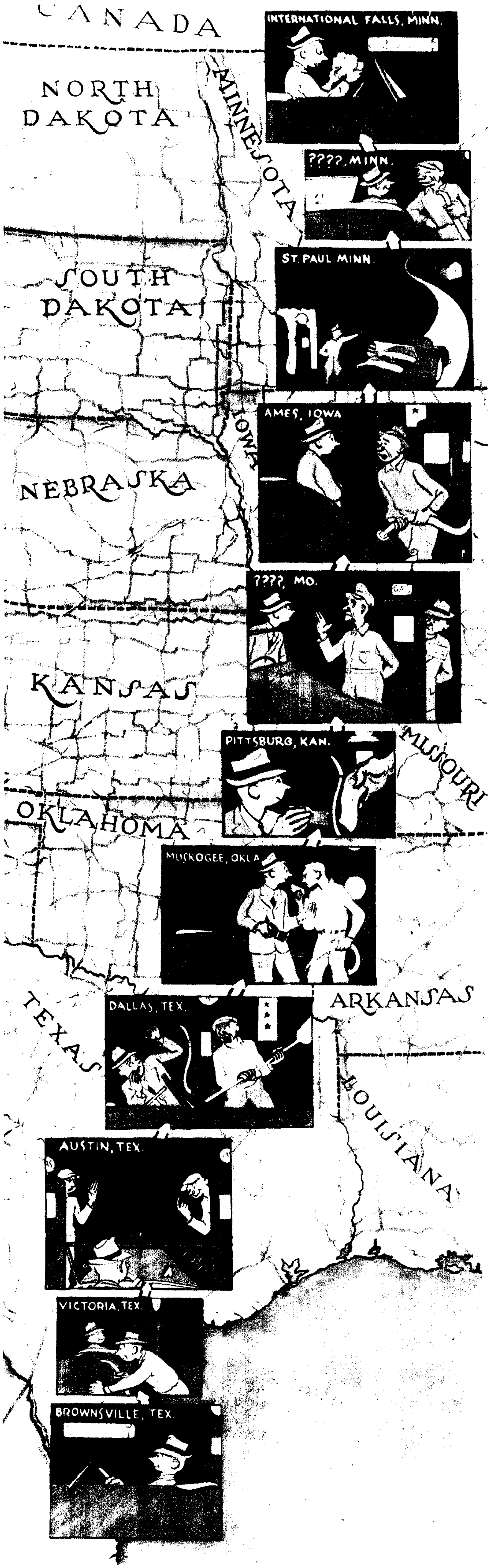
I went back to the truck station. The man in charge was still doing a good business—good in comparison with the starvation trade that many operators complained of.

Truck drivers are the fair-haired boys of the Middle Western highways, he told me. Oklahoma ration boards made it a special point to see that resident farmers got all the T coupons they needed, and not too many questions asked either, he said. Then when expiration dates rolled around, many of them had coupons still unused. These they gave to the filling stations with which they did business.

"But why don't they turn their surplus coupons back to the ration boards, according to regulations?" I asked.

"They won't do that because they're afraid the ration board might turn around and say, 'Look. Joe Doakes is getting more gas than he can burn up. Maybe we'd better cut down his next allowance.' Many B and C card drivers figure the same way."

He explained that filling stations must give ration coupons to the bulk distributor to get wholesale gas. They get the exact gallonage they have tickets for. That is where *(Continued on page 73)*

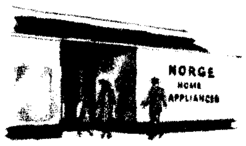


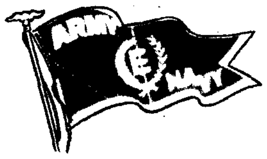
From the Mexican to the Canadian border, as Mark Miller flies, is 2,000 miles and requires 123 gallons of gasoline. Here's his couponless route and assorted stops

NIGHT SHIFT

There's a "night shift" in your kitchen, too—if yours is one of the later model Norge refrigerators. The NIGHT WATCH, exclusive to Norge, automatically defrosts during the night. After the war, look again to Norge for advanced features in household appliances.

Norge distributors and dealers carry on. If you need Norge service, see your nearest Norge dealer. He can do much toward helping your Norge give you first-class service for the duration of the war.





"For outstanding production of war materials" reads the citation accompanying the award of the coveted Army and Navy "E" flag and individual "E" pins to the men and women of Norge.

NORGE—only pre-war producer of a complete line of

ROLLATOR REFRIGERATORS . . . ELECTRIC RANGES
WASHERS . . . GAS RANGES . . . HOME HEATERS
COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION

WHEN IT'S OVER—SEE NORGE BEFORE YOU BUY
IN THE MEANTIME BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Wherever American women are working at mechanical jobs in the nation's war plants, they are doing their work well and proudly, for they are serving America. Many of them have never done this type of work before, yet they now are competently performing tasks formerly done by men. In many plants one out of every five women employed is on the night shift! But wherever they are, and whatever these women are doing, they are releasing thousands of men for the armed services, and helping to make the very weapons our men are using. Only in a land where men and women are equal in freedom and opportunity would millions of women volunteer freely for work so difficult and unfamiliar; only in such a land would they have the incentive to carry on. . . . We at Norge, completely in war work, pay tribute to the women of America who so valiantly serve both home and country.

NORGE DIVISION, BORG-WARNER CORPORATION, DETROIT 26, MICHIGAN

NORGE HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES

★ **A BORG-WARNER INDUSTRY** ★

War Prophet

Continued from page 21

Fate fixed it so that Werner witnessed the revolution and civil war in Russia, the 1924 crisis in Italy, the decline of the German Republic and the rise of Hitler, the disintegration and defeat of France, and America's entrance into the war. In each country, Werner wrote of political and military probabilities, got to know key men. He fled France just ahead of a German warrant for his arrest, and arrived in the United States in September, 1940.

"I am a synthetic European," he says; "twenty-five per cent Russian, twenty-five per cent German, twenty-five per cent French, twenty-five per cent Anglo-American. My background and training enable me to penetrate into the military thinking of the general staffs of the major belligerents."

Werner seems to have an edge on other experts in his scholarly approach to research. So far as his friends can tell and on his own say-so, he has no diversions, no hobbies, no interest in anything but the study of military strategy. He does painstaking day-by-day research in French, Russian, German and English, reading every publication he can find that bears on any phase of the war, and has done so in one country or another for the past twelve years.

He speaks not of his files, but of his archives, gathered from diplomatic sources and libraries throughout Europe. Of his present sources, he will say little. Many documents and newspapers from enemy and occupied countries are available, of course. Some are recorded on microfilm and brought in from Switzerland and Spain.

Documents are only one of the prophet's tools. "To make military predictions, it is necessary to know the military history, the political history, the national psychology, the economics, the organization of each belligerent. These things I know. To understand the significance of a battle, it is necessary to place it in relation to the war plans of the belligerents. This I do. To estimate casualties, it is necessary to disregard communiqués and take the real military coefficients of probabilities . . ." From here on in, Werner soars on and up into the stratosphere of military double-talk.

The Regimen of a Monk

Werner ordinarily works at least eight, often fourteen or sixteen hours daily, though a recent serious illness has cut into his routine somewhat. He works in a plain room, with nothing in it to suggest military experting, not even a map on the wall. There are a few chairs, a desk, a typewriter, a bed. His "archives" are in a cupboard in the hall outside.

He would forget to eat and sleep, his friends say, if his mother did not come tapping at the door to remind him of the passage of time. Werner has few possessions, few books, even. He hardly ever buys anything for himself. He rarely eats in restaurants; his movie and theater excursions are limited to two or three a year. All these things take time, and he has no time for anything except the study of war.

Werner began his career as an unorthodox thinker at an early age. He was born in Kharkov in 1901, one of the two sons in the family of a chemical engineer. When he was nine, he was suspended from school for expressing nonconformist views.

At age ten, he did his first prophesying—about soccer. He charted probabilities for his brother, a newspaper sports writer. He knew all the players, their previous records, he knew the teams, their strategy, their reactions to good luck, bad luck, weather. He was phenomenally successful at predicting who would win.

"It is the same as with war," he says. "You must be a sort of detective, sports or military. It is fascinating. You analyze all the known facts, you make a synthesis and so discover the unknown. In the case of war, few people do this. Few people take time to become real military experts.

"You must understand that neither the general nor the political leader is a military expert. The military man may be a fine tactician, a skilled executive of military action, and still be a complete ignoramus as to military science. The military man is to military science what the airplane pilot is to the science of engineering. Georges Clemenceau was right when he said, 'War is too earnest an affair to be entrusted to generals.' Nor does the political man have the slightest idea of military matters. He knows nothing at all."

LOVE AFFAIR

Some day he'll think me rather silly,
But now he loves me willy-nilly.
There'll come a time when his inspection
Will prove that I am not perfection,
And he'll unearth some younger cutie
Who far surpasses me in beauty.

So while I have him in my arms,
I'll make the most of all my charms,
And store up memories to last
When I am dwelling in the past.
For though my hold on him is strong,
He cannot stay a baby long.

Margaret Fishback

Werner does not classify Roosevelt as a mere "political man," because he was "the first American to realize the global import of this conflict."

By the time Werner was thirteen, he had discarded soccer in favor of social history which led him to political and military research.

He was too young to be a soldier in the first World War, so he did what he could to harass the enemy. He organized a student strike against Germans occupying the Ukraine and against the Ukrainian Quislings. In October, 1918, an officer and fifteen German soldiers came to his house by night to arrest him. They entered the room where he and his older brother slept—and arrested the brother.

"They stayed two hours, searching through my papers," Werner relates. "They never thought of me. I looked too young, peacefully sleeping through all the fuss." A few weeks later the armistice dissolved the family's troubles.

Werner became an assistant professor of economics at the age of twenty-one, and a year later he began his enforced globe-trotting. After brief stops in Italy, he settled in Germany, quickly mastered the language, became the political editor of a daily paper in Mannheim, and special writer for periodicals in Berlin and Vienna. From this vantage point, he anxiously observed the rise of Hitler. "I warned the people against Hitler in 1928," he says.

"In 1929, I knew that war was inevitable and my whole purpose from then on was to study the international military situation, to the end that I might, by my writings, influence events."

In 1933, the German military was after Werner's scalp again.

"Schickelgruber's gangs hated me most thoroughly," says Werner, "not so much for my Jewish blood, more for my anti-Hitler writings."

Escape by night brought Werner and his mother and his aunt to Paris, where for seven years he spent some hours of every weekday in the *Bibliothèque du Musée de Guerre* at Vincennes, considered the finest military library in the world. Here, in the spacious quiet of an ancient moat-encircled castle, he pursued his lonely studies, sure that the answer to the future was to be found in the past.

Attitude of the Times

"Not once in seven years did I see a military officer of any nation in the library," he observes.

Werner and his family were short of money during those years. . . . "Painfully short, yes, though I was paid for some writing." But the ominous sort of writing Werner did was not popular in carefree '37.

"I was considered crazy," says Werner. "I talked to cabinet ministers in France. I argued with deputies. I corresponded with British leaders. They would not heed my warnings."

Werner's archives include an ironic touch in a letter dated May 11, 1939, from a Britisher who is decidedly prominent still. Commenting on his book, The Military Strength of the Powers, this Britisher said, "I think you greatly exaggerate the military strength of both Russia and Germany, particularly the former."

"Nevertheless," says Werner, "I did influence events. It is a source of satisfaction to me that my book was quoted extensively in House of Commons debates in support of stopping appeasement; and I did convince some part of American public opinion of the facts."

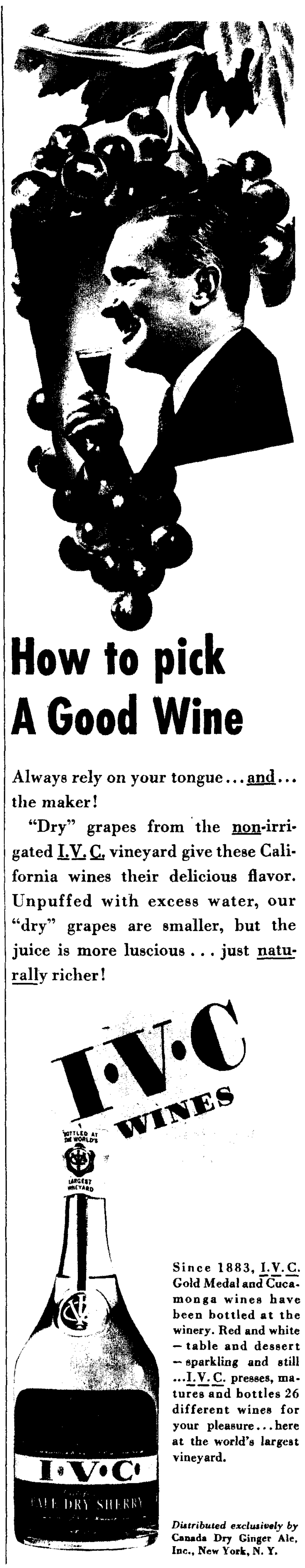
Came June, 1940, in Paris, and the true prophet had to flee with those who had refused to believe him.

Werner's improving income reflects the recognition he is beginning to get. He barely made a living in 1941, but this year's take promises to be more than $15,000. Even so, he makes a pale showing beside Major Eliot, who reputedly makes $40,000 a year. Werner is rich, however, in official recognition. His books are to be found on the desks of many United Nations generals; and the Australian commander fighting the Japs in the jungles of Malaya was at the same time studying The Military Strength of the Powers. In many U. S. military schools, his books are required reading. He is the only civilian ever asked to write articles for Military Review, the official publication of the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Visiting diplomats and high-ranking military men often request interviews with Werner.

After the war, Werner says he will demobilize himself and turn to the study of the strategy of peace. He feels that, for the first time in the world's history, there is hope for lasting peace. For the first time, the world is sufficiently chastened to do what is necessary—set up an organic union of the nations of Europe and exterminate the social forces that make for recurrent war."

"It is my deep conviction," says Werner, "that this war can result in victory for the common man."

The End



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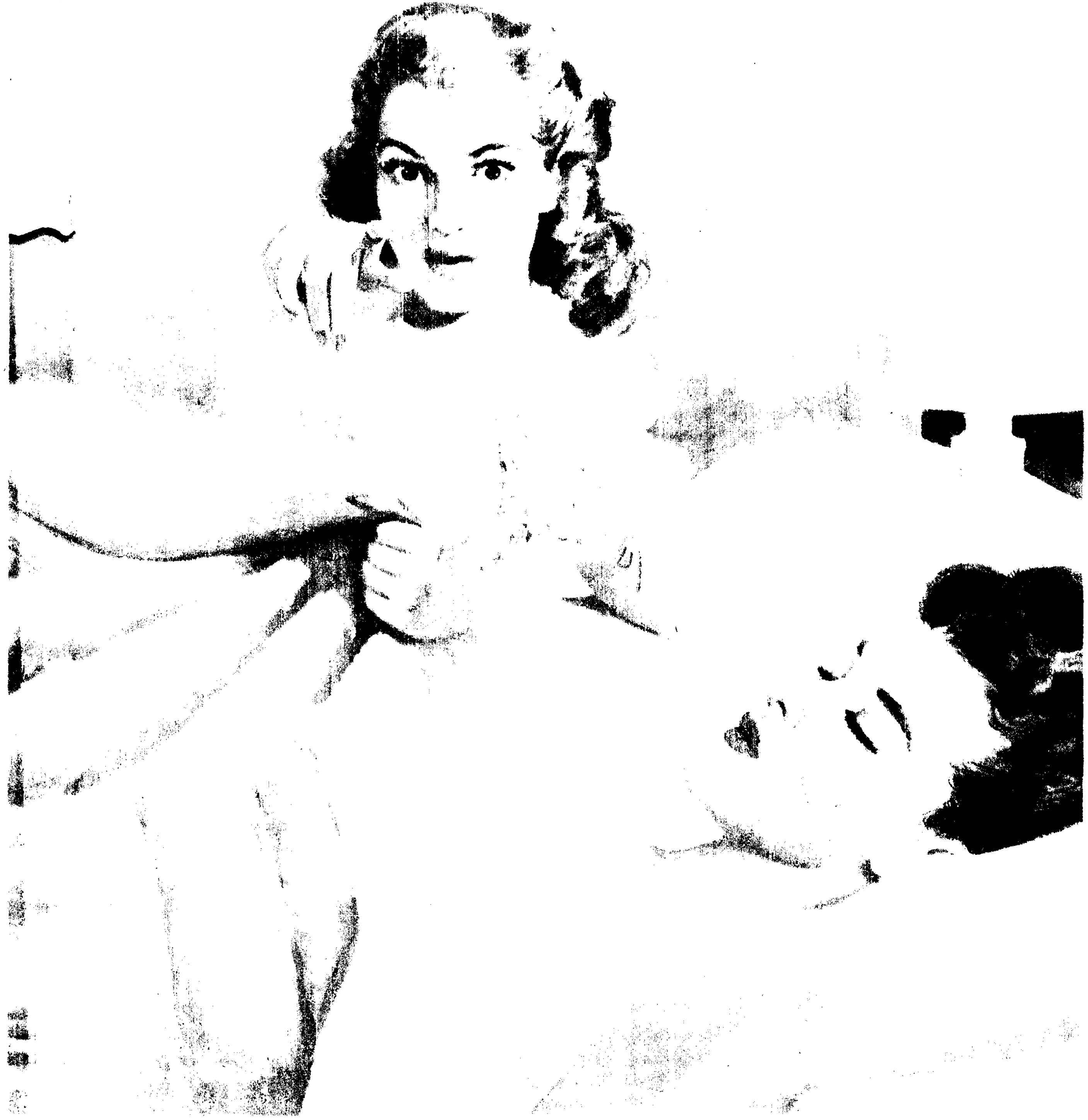


It was Virginia who awoke and screamed when the light came on. "Who are you?" She pointed dramatically to the sergeant "What are you doing here?" she demanded

LOSER TAKE ALL

BY M. J. GAFFNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY SCOTT EVANS

How to lose a quiz contest and win a sergeant—that was Vickie's problem, and it was further complicated by two sisters who were lady wolves

THE six female defense workers had narrowed down to two; there had been six noncoms opposing them, but now there was one.

The quiz master, jolly Doctor Dillon, anxiously glanced at the clock. Three minutes to go. "True or false?" he boomed to one of the defense workers who was a welder and looked the part. "John Paul Jones, the father of the American Navy, was born in Scotland."

"False," said the lady welder, in patriotic indignation. The bell tinkled to show that she was in error. Flustered, she sat down with her fallen teammates.

Doctor Dillon turned to the remaining soldier. He was a sandy-haired young sergeant well above six feet. Indeed, that had been the distinguishing mark of the gentlemen's team, the fact that each contestant stood a minimum six feet in his G. I. brown socks. "Sergeant Scotchy McDonald, from Sioux Falls, South Dakota, true or false? Philadelphia was the first capital of the United States."

"False," said Sergeant McDonald in a funny, husky drawl. Then he smiled at his opponent encouragingly. She drew in her breath and waited.

"The hundred-dollar question," said Doctor Dillon. "Vickie Evers, gyroscope precision worker, tell me: True or false? Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr both received the same number of electoral votes for the office of President of the United States."

Oh, my gosh, Vickie thought. Electoral votes. Aaron Burr. He was a bad guy, wasn't he? Fighting duels and not waiting for the right count and killing Alexander Hamilton. "False," she said and ping went the bell.

"Congratulations, Sergeant McDonald," Doctor Dillon was saying, handing him the hundred-dollar bill.

Vickie shrugged. That was that. "Tough luck, Vickie," whispered the girls, while the announcer was recounting the outstanding high lights of Slicko Shaving Cream.

"What do you say if we go out and blow some of our prize ten on a big steak?" the lady welder suggested.

The girls were enthusiastic. "That's a great idea, Lillian," they said.

All except Vickie. She was looking at Sergeant Scotchy McDonald. He had very blue eyes and he was as tanned as a desert fighter. He had a big nose that had probably been broken somewhere along the line, but Vickie decided then and there she liked kind of big, crooked noses.

SHE didn't want to go out with the girls. She was sick and tired of going out with the girls. A movie, and a sundae after. Now over to Barney's for a steak and then hurrying to Penn Station with Dottie who lived in Bellaire, the next stop to Queens Village. Always with the girls. So different from those doggone sisters of hers who, even with a war on, could have dates ten nights out of seven. But Virginia and Jean were models, and they were beautiful. That was why they went to all the night spots while Vickie stayed home nights and played gin rummy with her father.

"I don't know," she hesitated. Suddenly her heart began to pound. Scotchy McDonald was coming toward her.

The five other lady defense workers pushed ahead of Vickie. "Congratula tions, Sergeant," they chorused in eager tones.

"How ever are you going to spend al that money?" this from Dottie, who was a line inspector, and given to baby talk in the presence of gentlemen.

Sergeant McDonald was flustered. "I—I kind of suspect it'll get spent," he said.

Vickie, who was shorter than the other five, tried in vain to crash the line. Finally she stood on tiptoes to get a better look a Sergeant McDonald.

"Hey, Miss Evers, there you are," he said. The five reluctantly let her gain a little yardage.

"It appears to me you ought to have a slice of this prize money," he said, "seeing as how I wouldn't have known that question either."

"Oh, no," Vickie demurred. "Honestly I'm glad you got it."

"Well—" he looked hesitantly at the line-up before him, then blurted out—"well then, how about you and me going out and spending a little of it right now?"

VICKIE could never remember such sudden bliss. Yes, once before when a boy named Beamer Morrow who had played tackle on a high-school football team had invited her to senior prom. But that happiness had been of short duration Virginia, who was only a sophomore in high school, but exciting even at fifteen had annexed Beamer at the dance.

Virginia, it seemed, had gone with a goon. "You wouldn't have wanted your little sister to be stuck with a goon, would you, Vickie?" she had questioned.

Little sister, Vickie had thought bitterly a good six inches taller than I am! But that was the past. That was long ago. Virginia and Jean weren't around now to gum things up.

"It would be fun," Vickie said. "I think it would be lots of fun."

Outside the studio, Scotchy turned toward her. "What are you especially keen on doing, Vickie?" he said.

Vickie was glad he had dropped the "Miss Evers." She swallowed. "Dancing's nice," she finally said in a small voice.

Scotchy liked to dance. He was violen and energetic and with his long strides he managed to cover an amazing percentage of the dance floor. They had gone to one of the smaller hotels that featured a band.

"You're like a little doll following," said Scotchy almost in amazement. "First shor girl I ever got any real pleasure out of dancing with."

She treasured those words. Vickie Evers who was competent and efficient and the ugly duckling of the Evers family being called a "little doll."

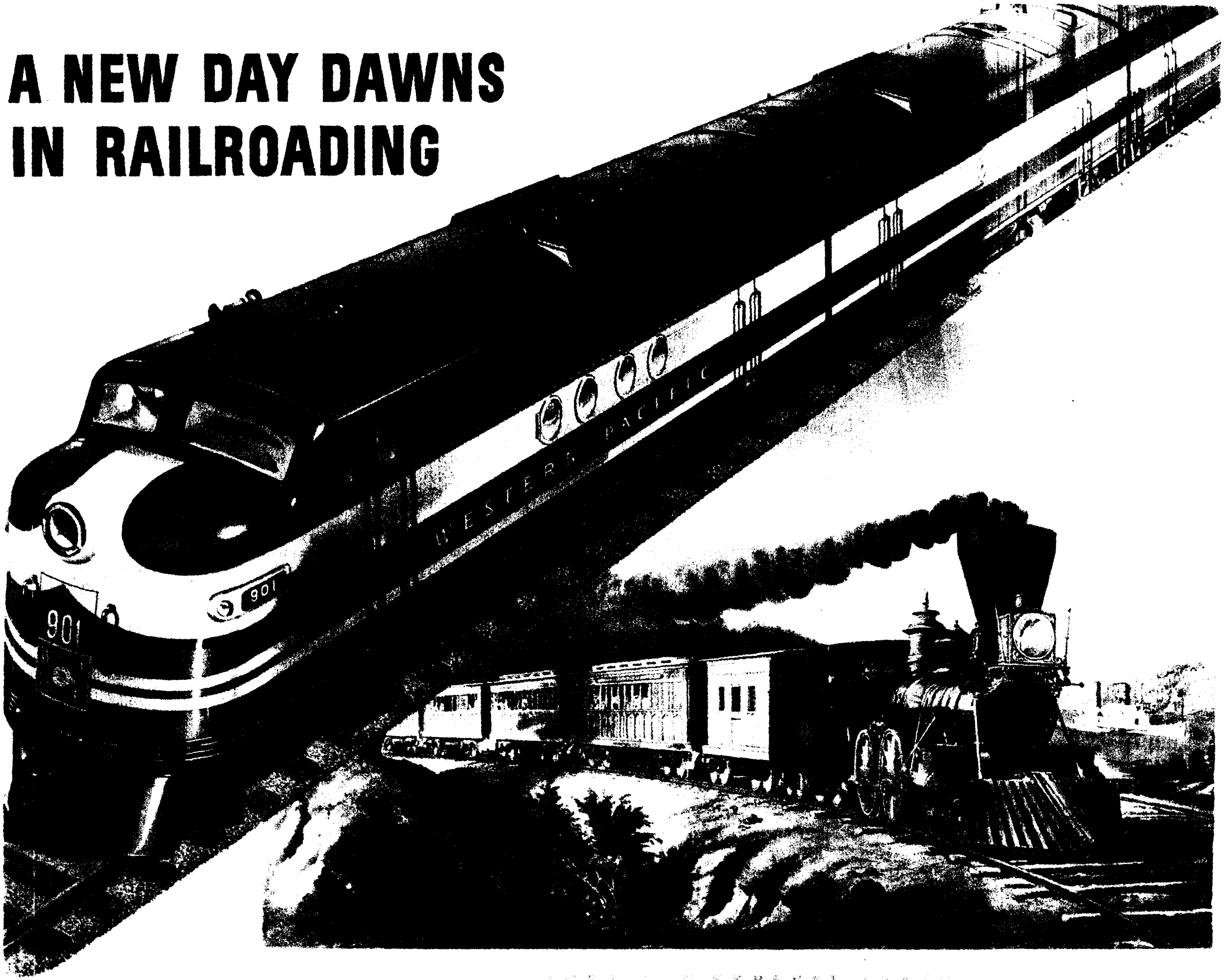
Between dances, Scotchy told her abou himself. He had worked on ranches; he had been a lumberjack; he had bummed his way about the country; he had played a guitar in an up-to-date medicine show that sold cosmetics and a give-your-own permanent wave lotion; he had been a hotel clerk, a reporter, a forest ranger, a lifesaver, a barber, a roulette dealer (bu that for only a short time because he had believed the customers should get some break), and a policeman.

"You make me dizzy," Vickie said "You'd have to be sixty at least to have worked at all those jobs."

"I'm twenty-eight," he said. "Some day though, I'll surprise myself and settle down when this mess is cleared up. Fores ranger back in Montana most likely. I'm not what you'd call expert at city jobs."

"You make me think of the mountains,"

A NEW DAY DAWNS IN RAILROADING



ow of war materials has more than doubled : normal volume of freight hauled by the 'estern Pacific Railroad from Salt Lake City San Francisco through the Feather River myon. Wherever the going is toughest on this gged route, General Motors Diesel freight :omotives have been the "commandos" of : motive power which has kept this vast eam of vital munitions moving steadily ward the men who will mop up Hirohito.

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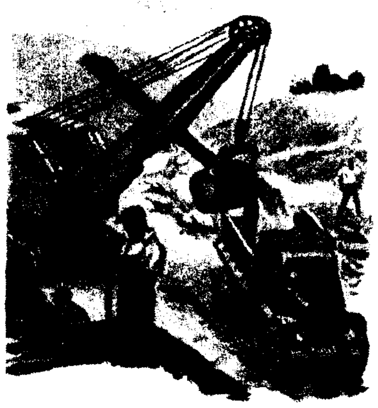

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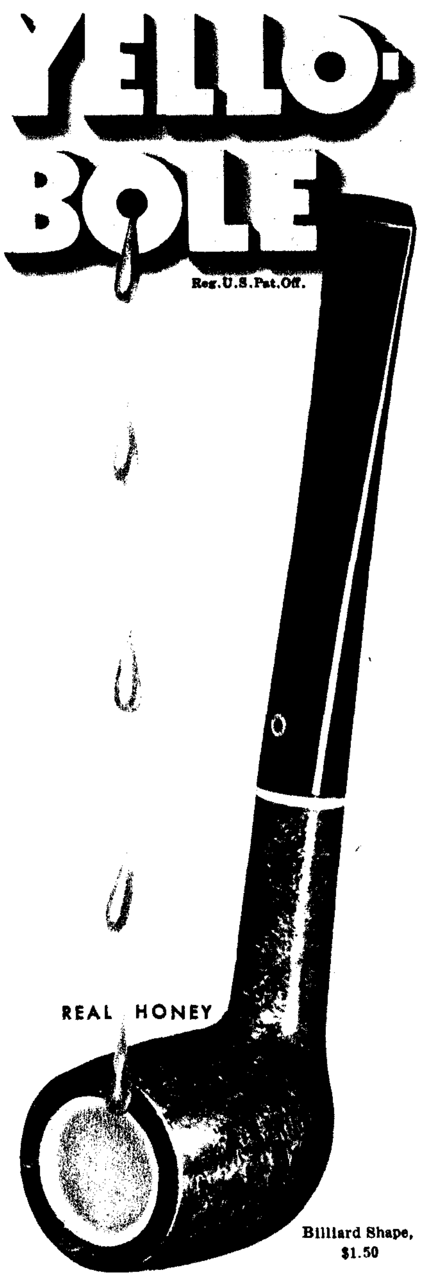

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Vickie said. Then she stopped. She couldn't find words to express it, the fact that he was somehow as primitive and elemental as any mountain range.

"You make me think of some flowers Ma used to have in our garden," Scotchy said. "Little clean, starchy flowers. Sweet Williams and bachelor buttons. Everything else around was kind of wild and bleak like, and then there'd be Ma's garden all tended nice and proper. Ma came from New England. Up Bangor way. She was a schoolteacher and she was always at me about learning things. I guess what I do know comes from Ma."

His voice seemed to slide into her. Like wine . . . No, she didn't like wine; like a chocolate soda. You wanted to hang onto its taste long after it was gone.

"My mother died when I was ten," she said. "Since then, Pop and I have had to hold the fort. He's a good egg—my pop."

THEY danced until the band went home. "Let's bowl," said Scotchy McDonald, whose energy was inexhaustible. Nor was Vickie tired. She was glad that she had often gone down to the Palace Bowling Alleys with her father; that she could bowl pretty well.

Her ball ran straight and true down the shiny, varnished alley.

"A spare," Scotchy said. He turned and lightly kissed her. "You're a wonderful girl," he said. "I'm glad we both got on that program. I thought it was wacky when the guys organized that team, six noncoms over six feet, but now I think they were pretty sharp characters."

"I thought the girls were kind of silly getting up our team, too," Vickie confessed. "Just because we were defense workers at Sperry's. It just shows, though, you can't tell about things."

They were hungry now. In the midst of ham and eggs served in little individual frying pans, Vickie became aware of the time—like Cinderella. Only it was much later than Cindy's curfew.

"Scotchy, it's two o'clock," she gasped and choked over a piece of hard roll.

Scotchy leaned forward, patted her on the back. "Yep," he said. "Time goes faster than the Lone Ranger, huh?"

"I got to get a train," Vickie said. "I—I live miles out on the Island." She slid her bag from her shoulder, finally extracted a dog-eared timetable from its roomy depths. "It isn't Sunday or a holiday, is it?" she asked, absently running her finger down a long column. "Two-forty. There isn't one after that till four-twenty."

They got the two-forty.

"Please, Scotchy," she said. "Don't come out with me. I mean boys in the city don't. You won't get any sleep. I'll be all right, honestly I will."

"Stop tossing the tonsils," he said. "Self-respecting man can't let his girl go wandering around Long Island with the milkman. And it mightn't be his day to deliver, at that."

Grasping her elbow, Scotchy led her onto the train. His girl, Vickie was thinking. He had called her his girl. Of course, it was just for tonight. Still it made nice copy.

They relaxed against each other, weary now from the dancing, the bowling, the mental gymnastics Doctor Dillon's true-false scrimmage had involved. Scotchy's arm found itself about Vickie.

"I like trains," he said. "They cut you off from the world. Make you kind of—" he thought for a moment—"extraterritorial."

Sleepily, Vickie mulled that over. "Extraterritorial." Like Princess Juliana's baby. You didn't belong anywhere if you were extraterritorial. You weren't from Montana or Queens Village. You were just here, the two of you. Here you were away from Jean and Virginia. They couldn't take Scotchy away because she and Scotchy were extraterritorial.

As they were getting off, Scotchy said to the conductor, "What time does the next train for New York come through?"

The conductor had a lively sense of humor. He threw back his head, and the electric light played on a golden bicuspid. "They took off the three fifty-eight for the duration Sunday," he chortled. "Looks like you're stuck here in Queens Village, brother, until the six-eight."

That floored Scotchy while they descended the steps to the street level. Outside, it was raining, a fine, chilly rain.

"I was going to ask if I could park on your front porch," he said. "This rain, though, has dampened my enthusiasm for that scheme considerable."

"Front porch, my eye," Vickie said. "You're going to sleep in my sisters' room. You can even be like Goldilocks and try both the twin beds."

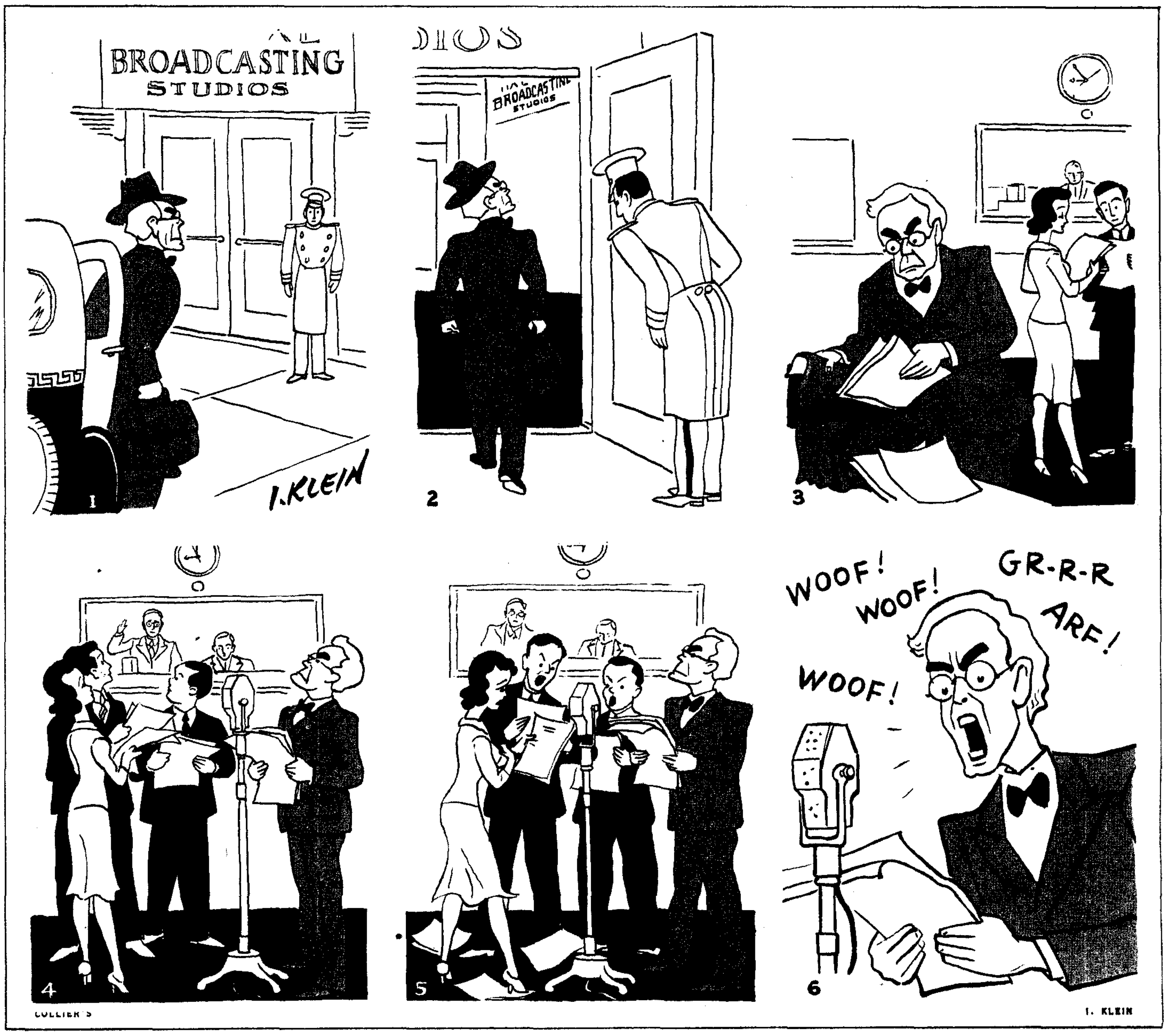
"Aren't your sisters going to be a little upset when they find Goldilocks is a sergeant," Scotchy said, "with a complexion that feels like sandpaper by dawn's early light?"

Vickie laughed. "My sisters are models," she explained. "They hate commuting like anything, and almost every night they stay in town—at a hotel for women," she went on because she didn't want Scotchy to think her family anything but eminently respectable.

THE Evers apartment was in darkness. From the front bedroom came a rhythmic basso snore. "That's Pop," Vickie said. She switched on the kitchen light. "Could you go for a little snack?" she asked.

"Unh, unh, I'm not hungry." He was regarding Vickie somberly, intently.

She flushed, and her heart beat in a hurried, uneven way. "Well, I'll get you a



This little freedom

One of the little freedoms we must for a while forego is the freedom to feast.

For in times like these, the heaping of one plate might leave nothing for another—that's why needed things must be so distributed that all may share alike. And the rules of rationing take care of that.

Things less essential are less restricted and the hunter may bag all he can find. But the rules of good citizenship say "don't."

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REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

pair of Pop's pajamas. Lucky for you, I got a pair that are shy some buttons, in my workbasket."

"Wait a minute, Vickie."

She stopped.

"Would you think I was the timber wolf of the Western states if I wanted to kiss you good night?"

Vickie shook her head. "I'm probably a shameless hussy," she said, "but I would do nothing to discourage a good-morning embrace."

Quickly his arms were around her. He was kissing her, and the room was rocking like a crazy kaleidoscope.

Vickie drew away first. "We won't get much sleep as it is now," she said in a voice that trembled ever so slightly.

"That's right," he said, "you better show me where I'm going to bunk."

Vickie got him the pajamas; they would be miles too short and too wide, but they would do for the few hours he would sleep. Then she pushed open the door of the girls' bedroom, flicked the light button.

Scotchy followed her. "Oh, my gosh!" he suddenly exclaimed.

VIRGINIA and Jean slept peacefully in the twin beds. Jean lay on her back, one smooth arm outstretched over the pillow. Her dark hair was piled high on her head; she was as regal, as lovely as the Sleeping Beauty. Virginia slept on her side; her hair tousled in a pale, golden mesh. It was she who awoke and screamed when the light came on.

"Who are you?" She pointed dramatically to the sergeant. "What are you doing here?"

Vickie knew she was pretending to be far more frightened than she actually was. In the course of twenty eventful years, Virginia had never been afraid of any man.

"I thought you kids were going to stay in town," Vickie said. "So I brought a house guest home. Sergeant McDonald, this is my sister Virginia."

"I'm terribly happy to know you, Sergeant," said Virginia, opening her eyes to their widest circumference. "And you must forgive me for being so upset when I first saw you." At this, she lowered her lids, letting her enormous and not too authentic eyelashes modestly fall where they would.

"Gosh, I don't blame you," said the sergeant, and gulped, for Virginia had sat up in bed.

It's all over now, Vickie conceded. You're a dead duck, Sergeant McDonald. Damn the torpedoes, Virginia, full speed ahead.

"We'd better not wake up Jean," Vickie said. She just couldn't take it if Jean started on Scotchy, too.

"Well, I'll see you in the morning, Sergeant," said Virginia, sliding down under her satin puff and stretching seductively. "Sleep well and pleasant dreams."

"You, too," said Scotchy, tripping over Virginia's multicolored sandals.

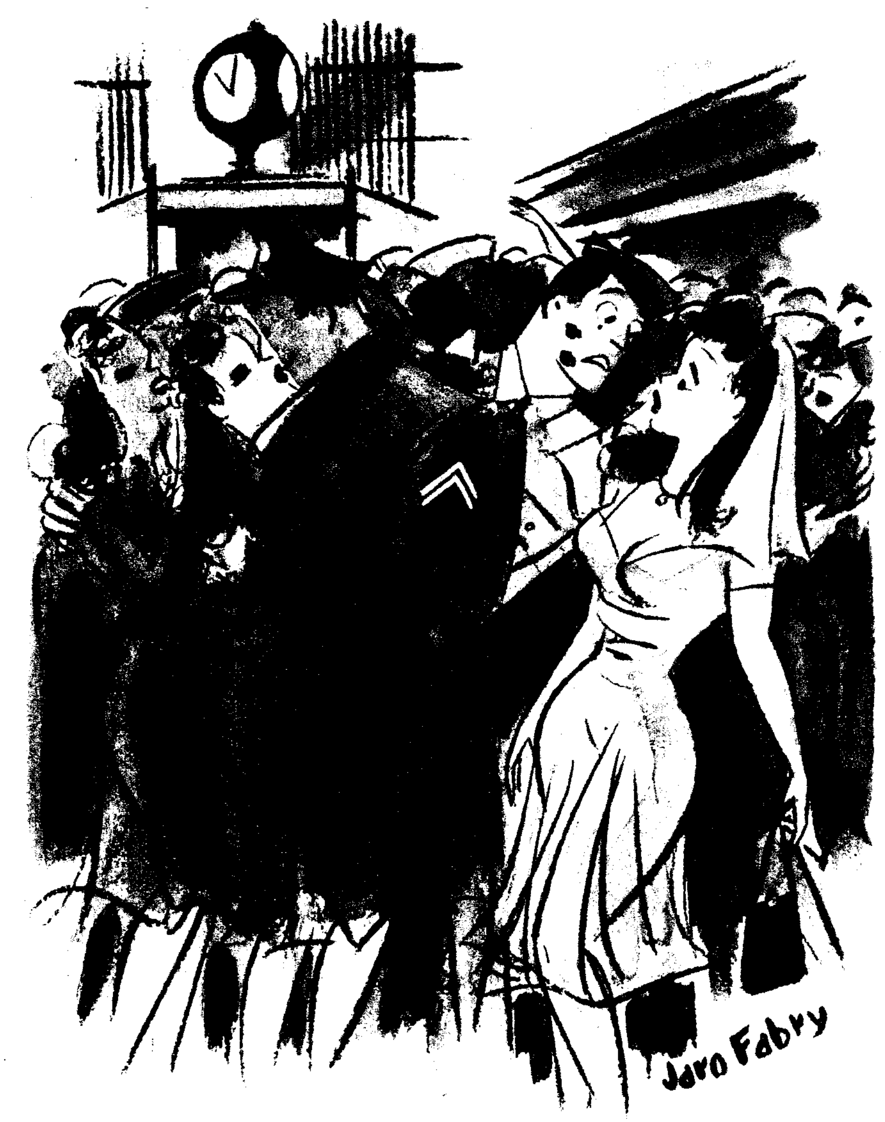
Unceremoniously, Vickie led him into her bedroom. It looked little and severe after the luxurious disorder of Jean and Virginia's room. "You park in here, Scotchy," she said. "I'll take the sofa in the living room."

"Oh, no," he protested.

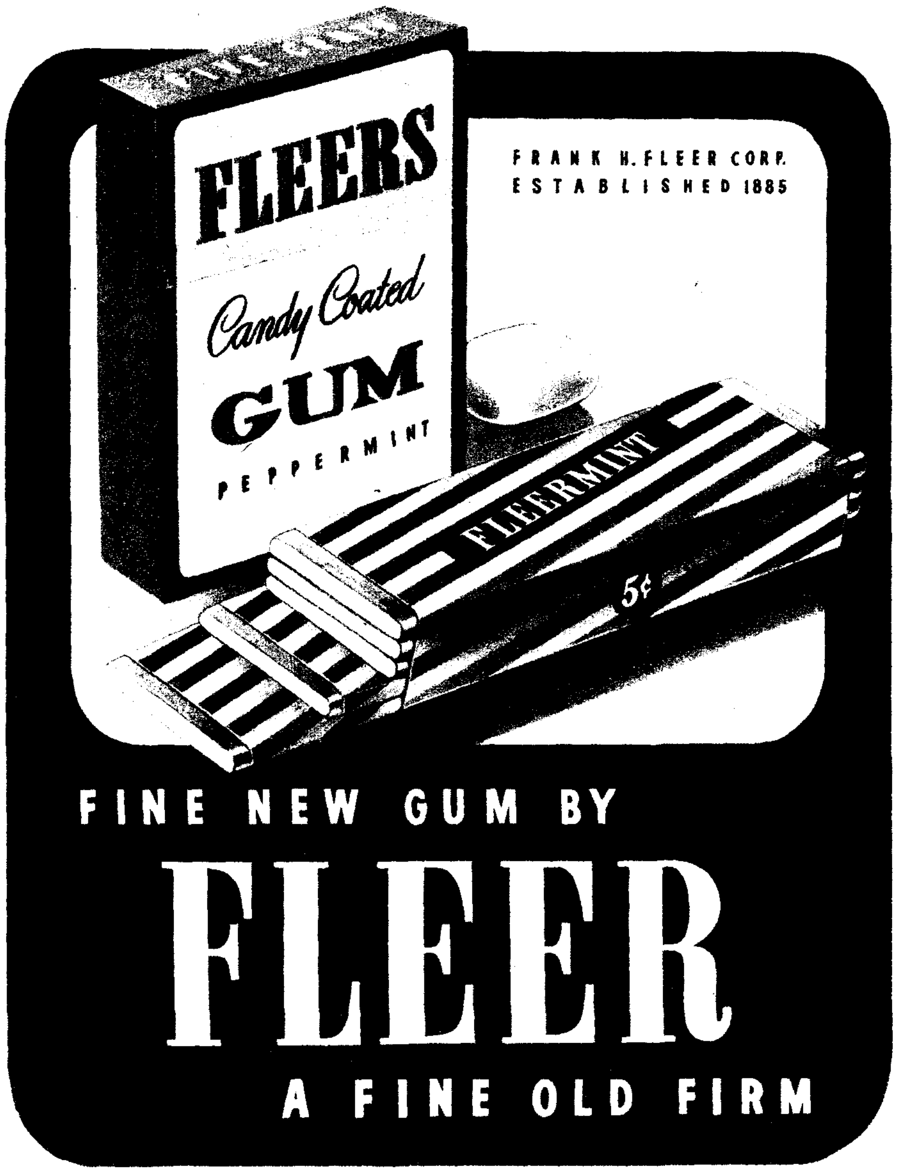
"Skip it," she said. "I have to be to work at nine. Is breakfast around seven-thirty okay by you?"

"Sure," he said. "Say, you really ought to give people a little warning about those sisters of yours." He whistled at that last remark.

"They're beautiful," said Vickie shortly, "and everybody falls in love with them. Ever since they've been commuting to



COLLIER'S "Good Lord, Mary, wasn't that *you* I said goodby to?" JARO FABRY



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New York, they've been the pin-up girls of the Long Island Railroad."

"That Virginia looks good enough to eat," Scotchy said.

Vickie bit her lip hard. The old story. The old, old story. She ought to be used to it by now. "Good night, Scotchy," she said. "Get some shut-eye for yourself."

In the living room she flung herself down on the modernistic scarlet divan Virginia had bought in one of her generous moods. It was uncomfortable and seemed now to draw away from her, to be austerely scornful of her misery. But she had carried it off in front of Scotchy. She listened to him as he moved about in the bedroom; she heard her springs give their familiar Jersey bounce; then there was silence. . . .

VICKIE got up before the others in the morning, showered, hurried out into the kitchen. Breakfast this morning would not be the usual routine. She would make some waffles, and there were sausages she had planned to use for supper with baked apples.

At seven-thirty she tapped on Scotchy's door. "Sorry I haven't got a bugle, Sergeant," she said. "But chow is being served in the mess hall."

"I'll be with you in a minute, pal," he called.

Perhaps, Vickie thought hopefully, Virginia and Jean wouldn't get up so early. Perhaps they didn't have a job in town.

There was a crash from her bedroom. Oh, oh, those temperamental slats; she should have warned him. Any violent movement in her prim little bed spelled disaster and getting the none too gentle heave-ho to the floor. "What hit me?" she heard Scotchy say.

"Are you all right?" Vickie called.

"I guess so," he said, "but your bed certainly has a yen for commando tactics."

The racket awakened Virginia. Jean, the heavy sleeper, could have slumbered through bombings, burglaries or earthquakes. Virginia came to her door, pulling on an utterly chi-chi, frou-frou and click-click negligee.

"What," she said tartly, "are you two throwing around so early in the morning?"

"Just me," said the sergeant, bolting for the bathroom. His long brown legs dangled from Mr. Evers' pajamas; his hair was tousled. He looked, Vickie decided, adorable, although he would throw that adjective straight in her teeth. He'd be so nice to come home to, only the shoe would be on the other foot.

Virginia must have thought so, too, for a predatory gleam came into her eye. "I might just as well stay up," she said. "Besides, your breakfast smells so good, Vickie."

"Remember that twenty-four-inch waistline," Vickie hissed.

"Thank you for being solicitous, dear," Virginia said, "but you really don't need to worry about my waistline."

Mr. Evers straggled out to the kitchen. "Hi, Vickie," he said. "Too bad Aaron Burr and Doctor Dillon did you out of that hundred dollars." Then he saw Virginia. "Don't tell me you're going to eat, Ginny. That's bad for the cheesecake art, isn't it?"

Vickie giggled. It always seemed funny when her father used slang, and the cheesecake art was a reference to Virginia's sole weakness, a slight tendency toward too, too solid calves.

Virginia glared at her father. "Gosh, you're slipping, Daddy dear," she said. "Do you know, last night, only two neighbors mistook your snoring for an air-raid alarm?"

At this point, Scotchy entered the kitchen. He was still in Mr. Evers' pajamas. "Got a razor, Vickie?" he asked.

"Who in the world are you?" said Mr. Evers in amazement. "And what makes you think my daughter's a bearded lady?"

Vickie introduced them. "The sergeant and I met on the program last night," she explained. "We went out to spend some of the hundred after the show, and Scotchy got marooned in Queens Village."

"We wouldn't be marooned here in Queens Village ourselves," said Virginia, "if Father weren't the local jeweler, and he simply won't be blasted out of the place."

"Business is good here," said her father. "People break their watches out here, same as in New York. And I suspect more people fall in love in Queens Village than in any other spot in the country."

Dressed and shaved, the sergeant proved to be an enthusiastic fancier of Vickie's waffles. "These are almost as good as the flapjacks a guy called Topper Maxwell used to make out in a lumber camp I worked in out in Wisconsin."

"You should taste my flapjacks," said Vickie, not without a trace of braggadocio.

Virginia broke in. "Are you going to be around long, Sergeant?" She gave him the benefit of the full-face, half-smile shot she had utilized so well in a recent liquid-dentifrice ad.

"Could be." He shrugged. "Then again, I can get my orders any minute."

Virginia leaned forward on one elbow and said, "How about tonight, Scotchy? I'm going to be down at the Stage Door Canteen, and I'd love it if you would only come around."

The sergeant turned, perplexed, toward Vickie.

"I'd be terrifically happy if only Vickie could come, too," Virginia said. "But they're so terribly strict about regulations. Vickie, you know how it is, don't you, darling?"

"Oh, yes," said Vickie tonelessly, "I know how it is."

"Well." Scotchy hesitated. "Well . . ."

"I'll save you lots of dances," Virginia said, "and afterward we could go out on the town."

Vickie got up hastily. "Just leave the dishes in the sink," she said. "I'll dust 'em off tonight when I get home."

"Vickie, I'm afraid we can never make your train." Virginia glanced at a tiny jeweled watch on her arm. "Supposing the Sarge and I take a later train in?"

"Sure," said Vickie. "That'll be swell."

She mustn't cry; she mustn't cry. She could see her father looking at her pityingly. "Well, Scotchy." She turned toward him, kept her eyes fastened on his shoulder insigne, so that she would not have to look into his face, at the blue eyes, the tanned skin, the laughing mouth that had pressed against hers so eagerly last night. "It was lots of fun, everything," she said. "I hope you come out again."

"Oh, he'll come out again," said Virginia, with her little golden laugh. "You'll certainly come out again, won't you, Sergeant?"

EVERYTHING went wrong that day at work. First Vickie cut her finger in a milling machine, not a bad cut, but enough to be bothersome. Then everyone teased her about the quiz program, losing out to the sergeant.

"How was he as a date anyway?" Dottie inquired when they were eating lunch.

"Okay," said Vickie, sipping a malted. She didn't feel like eating anything.

"No ball of fire, huh?" Dottie said.

"He was a good egg." There was one of those masterpieces of understatement. Scotchy, dear, sweet, wacky Scotchy. You couldn't blame him because of Virginia. Virginia was just a—a Lorelei who smiled and led men to knock themselves out on the tempting rocks of destruction.

At five-thirty, their supervisor came over to Vickie. "Hey, Vickie," he said, "we've got to get a big order of searchlights out pronto. Want to earn yourself a new bonnet and work overtime?"

Why not? It would be better than staying home thinking of Scotchy at the Stage

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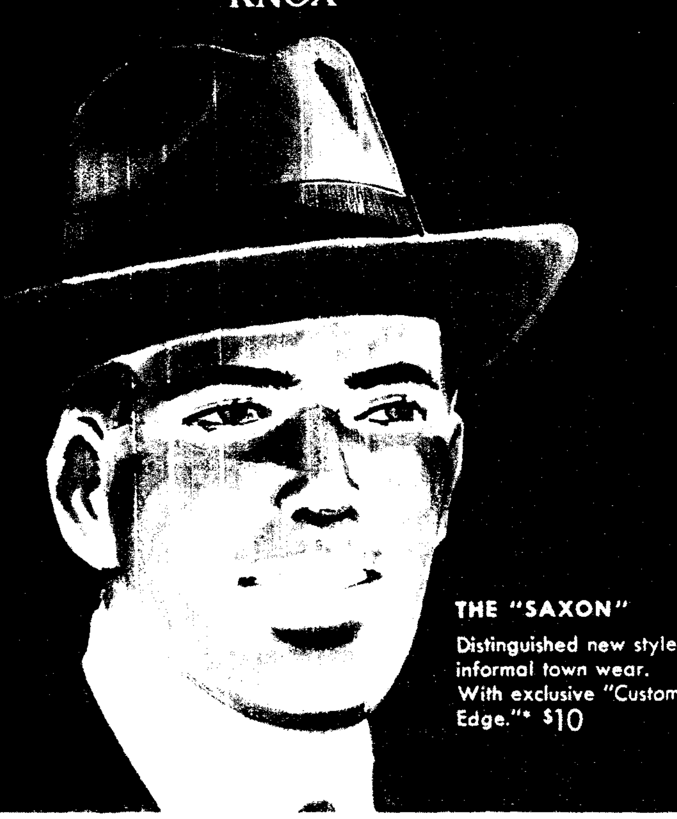

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Door Canteen with Virginia, thinking of Scotchy and Virginia on the town. "Sure, boss," she said, "and even money you'll have me climbing into those searchlight parts because of my sturdy little fingers."

"You're psychic," said the supervisor, "but then a patriotic girl like you doesn't mind a little oil on her face."

There was more than a little oil on her face. There were gobs of oil and smudges and streaks. And her head ached. And her heart ached. And her cut finger ached.

She had called Pop to tell him she would not be home until late. "The girls are out, I suppose?" she had asked hesitantly. He had said yes—that they were going to stay in town.

"What time did Virginia and Scotchy leave this morning?"

That, Pop said, he didn't know. They were *still* sitting in the breakfast nook when he had left for work.

Dull anger crept over Vickie when she had hung up. Savagely she went back to the searchlights.

Everybody was talking, fooling a little. You couldn't keep on a twelve-hour basis without some letup. Even Vickie joined in. Anything to stop those pictures of Scotchy and Virginia that were constantly before her.

THERE was a rumbling over the public-address system. "I bet the big chief wants somebody in the warden's office," one of the girls said. Then Vickie heard her name being called. "Attention. Vickie Evers is wanted in the superintendent's office. Attention. Vickie Evers please report to Mr. Young's office immediately."

"Gosh," Vickie said, "here I go! I've jammed up our searchlight output in some drastic fashion."

Mr. Young wasn't at his desk, but his assistant was—a Mr. Corning. He looked at Vickie, disheveled, grease-stained in her baggy overalls. "Well, well," he laughed pleasantly, "you certainly look like an end man in a minstrel show. But I've got a nice surprise for you."

I'll bet you have, Vickie thought. I've been promoted to the graveyard shift, or maybe I'll be sent out to the Long Island plant. That'll only be sixty miles from home. Mr. Corning, I can tell you're full of cute ideas.

"Just walk into the reception room," said Mr. Corning archly.

There was a long mirror in the reception room. Vickie got one glimpse of herself, looked quickly away. "End man" was putting it flatteringly.

"Hello, Vickie," somebody was saying—a lumbering somebody, over six feet, with blue eyes and a big nose.

"Scotchy McDonald!" said Vickie in two distinct gasps. "Whatever in the world are you doing here?"

"I don't know," he said. "I nearly didn't get here at that. Almost went to Manhattan Beach by mistake. You would pick a place like Brooklyn to work in."

"But how did you know I was working tonight?" Vickie said.

"Your father told me. I trekked out to Queens Village. Then I went to some place called Jamaica. Then I changed. Then I came here. A wonderful way for a guy to spend his last night in civilization."

"Last night!" Vickie wailed. "Oh, Scotchy!"

"Take it easy," Scotchy said. "Sailing orders don't mean forever."

"But—but Virginia?" Vickie said.

"Virginia," Scotchy said, "can get along without me very well. That canteen is filled with jugheads who will be ready and able to pinch-hit for me. Besides, Virginia is too rich a diet for a guy that's used to simple fare. With Virginia, I'd probably get gout, high blood pressure and serious financial complications."

Something was bubbling up inside Vickie, dissolving the lump in her throat, clearing away the headache, melting the frozen tundra of her heart. Even her finger had stopped throbbing.

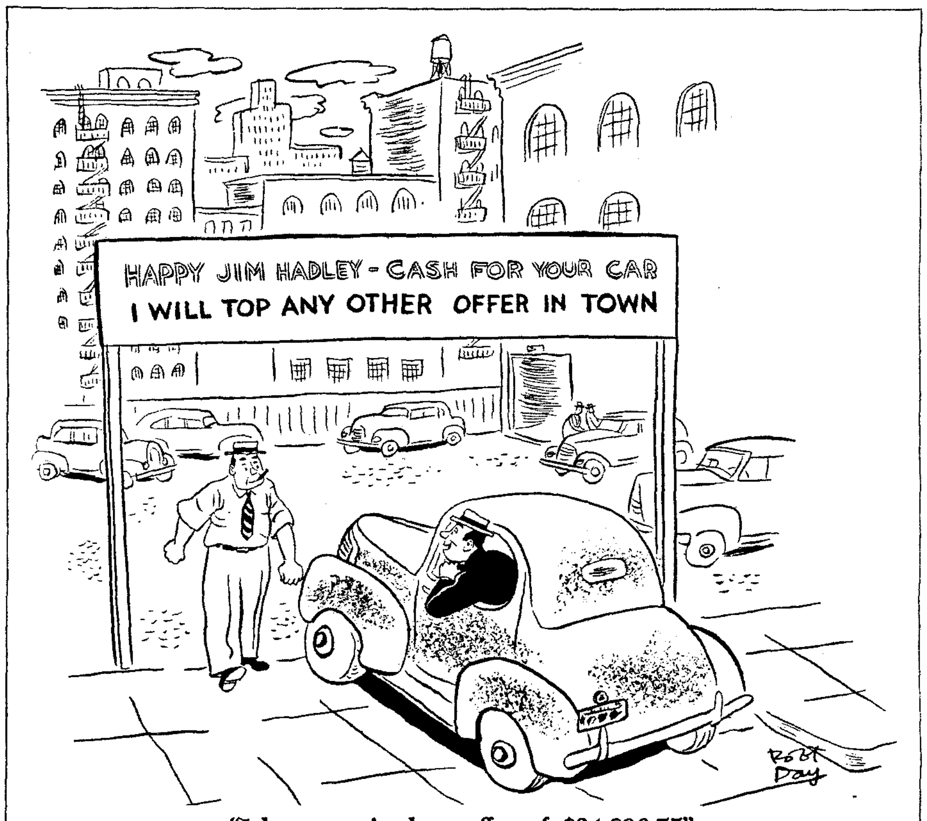
"Listen, Miss Dirty Face," Scotchy went on, "will you get into something reasonably feminine and come along with your poor broken-down old sergeant?"

"You're not broken down," Vickie said.

"Large men and women have lingered on my feet for hours tonight," he said. Then he plopped down in one of the reception-room chairs. "How's about coming over for a minute and slipping me a little of that grease?"

Vickie did. And thoroughly.

THE END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Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

destroyed that nothing is gained. The combination of hydrogen and wire cable floating among thunderheads is bound to have spectacular moments.

The Air Ministry has noted the burning of at least eighty balloons in one thundering afternoon in London alone. Yet tactical situations often demand that BBs stay up regardless of the weather. So the combined possibility of the flaming bag falling on them, and electrical currents running down the cable, makes life interesting at times for the balloon girls. In all weather, they habitually jump up and off the winching gear because of the hazard of stored-up static. Stepping off would cause their legs or arms to form a conductive arc that might have the same effects as a reserved seat at Sing Sing.

EARLY in 1941, there began a replacement in certain areas of male crews by the now famous "balloon girls" who are members of the Waafs. The girls don't consider their work a bit glamorous. It's just plain hard, physically and mentally, but useful. Although they may be set down right in the heart of a city, they're lonely, isolated behind barbed wire, often going for long stretches without time off, devotedly fussing over their rambunctious baby who is "alerted" twenty-four hours a day.

It takes sweat and resolution, as well as strength, to reel it safely down between sharp-corniced buildings or lancing trees, the willful bag of explosive gas pitching in tricky wind currents and gusts. Improved gear has lessened some of the manual labor. There's enough muscling left in it, however, to require a crew of sixteen Waafs to replace ten R.A.F.s.

ALOFT, each balloon rides as a stately, dignified unit in a solemn herd. One or more thousand feet above you, he looks formal and businesslike. But when the girls pull him down for loving attentions, you see him for what he is—smaller than you'd have thought—a quaint, flubby, Disneyish little aerial blowfish full of whims and naughtiness, an earless Dumbo but otherwise well endowed. Each becomes a definite, familiar character in his neighborhood, the pet of kids, grownups, and crews alike.

It was inevitable that the sentimental English would name them. They were females when the male crews named them. The Waafs changed them to he's—all except Mathilde at Dover, the umpteenth great-grandchild of the original Mathilde, whose R.A.F. crew shot down a Messie by rifle fire during the Battle of Britain; and one flying near the palace of a certain ecclesiastical potentate which is the neuter "Archblimp." From Romeo, BBs run through every historical, classical and private name right down to Oscar.

Oscar is what the Waafs call a balloon that flies near headquarters in a certain town of a certain ally whose members know one another as Joe and most foreigners as Oscar. Recently, a colonel of these certain allies came from his office and was both pained and surprised to see five little Waafs seated in line on the opposite curb, crying as though their hearts would break. The colonel hurried over.

"What's the matter, dears?" he asked.

"Oscar ran away," they wailed.

Alas, where Oscar had been was now but a few bits of slack wire.

W. B. COURTNEY

Flying Through Hell

Continued from page 11

were hit, and the main spar was buckled. The top was shot off the number-one prop. It had a hole in it big enough to put a silver dollar through. There was a hole in the left aileron and another, a big one, through the bomb-bay doors.

"When we made our turn leaving the target I called the navigator—"

"I'll say you called!" the Baron cut in. "You yelled so damn' loud I couldn't make out what you wanted." The Baron looked reflective for a moment. "You wanted the heading and I had to give it to you three times before you said, 'Okay, 239 it is.' "

Killer grunted and smiled a wisp of a smile. He sucked his pipe noisily. He smokes a pipe, cigarettes and cigars, and he chews tobacco. He looked at the Baron with the nearest thing to love anyone has ever seen in Killer's eyes.

A Bomber Takes Off Weight

"I remember," he said. "I told you to head for the Aegean Sea. I guess I was yelling, all right. I guess you could have heard me clean over in Bulgaria. Anyhow, we had to climb to get over the mountains. We found we could climb at 135 miles per hour. But it was quite a struggle. We threw out everything we could tear loose from the ship. We ditched one empty bomb-bay tank, our heavy flying clothes, all our guns that were shot up, frequency-meter tools, a ladder, everything except food, water and the ammunition we would need to fire what guns we could still work. It was steaming hot in the plane from the heat of the target. The wind carried blasts of hot air and flung it at us, and it was pretty hot anyway at that low altitude.

"We had a hell of a time climbing. I asked the Baron what was the altitude of the mountains in the vicinity and—"

"And I told you I thought about 4,500 feet," interrupted Whalen. "And you said, 'I didn't ask you to think, goddam it! I wanna know exactly!' "

Killer laughed suddenly, and the occupants of that hot tin hut looked at him. Killer swatted another fly, still laughing, and said, "I don't know why in the world it struck me so funny, but I remember thinking how funny it was at the time. Those fighters were hanging onto us like snails on a log, and I told the gunners to get their weapons into action on the double quick. And there was Sergeant Treace (Harvey I. Treace, of Lexington, Kentucky) trying to pull an oil can out of his pocket to oil the guns to make 'em go. He was having a helluva time. And Hubbard here was laughing at him, and it beats me how men can laugh under those circumstances but, by glory, they do! There wasn't anything funny about it at all, now that I think of it. Perhaps it was the absurd normalcy of Treace's predicament that set Hubbard and me off to laughing—normalcy at the moment was what we were very short of."

Now the mountains were dead ahead. Their crests were 200 feet above the flying level of the plane. But the ship was rising. There was nothing to do but wait and see if they'd make it.

"Well, I guess we will get over it," Whalen said at last.

"Guess—hell! You'd better be right!" Kane retorted. "It's everybody's skin if we don't."

At one point, Kane yelled over to his copilot, "Help me fly this thing!" For the ship was fighting the controls. But they made it. Some of the crew swear they heard Hail Columbia's broad belly scrape the mountaintops. With all loose gear overboard and the mountains cleared, the ship could rise to 7,000 feet and thereafter it was "just a case of flying home."

En route, Kane called the navigator and asked him if he had singed his hair. He called all the boys in turn and told them they'd all get good and plastered when they landed. He called the navigator again while all the boys were listening and said, "That was one swell job of navigation, fellah."

Kane tried to rally others of his Liberator group to follow him. He wanted to corral the wounded strays and hold some kind of formation, so that if attacked they would have some chance of defending themselves. The combined firepower of those Liberators is considerable, even when they're shot up, and some of their guns are out.

"I figured actually," Kane said, "that we had about as much chance as a snowball in hell to come out of this. But there's no use letting anybody know how you really feel at those times. We kept on kidding and dreaming up things we'd do and drink and eat when we landed, but down inside of me I wondered if we'd ever land. Our tail gunner reported that three or four planes had picked us up out of our group and were following us in. Now we had to show them the way home, too.

"We were running low on gas. We were having trouble getting the gas out of the left bomb-bay tank. I called the engineer and asked him if he could get gas out of that thing, and he said he could. So I sent him back to work on it. I told him to go back because we were going to need every drop of it to get back home with. We pumped the tank dry and threw it away."

The adventures of Hail Columbia and its crew were not over yet. Killer knew he'd need to land short on the runway of an island en route home. But he hadn't been told there was an embankment alongside the runway ten feet off the strip and about five feet high. The ship hit the hump. The impact knocked one wheel off and ripped the prop off the number-three motor.

"We bounced about fifty feet into the air," Killer recounted, "and came straight down and managed to level off and hit the ground with a bang. The airport control officer fired a flare, which meant danger. To us, it meant that we were on fire."

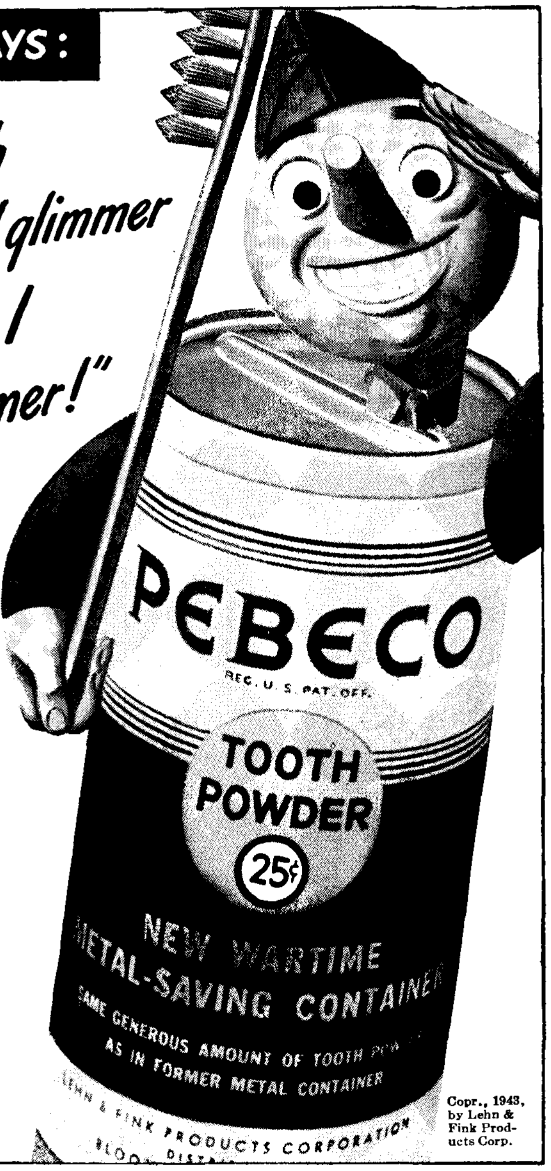
Safe on Terra Firma

With a shout, Copilot Young ripped off his parachute harness and leaped for the escape hatch on top of the flight deck. Then he checked himself, turned and said to Kane, "Oh, sorry! After you, Colonel."

Kane pushed him through the hatch and followed. They slid down the nose of the ship to the ground. They saw the others—tail gunner, waist gunners, radio operator, and engineer kneeling some distance away, kissing the ground. Kane and Young kissed the ground, too. That night, Killer and Young had pork chops and a bottle of wine in a night club, which was the only place they could get anything to eat.

"And that," said Kane, "is the story of our flight to Ploesti. It isn't the whole story, of course. Some of our boys may be wandering about in Rumania, Bulgaria or even Yugoslavia. Some may be prisoners. Some may be having the adventures of their lives. Anyhow, I couldn't sleep that night. I kept thinking about those guys going down, some of them in flames—big Libs like broken flies."

The rocket flare which the airport officer had fired wasn't because Kane's plane was on fire. It was to warn other ships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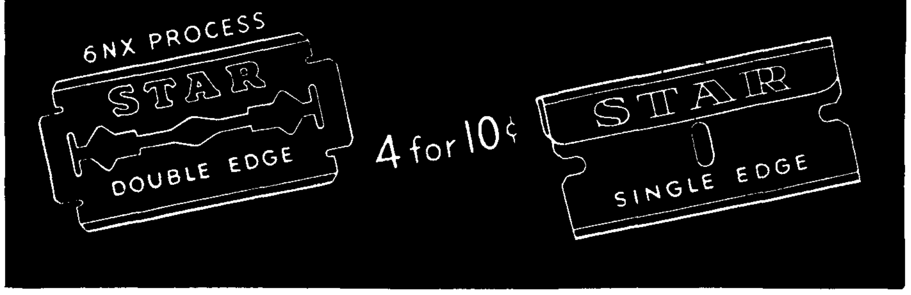

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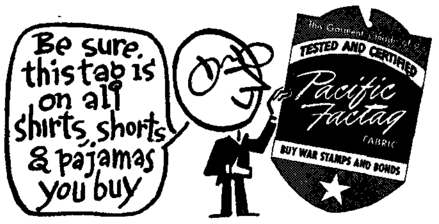
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trying to land that Killer's machine had piled up. Others landed, and the next day Killer and his crew patched one up and flew it to Palestine and from there to the home base in Libya. The biggest low-level raid by heavy bombers in aviation history was behind them.

Footnotes on the raid are too numerous to include here. They'd fill a book. But a pertinent one is this: The experts who examined the Hail Columbia, veteran of twenty-five missions, concluded that the ship which flew from Ploesti to an island base was "Absolutely unflyable." The Hail Columbia is now being cannibalized to supply parts for other Liberators. Kane isn't happy about it.

The experts were probably right, and those who know him agree that only a few men, possibly only Killer Kane, could have flown a big Liberator with a broken main wing spar. This Kane is swell. He's the fliers' kind of a flier you like to think only America can produce. For if he's anything else, Kane is exquisitely American.

He became an aviator because he couldn't stand the stench of chloroform in a medical school dissection room.

"I would just as soon have made a career of being keeper in a stinking zoo as to continue my medical studies," he said.

He was born at Eagle Springs, Texas, on January 5, 1907; son of a Baptist minister; studied 6 years at Baylor in Waco, and at Washington University at St. Louis, Missouri. He wanted desperately to become a doctor. But one day in 1930, he discovered his temperamental unsuitability to medicine in that laboratory, and the realization was a shock to him. He went to his grandfather's farm near Whitson, Texas, to think, and for a year he thought about his future. Meanwhile he ran a tractor, plowed cotton and helped harvest the grain. He worked every day from before dawn to sundown.

Grandpa Kane's farm was located on an air route between Austin and Dallas. Young Kane watched the planes overhead while leaning on plow handles or pitchfork, and one day he knew what he wanted to do—he wanted to fly one of those sleek ships. But not for a commercial line. He wanted to fly for the Marines. One day in 1931, he walked into a Marine recruiting station, but the leatherneck topkick changed his mind for him: "Listen, Buddy. You don't wanna learn to fly. It ain't no different from driving a truck."

That's about the only recorded case of anyone having changed Kane's mind for him and, at that, he was influenced only in the sense that he didn't want to fly for the Marines. He still wanted to fly. He would try the Army.

From Farm School to Flying School

An uncle in San Antonio got him into the Army flying school at Brooks Field in July, 1931. Kane left grandpa's farm with just enough money to get him to Austin. He hitchhiked from there to San Antonio, where he had to walk five miles to his uncle's house. At Brooks Field, he learned how to say "Yes, sir! No, sir!" to his superiors and how to fly. He was graduated as a cadet in June, 1932.

Commissioned a second lieutenant, Kane was eventually assigned to March Field, where he met for the first time one Lieutenant Colonel Henry H. Arnold, field commanding officer, who was to become commanding general of the United States Army Air Forces. Every night, Kane and five other shavetails called at Colonel Arnold's house to pay their respects, but Arnold, for reasons of his own, ducked the gentlemen. One night, the colonel unthinkingly came to the door himself. When he saw who was there, he tried to close the door but Kane stuck his size-eleven foot in the door, and Arnold couldn't close the door until the eager lads had all left their calling cards with him. They had been taught how to salute, how to fly, and how to conduct themselves socially at Brooks Field, and they weren't going to let any commanding officer duck the routine of protocol just because it embarrassed him.

After a year tour of duty, Kane was retired as a reserve officer. He went to Shreveport, Louisiana, where his father was pastor of the South Side Baptist Church, and where he makes his home now.

"It was right in the middle of the depression and I sponged off Dad for a long time," he recalls. "Then I decided to go back to the farm. I was a flier, but I had no money and nothing to fly."

In the summer of 1935, while Europe boiled with prospects of war, Kane was recalled to active service at Barksdale Field and for four years was pilot, flight commander, squadron operations officer, and squadron matériel officer, taking care of nuts and bolts.

Two days after Christmas in 1936, Kane married "the sweetest girl in the world"—Miss Pansy V. Inabnett. They have a son John Franklin, who was five on August 5th, four days after the Ploesti raid, while daddy was still trying to catch up on his sleep in his desert quarters.

His First U-boat a "Probable"

The war found Kane at a Florida base. On December 17, 1941, he was assigned to the seaboard patrol and attacked one U-boat and thinks he sank it. He probably did. On February 15, 1942, Kane was promoted to captain and made squadron commander of a bombardment group. On July 17, 1942, he took off for the Middle East with nine other planes and, by August 1st, he had acquired a colonelcy, and, from the comic-strip character, the nickname of "Killer Kane."

He made his group's motto "Every Bomb on the Axis." He was the first American to bomb Mersa Matruh, the first to bomb Naples. In more than a year since he's arrived in the desert, he has earned a reputation as the toughest, bravest, ablest bomber pilot and commanding officer in the Ninth Air Force. It would be an exaggeration to say he's popular. He isn't. But he's loved by his own men and respected by others.

He has a hatful of medals but seldom wears his ribbons. He won't go to Ninth Air Force Headquarters in Cairo unless ordered to do so. He prefers to live in the desert. He takes his leaves in Palestine—"where it ain't so crowded."

Killer Kane is rapidly becoming a legend. He could go home but won't. He's served his time and could be relieved. But he will probably stick it out far beyond his allotted flying time so that he can bomb Berlin. He is a first-class hater of Nazis and Fascists, and he dreams up all kinds of nonofficial bombs to carry along on flights to add to the destruction his normal cargo will do. His latest was to attach a detonating cap to a flask of gasoline to set crops afire.

Once he silenced the radios of an entire flight of Hun planes. He was flying over Bengasi. He had missed his target and had returned for a second run over the objective. Despite two inoperative turret guns, he played tag and outmaneuvered a pack of Messerschmitts in his huge Liberator.

By that time, Killer was fighting mad. The German pilots were on the same radio wave length as the bombers of Kane's squadron, with which he was trying to communicate. Kane tired of hearing the Jerries chatter their Boche talk. Yelled Kane into his throat mike, "Get the goddam hell off the air!"

The Jerries did.

THE END

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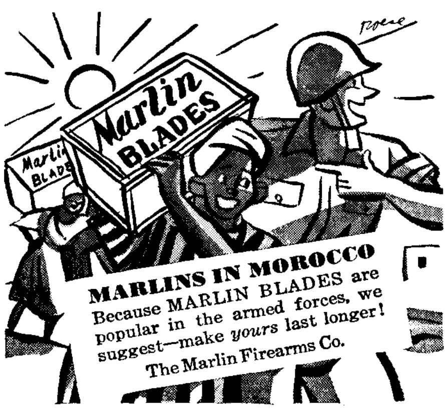
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Border to Border on Bootleg Gas

Continued from page 61

the "extras" figure prominently in the bootleg picture. They permit the retailer to build up a surplus in his tanks.

"Now you take the guys that drive them big oil trucks," the station man said. "They seldom make a trip they haven't got from twenty to fifty gallons left over. When they get through, they make up a report showing they burned up that gas. Then they peddle the extra tickets and collect on both ends of the deal.

"Almost any filling station will take them truck tickets from a passenger car. It don't make no difference what kind of a card you've got, because A, B, C and T coupons are all the same when it comes to getting their wholesale stock. They put phony numbers on them, anyway.

"I don't know about the rest of the country, but out here in Oklahoma, this gas-ration bunk has got more leaks than a sieve."

I was both shocked and disappointed to find that bootleg travel could be that easy. My informant seemed disappointed, on his part, when I turned down his offer for T tickets at five cents a gallon.

I wanted to put his explanation to the test, so I decided that I would also see if a few extra coupons could be picked up along the way, in addition to ration-free gas.

The next day northeastern Oklahoma and the grain fields of eastern Kansas brought more gas requirements at the town of Pittsburg, Kansas. There were two refusals, based as usual on the fear of getting into trouble with the OPA. The third station attendant looked at the license plates and filled the tank.

"You know," he said, as illegal gas gurgled into my tank, "up here, we figure you Texas people let the rest of the country down on this gas business. Seems like your state and some of the other oil states should have put up more of a holler. You might have blocked the whole crazy scheme with a little more effort.

"Maybe I'm just a dumb Kansas country boy, but I never could get into my head why we should have to be rationed on gas here, just because the railroads can't haul it east."

Where Texans Were Remiss

I apologized for the state of Texas and agreed with him that perhaps we should have made more of an effort.

"By the way," I said as casually as possible, while I was paying for the gas, "I could use a few extra coupons if you can spare any."

He said, "Wait a minute. I think maybe I have a couple extras."

He disappeared into the station, returning with eight T coupons and handed them to me.

"That will be two dollars," he said.

In the rolling hills of Missouri, the expedition came close to disaster. Grown much too confident that bootleg gas was easy to get, I had let the tank get down to its last gallon, in a small town that can't be named for obvious reasons.

The town had only six filling stations. I got turned down at all six. Two days before, they told me, an OPA inspector (called "revenooers" in the hill country) had descended on the little city. One operator had been arrested. All had been read the riot act. Henceforth, the town was carefully walking the straight and narrow path.

I munched glumly on my noon sandwich, cussed myself for being so cocksure, and pondered a way out. Then an idea flashed home for a ninth-inning rally. I left my sandwich half eaten and dashed to the car. This was lunch hour, and maybe some of the attendants who had turned me down—just maybe.

I picked a station at which an elderly man had debated with himself a long time before refusing me. I drove in. Out came an elderly woman, probably his wife. I delivered my most eloquent speech. It clicked.

I praise the sage who said that, next to love, a woman's greatest passion is money. I drove away, happy in the thought that even filling-station operators have to take time off for lunch.

Then came miles of Iowa's rich fields of tall corn and fat pigs. Ames produced four rejections, then the Texas license plates clinched my appeal. The man had a son in Africa.

"I'm just as patriotic as anybody else," he told me, "but I can't buy War Bonds by letting all this gas rot in my tanks. I suppose they know what they're doing in Washington, even if I can't figure it out by myself, but I got to buy War Bonds—I just got to—for that kid of mine!"

Trying to Play the Game

Across air-conditioned Minnesota to St. Paul, where I found the best example of a typical refusal. I had asked for fourteen gallons at a suburban station. The attendant apologized for having to turn me down.

"We don't get fourteen-gallon orders like that every day, and it sure hurts to turn away that kind of a sale," he said. "That would buy lunch for my family today.

"It may not look like it, but my partner and I have invested ten thousand dollars in this place, and we just can't afford to have it closed up. We talked this whole thing over several months ago, and decided that as long as we could stay open and still eat, we'd stick to the rules.

"But if you go down the road about a half-mile, there's a little place there might help you. Old John says he's so sick of red tape he's going to board up his pumps anyway."

Old John didn't even ask questions, and I was off to the cool pines and the lake country.

On the Minnesota iron range, I faced the last hundred miles to the Canadian border and, by a bit of luck, drove into the right place on the first try.

The attendant had a relative at the Harlingen (Texas) Army Air Field, next door to Brownsville, and he wanted to know all about the Rio Grande Valley, even before I could sing my ration song. I spent a half-hour reciting all the chamber-of-commerce lures I could think of. After that, ten gallons of gas came easily.

At International Falls on the Canadian boundary, the speedometer recorded exactly 2,000 miles almost to the tenth. No one had stopped me to ask if the trip was necessary or to examine my ration books. There was an A card sticker on the windshield.

With the exception of Brownsville, every filling station was strange to me, and I was a total stranger to them. I had received no advance information, direction or tips of any kind.

All of the 190 gallons of "extra" coupons picked up along the way have been returned to the ration boards.

About 85 per cent of all the filling stations I entered are trying to live within the OPA regulations. Scores of stations have closed and been boarded up for the duration. Hundreds more probably will close as allowances are reduced.

I'm glad it's over. I hate the feeling of being a chiseler.

THE END

TASTE
THE DIFFERENCE TONIGHT!
FEEL
THE DIFFERENCE TOMORROW!
White Rock
White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

"HERE'S HOW I DID," says captivating CELESTE HOLM, comedienne of hit show "Oklahoma"

Miss Holm always insists on White Rock...claims it makes her drinks taste better...helps keep her feeling fit next day. White Rock is mineral water, **SUPER-CHARGED**, with a sparkle that stays to the end of your drink.

She takes a glass of plain, sparkling White Rock before going to bed and again in the morning for good health's sake...you see, White Rock is beneficial, more healthful...on the alkaline side.

The beneficial *natural* mineral salts in White Rock combat acidity, help keep you feeling fit next day.

White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER
ON THE ALKALINE SIDE

Save with the BIG BOTTLE! ...enjoy the best for about 3¢ a highball

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
*
Old Spice
Lather Shaving Cream
Spice

Our Course is Set

Today, as in the past, the original quality of Shulton products is being rigidly maintained. They remain exactly as you like them, with the same tangy Old Spice refreshment and well-bred character which have made so many loyal friends. The traditional excellence for which OLD SPICE Toiletries are renowned will be preserved for your shaving pleasure. Old Spice Shaving Soap, *in pottery mug*, $1.00. Old Spice Shaving Cream, *Lather or Brushless Type*, 50¢. Old Spice Talcum *(not illustrated)*, $1.00.

Conserve • Spend Wisely • Buy War Bonds

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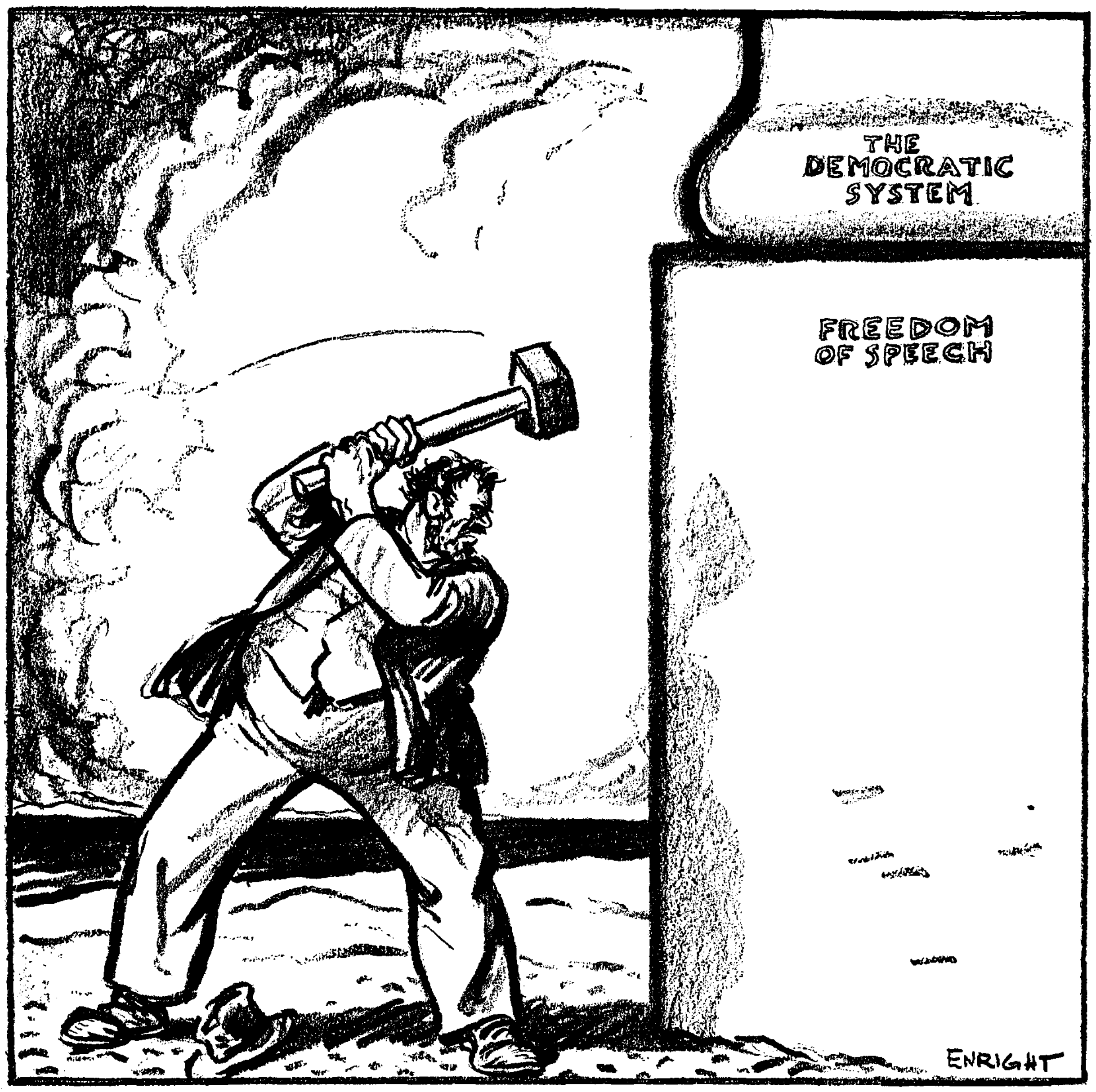


PEGLER PICKETED

WESTBROOK PEGLER, in his widely read syndicated column, has hammered for years at the National Maritime Union, among other things. This is a seamen's organization led by Joseph Curran, and Pegler insists that it is a Communist front.

Instead of answering Pegler's charges with facts, the NMU leaders habitually content themselves with spreading personal abuse of Pegler—the old, familiar name-calling, character-assassination tactics for which the Communists in this country have long been famous.

This business reached a climax with the recent picketing of the New York World-Telegram offices, fountainhead of Pegler's column, by about 1,000 NMU members. The picketers sent in a delegation to the managing editor to demand that Pegler's column be killed out of the paper for keeps.

"You people better watch out," the delegation's leader was reported by the New York Times to have stated. "If you don't remove this guy, you'll have more than picket lines around this office. We're giving you warning now."

The answer was that Pegler's column stayed in the paper.

In this episode, we have an illustration of a significant fact: namely, that the great bulk of the demands heard in the United States for curtailment of freedom of speech and press come from left wingers, radicals, and kindred self-styled lovers of the human race. You hear practically no conservatives urging that we kill off the first article of the Bill of Rights. It is the totalitarians who feel that we'd be much better off if the press were permitted to print only what some American counterpart of Dr. Paul Josef Goebbels said it might print.

The answer to this is what it always was: that in a democracy, there is no substitute for free speech, free debate, the right of everybody to speak his mind, even though in some cases he may be a bit short on mind. Therefore, anybody who asks us to clip or abolish freedom of speech and press is not asking for that alone. What he is really asking is that we abandon our entire democratic system.

Like any other human organization, unions are weakened by thieves and gangsters. Pegler's attacks on corruption do not hurt honest unions. Corruption, and not the critics who uncover thievery, is the enemy of labor organization and, for that matter, of democratic government.

Those Tongue Twisters

BEING culture-chasing cusses who give some study to such things, we get an average of one laugh a day out of the pronunciations which some radio announcers and some private citizens give to various place names in territories fought over by our gallant men and our allies.

Empedocle, Randazzo, Palermo, Wewak, Balikpapan, Orel, Smolensk, Zaporozhe, Spas Demenskoe, Novorossiisk, Dnepropetrovsk—the struggles some of us go through to give such tongue twisters their proper native pronunciations are appalling. And the failures most of us ring up cannot but amuse the handful of Americans who have hunted down tl correct pronunciations, and the considerable nur bers of natives who hear such boners over the radios.

What's the use in all this agony?

Prime Minister Winston Churchill, it seems us, figured out the sensible procedure long ag When it becomes necessary for Mr. Churchill a speech to curl his tonsils around a Voronezh, Cetinje or a Lwów, he simply pronounces it as a Englishman speaking the English language and u ing English inflections and pronunciation rule Voronezhians, Cetinjeans or Lwówers, hearing hir may snicker in their beards; but his English-speal ing hearers know what places he is talking abou After all, these latter are the people he is addressir primarily. After all, too, Mr. Churchill can mal "Nahzi" sound far more sinister and disgustful tha "Notzi" or "Natzi."

Why don't a lot of us borrow this particul common-sense leaf from the Churchill book, ar just pronounce foreign names so fellow America will know what we mean?

Salute to Eugene, Oregon

INTO the nation-wide deliberations on how to con bat postwar unemployment, the city of Eugen Oregon, has shouldered its way in a manner whic makes sense to us.

Eugene's civic leaders are busy preparing to sa it with jobs to returning veterans, instead of wit kind words and relief doles. A $10,000,000 publi works program is being assembled—plans for a ne high school, some downtown parking areas, a trun sewer system, some flatland drainage, and so on— all to be financed by local taxation.

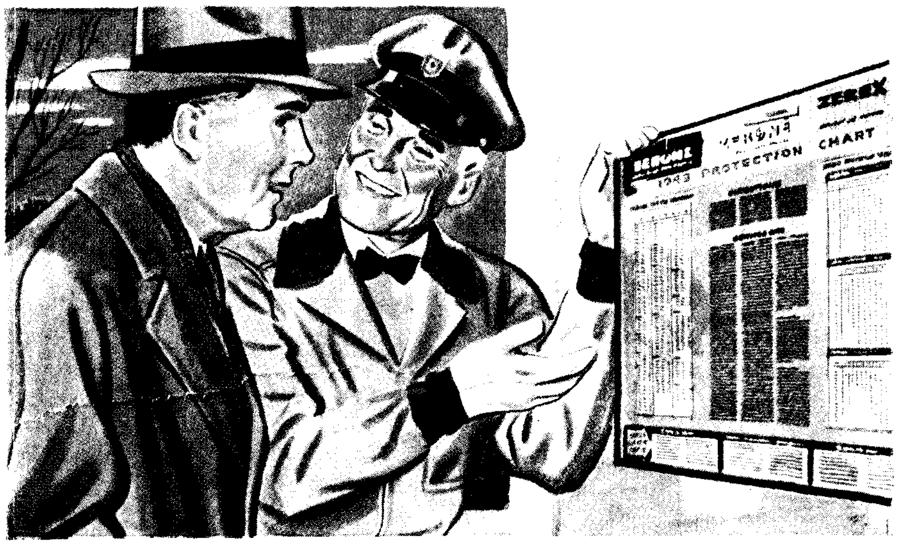
That last, we think, is the most important featu of the whole program. As a Eugene newspaper say "We are not waiting for Santa Claus to arrive fro Washington, D. C." The fear—and well founde too—is that if federal money goes into such loc projects, some measure of federal control, reple with bureaucrats, likewise will hook in and sta hooked.

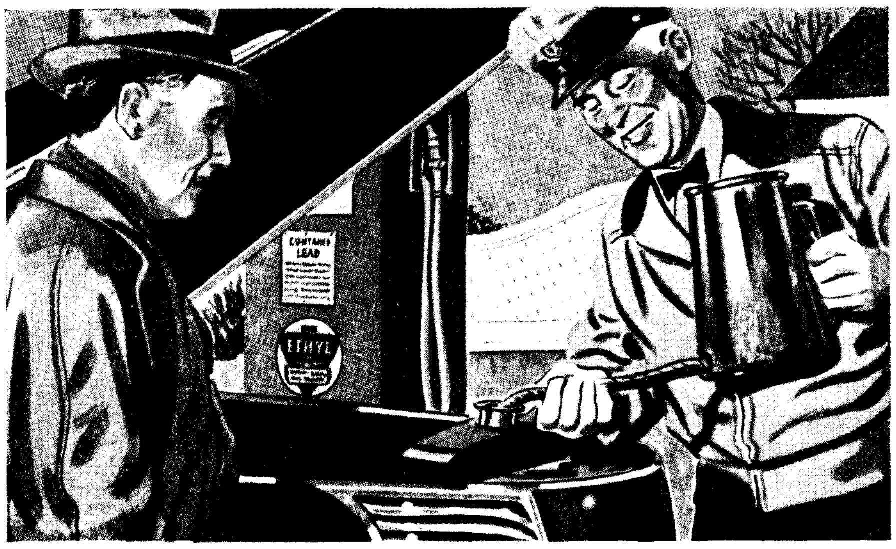
In the public-works field, the Eugene plans dov tail with the plans of the Committee for Econom Development in the private-industry field. The CE as noted more than once on this page, is needlin local industries everywhere in the country to figu out now, concretely and in detail, what they can d about quick pay-roll expansion after the war, abo finding new outlets for their products, about keepin money in circulation.

It is by these individual, grassroots efforts alon we believe, that Americans can cushion the shock the war's end and change back to peacetime produ tion and a widening prosperity without serious soci and economic wrenches. Leave it to the politician and they will give us some setup which will mea the end of private enterprise and initiative sooner c later

anti-freeze this winter

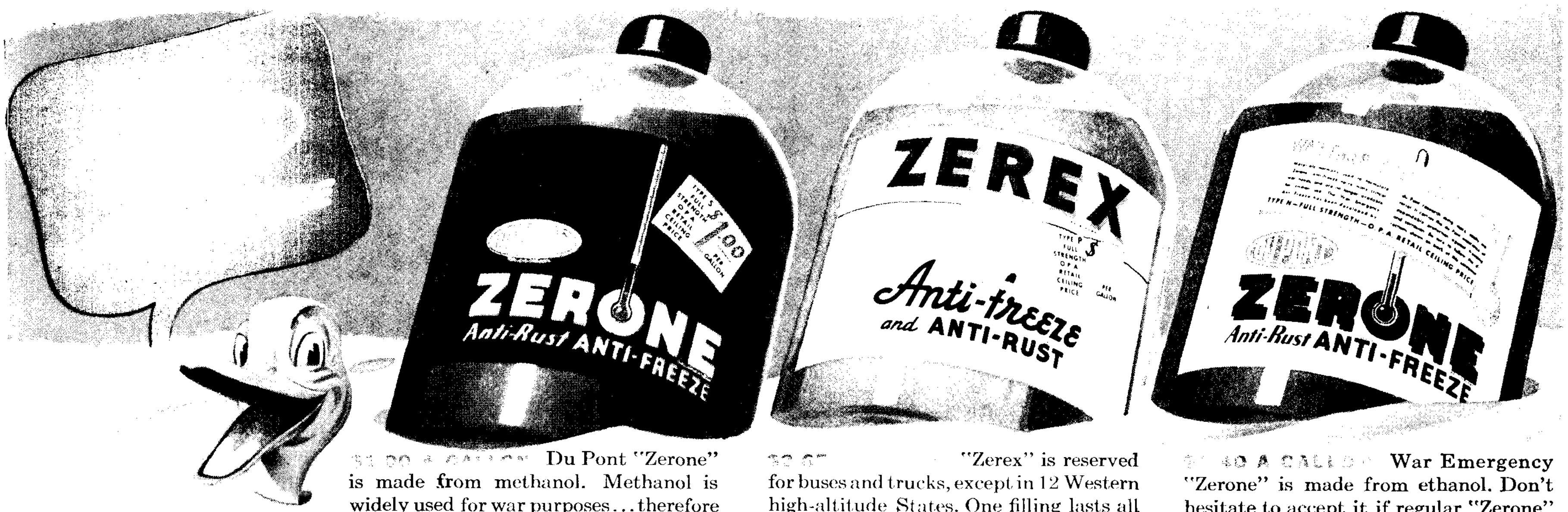
can get War Emergency 'Zerone.' It's replacing regular 'Zerone' because the materials in regular 'Zerone' are needed for war. 'Zerex'—Du Pont's non-evaporating anti-freeze—is reserved by W.P.B. order for trucks and buses, except in Western high-altitude States. But, believe me, War Emergency 'Zerone' will give good protection.


ZERONE
ZERONE PROTECTION
1943
ZEREX
CHART


CONTAINS LEAD
ETHYL

any one of us dealers who handle Du Pont anti-freeze can help you bring it up to the protection point you need. You see, it is possible to replenish it with Du Pont War Emergency 'Zerone.' This wall chart tells how to bring your present solution up to strength in this emergency, and how to keep it there."

ection against freezing and against rusting. That's important. You can't afford to let that cooling system rust away. But before you put in anti-freeze, why not let me clean the radiator and make a cooling system check-up? It keeps you from losing anti-freeze . . . helps keep your car out of trouble."


ZERONE
Anti-Rust ANTI-FREEZE
TYPE S FULL STRENGTH O.P.A. RETAIL CEILING PRICE $1.00 PER GALLON
ZEREX
Anti-freeze and ANTI-RUST
TYPE P FULL STRENGTH O.P.A. RETAIL CEILING PRICE $ PER GALLON
ZERONE
Anti-Rust ANTI-FREEZE
TYPE N—FULL STRENGTH—O.P.A. RETAIL CEILING PRICE

$1.00 A GALLON Du Pont "Zerone" is made from methanol. Methanol is widely used for war purposes . . . therefore "Zerone" may not always be available.

$2.65 "Zerex" is reserved for buses and trucks, except in 12 Western high-altitude States. One filling lasts all winter. Anti-acid. Anti-rust.

[illegible]40 A GALLON War Emergency "Zerone" is made from ethanol. Don't hesitate to accept it if regular "Zerone" is not available. It gives safe protection.

F[illegible] Send penny postcard for new booklet on care of your cooling system. Du Pont, Dept. CI, Wilmington 98, Del.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . THROUGH CHEMIST

They've Got What it Takes!

They're flying sentries guarding our coast lines...day-and-night couriers of vital war equipment...the 20,000 skilled pilots of the Civil Air Patrol!

IT'S CAMELS FOR ME — THEY HAVE A RICH, FULL **FLAVOR** — AND AN EXTRA MILDNESS THAT'S SO EASY ON MY **THROAT**
US

"OPS." It's Flight Officer Gay Gahagan giving the "orders of the day" to her fellow fliers in the Operations Room, and it's just like a regular Air Force "briefing"—even to the Camel cigarettes. For Camels are the pick of pilots—the choice of smokers everywhere who want full flavor, the extra mildness of slow burning.

ARMY MISSION. Rushing key Army personnel or special equipment to distant camps is just one of the important jobs of the men and women CAP pilots. Here, ready to take off from an eastern airport, is CAP Flight Officer Gahagan. Her destination is an Army secret, but it's no secret that her favorite cigarette is Camel—see left.

Meet Flight Officer GAY GAHAGAN

She's a veteran of six years' flying...had logged more than 200 hours in the air even before she joined the Civil Air Patrol...and she can fly in inky darkness as well as daylight. Her smoking log? "I've smoked Camels for five years," she says. "Their delightful taste has a fresh appeal with every puff. I find them milder all ways—and Camels don't get my throat, no matter how much I smoke."

See if *you* don't agree with Flight Officer Gay Gahagan—give Camels the test of your own taste and throat...your own "T-Zone."

First in the Service

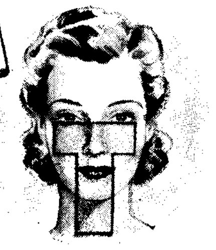
The favorite cigarette with men in the Army, the Navy, the Marines, and the Coast Guard is Camel. (Based on actual sales records.)

CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

Camels

The "T Zone"...where cigarettes are judged



The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only *your* taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina